

The Spectator.

Vol. I. No. 19.]

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1881.

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FIFTH AND OLIVE STREETS.

The Spectator.

SE LOUIS, JANUARY 22, 1884.

THE TOWN TALKER.

After all, Miss Strang is not going on the stage. She is convinced that the throb of the footlights will not balance the less fantastic but more solid as of private life. I fancy, too, that she is right. If most of the girls who go upon the stage had in this sensible conclusion in the first place, it will have been better for them, and better too for our American drama.

I would about as soon see a sister of mine go to her room as to the stage. It is the last sort of moral evil. I grant you that there are good and virtuous women on the stage, but the greater majority of them are not of them; they *become* they are not, and many them *become* as after they get there. It matters how good a young girl's education may be, nor how (I) she may be protected, there are so many snags in her life, she is sure of it, she is gone and irretrievably lost. There is necessarily a freedom and reason about stage-life that break down the barriers between the sexes, and destroy the arbitrary restraints of private life. Now and then you will see an actress here devoted mother goes about with her, to see that she is kept from the noxious, but devoted mother is usually lost, too feeble, or in some other way unsuited to take up the burden of "standing play." And then, again, there are but few actresses who receive a sufficiently large salary to take a mother's care.

This brings me to speak of the young bluests who are victimized by the average actress or female singer, few of them are very pretty; it is true, but most of them are exceedingly homely and common place when we see them in plain daylight. It is the unfortunateness of a stage that charms the aspiring youth and even the cunning old man. It is the color, the pretty dressing, the with stockings, make-up, jewelry, diamonds, jewelry, of other such vain gewgaws, that tickle the fancy and catch the admiration. Most any ordinary woman can dress up to look well on the stage. And an old pattern man to me only this week. "I have seen so much behind the curtain that I am thoroughly disenchanted with the women on the stage. They are the most depraved class of people in the world. I could see them on the road, in their hotels, and at houses, as I have been obliged to see them for twenty years, you would realize the truth of what I tell you. I do not know of a more disreputable place than the reverse side of the life of an actress, taken from the variety theaters up to St. Louis, here."

A good illustration of what I am talking about came to my mind on Monday night on this day this week, as coming down the Union Depot line at half past eight in the morning, and when at the Fairview cars, dressed in a long skirt and Derby hat, came in company with a Currier-looking chap, also dressed in a long skirt. They sat down opposite me, and she began to read a letter, and held the envelope so evidently as my side could see the name, "Miss Pauline, etc." She is the young lady who played a leading and revealing part in the burlesque "Cathie," at the Grand Opera House, during the first part of the week. I saw her on stage Monday night, and she looked as fresh and pretty as a new-born fairy. In fact, I heard half a

dozen people say she was very beautiful. But how different the Pauline of the street on early in the morning was from the Pauline of the theatre late in the evening! The lady had turned into an exceedingly plain-looking female, with hanging black hair, unadorned finger rings, and worn, discolored, but prominently old face. She looked about with a careless, indolent, half-awake gaze, and leaned up against her chair with a careless disregard of the proprieties of the occasion. She read the letter, which was probably from some young man or girl, and she had been evidently smitten with her at the theatre, and then handed it over to the husband of her attendant, who glanced over it with a smile, chuckling, you know, over the blurb of the chap who had written it, and then put it into his pocket. And to be a sweet piece of mankind! His face had turned as much intelligence in it as a young dog's, and was swelled to perfect nativity and culture by looking at the letter from her mouth, drinking in a real soft-bodied look, something after the "4-4-3-4-3" style. The man who wrote the note, that they read with the indifference that comes from reading one or more just like it every day, ought to have seen the picture.

Mr. Price, the husband of Miss Fanny Doo-wop, is no longer leading man in the company supporting his wife. Mr. Price, although a very big fellow, is stolid, cold, and somewhat artificial on the stage. This season he has become the manager of the company, and I have to the business department. Mr. Price it will be remembered, was divorced, and over \$1000 was paid to his first wife by Miss Doo-wop. It was said, although afterwards contradicted. At any rate, Mr. Price was no longer set free from the bonds of matrimony. This he immediately sought the friends of wedlock in the arms of Miss Doo-wop.

There was an intermission in one of the papers the other day listing parties contemplating matrimony to drop a postal-card in confidence to A. T. Z. At a given address. Now, I can't say that I am an accomplished matrimony, although there is no telling how soon I may contemplate it, but I am of a very impatient disposition, and I wanted to find out what that old man, I dropped a postal-card in confidence, or, what is about the same thing, in a letter-box, and a couple of days later I received a note from a very prominent gentleman in this city asking me to call on "Mr. Van Dyke on Tuesday," and he would explain to me the new scheme they were introducing in St. Louis. I did not at first connect the advertisement with the man together, and thought that the Messrs. Blank were trying to work a surreptitious puff into the paper. I called, however, and mentioned my name to Mr. Van Dyke, who treated me with much effusion, and said, "My dear sir," said he, "I am very happy to meet you. I got your postal-card the other day, and I suppose you want to hear what our new system is?"

"Yes," said I.

"Well now, you know there is a great deal of dissatisfaction and discontentment at every wedding over the present. A difficulty is made which does very little credit to the popularity of the bride, there may be a bouquet and a gown, and a pair of opera-glasses and a card-receiver, and that may be all. Now, you mind yourself that that does not look at all well, does it?"

"Yes, but that depends upon circumstances, and the bride can't help it, she must take her chances, and be thankful for what she gets."

"That's just it, that's just what we say. Now, we have a plan that takes the element of chance entirely out of this thing, and gets circumstances under control of the world. It is this: We make up three different displays, classes 1, 2 and 3. Each consists of a

carefully and artistically selected table of wedding presents, class 1 being worth \$500, class 2 \$1,000, and class 3 \$2,500, which we hire out to brides for \$25, \$50, and \$100. We also furnish blank cards to attach to the different articles, on which the compliments of different persons are written."

"What security have you for their security?"

"Well, if the people who hire the displays don't wish to give security, we insist upon one of our fitting men being invited to the wedding. The idea is new, and we, and so we have only exhibited three grades, but of course we are going to open up special displays if any dignitary can say so."

"Have you had any calls yet?"

"Oh, yes, yes indeed. Our \$500 set has been out six times now, and the \$2,500 set once, and the ladies are in raptures over the plan."

Miss Jeanne Harbath, the sister of the duchess Sara, or, as she is universally known, "Miss Sara's sister," very strikingly resembles the great sister, but is not quite as slender or quite as tall. Her complexion is clear and rather light, and her hair is a brown, the brown shades predominating. Her cheeks are full, reflecting the prominence of her cheekbones, and the little flush and wax appearance of Miss Sara are entirely wanting. She is the picture of civility and health. Her voice is soft and strong, and her laugh hearty and irresistible. Her hair, unlike Sara's, is plump.

"Children" writes as follows:

"Many thanks for your illustration of the 'childish art' marriage. The community needs waking up to the imposition, and any woman who is so weak as to have the spirit to take hold of the matter. Why would the people should be imposed on year after year, and afford themselves, without returning to be paid, about and made miserable by an institution imposed for public convenience, is something pretty hard to explain. A little firmness would remedy the trouble. I hope every one will follow your suggestions. I do so myself."

The suggestion here referred to is that people be made to put their faces in the box. This has been tried, and the driver milks and goes down to the ground and said he would put the face in the box himself, notwithstanding the well-known notices posted in all the "hotels." This campaign is on, and running the miserable nuisances are afraid of the public, and they dare not put a passenger off for not placing his face in the box. They know that the "game of hide" will not do to adhere to, and they have instructed their drivers to collect the faces rather than attempt violent measures. You are no under any obligation whatever to walk through the car, stumble over everybody, and get into a general snarl, in order to accommodate those "hotels" lines. Those I referred to, the lines in the central portion of the city, are rich and prosperous, and if they do not put on good looks at their own volition, they ought to be made to do so by the irresistible demand of the public. But the only way to accomplish anything like to exercise firmness for your own rights. You are not trying to injure the drivers, or even the owners of the cars. You are simply asserting your own proper rights, and working for the accomplishment of a just reform. The "hotels" must go.

The Police Commissioner's question is the one which has agitated everybody most during this past week. It was quickly understood among those who are supposed to be posted that Messrs. Green and Bent had a string to follow the Thompsons, and consequently the Green's position was a delicate position during the gamey who always know everything.

some put on record which were exceedingly near. Mr. McLaughlin, for instance, said that he considered the *Irishman* a fair opportunity. Imagine what this phrase this must have seemed to the people in Third and Chestnut Streets, who have been laboring under the mistaken idea for seventy-three long years that they were conducting a newspaper. What a jolt it must have been to them, that one word "opportunity."

Nat. Goodwin, with his "Frodoques," opens at the Olympic Monday evening, and good humor and fun will reign at that house during the week. Goodwin's 38th birthday in the party he assumes, and is a good show by himself. It is a genuine article.

The collection of Bernhardt paintings, medals, and troupes will be exhibited at the gallery of Moers, Dittes & Leathe, next week. On Tuesday afternoon there will be a private view, at which it is *believed* Mlle. Bernhardt may appear. A large number of invitations have been issued. There is no doubt it will be a brilliant affair, and doubtless the splendid galleries will be thronged all next week by persons curious to see what sort of art the actress has produced. Next week we shall have Bernhardt *the artist* and not Bernhardt *the actress*. We shall have Bernhardt, the artist for subjects of discussion. Next Saturday we shall have Bernhardt, the actress, for subjects of discussion. We shall have Bernhardt, the actress, whether the Bernhardt is an overactor or an underactor. I take it, many people will feel a good satisfaction in having the situation settled.

Mr. John F. Wagner has returned to his first love, the *Past Magazine*, and now when a late fire alarm sounds, he drops himself into a scrubbed spot, and turns himself to think what his late occupations have to suffer.

I wonder if the Historical Society has a picture in its archives of the "Pruck." How many readers of the *Spectator* know what the "Pruck" was?

Mr. William Stimpson, who has for some years been employed on the editorial staff of the masterful *Atlas* (renewed), has gone to Washington to act as the special correspondent for that paper during the remainder of the session of Congress. He will probably never return to his old position here. There are no signs that he and Mr. J. B. McCallagh, the managing editor, have not formulated very well of late, and he is sent to Washington, I suspect, for the purpose of getting him on the shell.

A part of the work of Mr. Stapleton, of late, has been to write the financial column of the *Times Democrat*. Mr. Frank Coulter, who was formerly the commercial editor of the *Post-Dispatch*, and who has for some months been reporting on the *Times Democrat*, now takes that department in hand. Mr. Stapleton did this part of his work exceedingly well, and thus made a much needed improvement in his paper. Mr. Coulter is also a competent man in this line.

Mr. R. M. Ford, who was Greville Phillips' private secretary for four years, has come to live in St. Louis, and takes a reporterial position on the masterful *Globe-Democrat*. He was a newspaper-man before he went to Jefferson City, having been on the staff of the old *Journal*.

Mr. Charles Taylor, who succeeded Maj. George W. Gilson, as city editor of the *Albino Democrat*, has for some time been doing special work on the *Republican*, and has acquired himself with distinguished ability. He was the best city editor Maj. McCallagh has ever had on his *Albino Democrat*; but, like Mr. Irwin, his successor, and a most excellent newspaperman too, did not have the physical ability to stand the strain of night-work.

Any man who fills the place of night-editor on a daily paper may expect to meet an early death. No man, however strong, can endure the work for many years without seriously injuring his health. The *Anti-Democrat* and *Republican* both make their city editors do day and night work. I don't know of

worse piece of lunacy than it. It is worse than the treatment of street-line lines extended to their drivers and conductors. That a great city daily paper like either the *Republican* or *Chicago Tribune* should have only one man to assume the responsibility and labor of the city editorship from noon to dark in the morning and two or three the next morning, is simply outrageous, and it ought to be stopped under the law pertaining to sanity to animals. In all the daily papers of New York and Chicago there is a city editor and a night city editor, and there is the power and humane time.

The Bell Telephone Company has acted in a most heathen and lawless manner ever since it obtained the monopoly of this city. Would you believe that to-day it has not a single line running to any part of the city south of the Missouri Pacific Railroad? Such is the case. I live in the southern part of the city, and I have a half-dozen neighbors who applied for instruments over a year ago. Certainly this should have been—yes, forcibly, and that has been the anomalous case since that time till this. Over half the territory of St. Louis is south of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and some of the most extensive manufacturing and business centers of the city are in this section, yet not a telephone connection has been established there. Of course, if the Bell Telephone Company had had a monopoly, it would not have been so greedy of its duty and so careless of its business. I am not opposed to monopolies, as long as they do the fair thing and fill all proper responsibilities. The Bell Telephone Company is not a monopoly, and it ought to be made to fill all the requirements, and it ought to be made to turn over the city to some company that will

Col. Normille is of the opinion that there are only two men in this community who are capable of the rough and rugged criticism of dramatic art. One of those men is Col. Charles F. Johnson, and the other modesty which has befuddled and emboldened Col. Normille's life for so many years prevents his naming the other one. I should very much like to see a dramatic criticism by Col. Normille. I think it would be a literary unbalance.

Young Krueger's solitude was a dilemma cast by the westward and misspent life. I knew him well in his prosperity, and even better after the crash that came a year ago. He had been more than once upon the verge that I met him as a Franklin D. Roosevelt man. But he never went so far some time. He was very ebullient and dis-politely, and insisted upon the fact that it was impossible for him to get work in St. Louis, and equally impossible for him to fix it up elsewhere, as he was tied here by his loans. "There you go," he said, "on expert accountants, and they tell me that I can't do anything else." That I could do better than almost men set in a hospital, and that I will do so cheaply as an office-boy. They talk about the rain that the breaking of that bank has done — is one who is chained in it. And tonight there is a true who it will let me come, and let me carry my head and my feet flow his gaze to be certain; it tends out and back, and I am sure that I have seen that I have heard him twice one of the most honored citizens. There is a fearful lesson in his life and death that appeals to each of us; there is a warning in it that, gladly or not may talk of the demoralization of the times, the community will not tolerate a dishonored man in its midst. The moral soundness of people will cast out such a man as Krueger was made to suffer. It does not wish to say one word to make the burden heavier than that broken family on Garrison Avenue lives to bear. The house has been a house of mourning now for a year, and it will be a house of mourning as long as any of the Kruegers are left alive. The hope that found more mercy, and forgiveness, is hoped that was used out to him here.

The grim reaper is, after all, a peace-maker. The father and son, who had parted in anger, happily reunited under a year ago, were reconciled at last—fully reconciled; but the boy will never know how full the father's forgiveness was, nor how deep his grief.

LOSING FASHIONS

From "Zerk's" November 20

to greenish-brown. In the weather, several new pellets lie on the ground, so it is obvious that the bird is still feeding. I have seen it at the various charitable bazaars, etc., held at this season. The first months seem to be continued with purple and yellow skins, trimmed with dark fur, rhinoceros grey squirrel, old skin, or feather boots. The skirts were all in dark hues, such as myrtle green, navy blue, purple, arbut, amaranth, red, dark brown, and black, and most of them were made with linings of satin or the cashmere, short and full in front, and simply draped behind. When the skirts and the fur border like a fringe, the tunic was not trimmed with fur, but if the skirt had merely a stripe of fur from each side of the waist to the bottom, then the tunic was bordered with that material.

Dresses of plush, dark-colored cashmere had flower borders of velvet of the same tint, with tunic and garter, bordered with four or five thin gold or silver bands. This kind of trimming is also likely to be fashionable for cloth dresses.

Black is still extremely fashionable, black satin being trimmed with jet, and black lace and velvet with satin and jet, with the addition of a few flowers or colored ribbons for evening wear.

One of the newest shaped shoes for day wear is called the François I., of the *maison* de l'Étranger; it is full and straight to the waist, is cannelled by six hoops or bands of satin or velvet, and trimmed with bands, so as to have a puffed appearance.

Fashionable evening dresses are made with skirt, train, and short sleeves, in draped taffetas. For instance, one I saw was a slate-colored taffeta with eight narrow flounces of black lace, and a satin Merlot-die scarf, with a black lace collar and flange at the neck. The bodice is a tulle, the bodice being of taffetas, cut out square at the neck, with full dolman of tulle. *Peepst*—a small black lace, not full. A blouse (dark blue); a small, three-quarter-shaped blouse of satin, with violet and black flounces at the neck, complete the costume. The skirt is of tulle, made with velvet, with three flounces of black or black-lake lace.

Dinner and light costume, with long trains are still largely composed of various mixed styles. It is only recently being in the ornamentation, which is to the most elaborate and luxurious style. A great many of the dresses are made of tulle, with lace, and with pearls, beads, chample, flowers, lace, and ribbons are also much in vogue.

Feathers are much in fashion for dressing the hair, which is worn low. Nets of pearls and large gold beads are occasionally worn, while buns with jewelled tops are also novelties.

© Thomas and Arthur Scott

Calixtus recently invited a provincial friend, whose health is very delicate, to come and pass the winter in his hotel at Paris.

"No," replied the provost. "I should only tell you, and then there would be ten thousand difficulties in the way of getting me home again."

"I hope in that case your illness would terminate so quickly that there would be no time to take you away."

A young woman lost her husband, seventy years of age.

"How in the world did you come to marry a man of that age?" said one of her friends.

"*Mon Dieu!*" rejoined the young widow, "compromising my only choice was between two children, so I naturally took the oldest."

THE SPECTATOR.

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All communications should be addressed to:

THE SPECTATOR.

212 PINE STREET.

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Subscribers and others interested will notice the paragraph in another column concerning the Philharmonic Quintette. Club concerts. The club is in excellent condition to give an acceptable rendering of the music. The programmes will be arranged with care, and will include some vocal features. The aim will be to give neither "popular" music, nor music so abstruse that only people of thorough musical education can understand and appreciate it. The Pickwick is the ideal place for holding such chamber music concerts. Taken altogether, the series gives promise of being one of the most delightful musical performances ever given here.

In the heat of "making up" last week, a line got into one of our columns stating that the *Spectator* had received 50 new subscribers during the week. This was nearly 100 less than the actual number received, the exact number being 135 up to Saturday evening. The *Spectator* is growing more rapidly than any paper, daily or weekly, in this city. We printed last week 200 copies more than we did the week before, and have done left. Our circulation is not only growing rapidly in the city, but is extending to the larger towns and cities of Missouri and surrounding States. We have not attempted to build up a country circulation, believing that the *Spectator's* best field was at home. But its subscribers at Alton, St. Louis, Kansas City, Hannibal and other such places, write us in the most enthusiastic terms, and we also have the most flattering notices from the country press. We are naturally proud of the growth of the *Spectator*, and are respectfully gratified that its warmest friends are the most cultured and very best people.

The Board of Health has held two evening sessions during the past week, to hear testimony upon charges against the Superintendent and Resident Physician of the City Hospital. For a reason, Dr. Dean has been popular with the young medical gentlemen who are

usually appointed to the office of Assistant Physicians and they seem to have embraced the occasion of a complaint growing out of a recent woeful encounter between the doctor and the sister of one of the hospital employees, to bring forward the bottled-up grievances and criticism of the past two years in the form of charges against Dr. Dean's humanity, his capacity as a physician, and his decency as a gentleman. Some of the young gentlemen who are no longer in the institution have manifested especial ill-feeling against their former superior officer, and seem to have given the key-note to the whole procedure. Those who know Dr. Dean will patiently await his testimony in rebuttal of the charges, although the present imputations are that it may take a month or more to hear from present and past assistants, students, former patients, and others who may be brought forward to air their personal grievances. The post of Superintendent of the City Hospital is a very difficult one, and the fitness or unfitness of the incumbent is to be judged by the whole tenor of his management, the evidence of which has never been impugned.

MATRIMONIAL DESIRE.

Both sexes find fault with each other—that is the marriageable portion—torn to shreds that seems alarmingly growing. Whether or not matrimony, in the multiplicity of other considerations, is going out of fashion, at any rate it is not up for a much longer period of life than our grandfathers indulged it. Two or three generations ago, superannuated maids and bachelors were as infrequent as divorcees. There were no social constraints to the eternal course of things. The gallant again took the girl of his choice without perplexing doubts as to how his domestic equippage should outshine Smith's. The two settled down at twenty-one and eighteen, as good citizens, in good health, and went to work, making their way to fame and fortune. But now all this is changed. The young man has to fit himself for his profession, his specialty; then he has to obtain a lucrative position; then he must gain a competency; then—but that is already more than he usually accomplishes, and a wife a luxury too expensive for him. Matrimony doesn't suggest to his mind a smiling face across the table, soothing hands and tones, joyous prattle, and himself a high dignitary in this little domestic commonwealth. His imagination is wrought up by visions of millinery's bills, apothecaries' bottles, coal, and wakeful nights. He takes into consideration the case of his friend, a decade older, whose faded face and threadbare coat proclaim that his family has multiplied while his salary has remained stationary. There is also a vague suspicion in the youth's mind that ladies require, in a desirable match, besides a purse, intelligence, and promise, a certain amount of ready cash, which he lacks at command. He suspects that a marriage which meets the approbation of the world is not so much a union of sympathetic and congenial souls as a convenient stepping-stone of fortune. Then the young man grows skeptical. As he cannot suffer the weakness of yielding to gloomy despondency, he formulates a creed of cynicism. He is neither happy nor miserable, and wouldn't be for any consideration. His creed is a negation of all

virtues, and universal in its application. He believes all strangers are sharpers; all politicians, rogues; all ministers, hypocrites; all women, heartless; and all men, liars. He involves himself in the fog of universal distrust. He is only an ordinary man, and not a performer, so he says, "Let the world wag, and I will take care of myself," instead of, as Tolstoy puts it:

Unhappily the world went that
 So again the strength of youth
 Cursed on the way has that
 Warped from the falling truth

Whatever may ultimately be the social effects of this, it is certainly true that the vigorous, fruitful men have a tendency to leave marriage to the few who are rich enough to afford it, and to the unloving multitude. So here is clearly a case of non-sensit of the effect.

NEEDY GENTLEMEN.

The controversies raging in local art circles are getting decidedly interesting, and we think is growing warmer on the part of the artists and their friends than there is anywhere else. Our art circle has been roused of notice and all ecclesiasticalisms in his article, "Some Plain Talk to Our Local Artists," and study imitations of incompetence, want of knowledge, want of capacity, etc., have been launched at "W. R. H." Gentlemen all! this savors of small personalities and petty spite. When controversy degenerates into quarrels, it works no good to any cause, and the *Spectator's* columns are not open for the airing out of such quarrels. There is sufficient field for art controversies to be carried on in a good-humored, vigorous, and, if desired, caustic style. We commend Mr. Mayde's letter as thoroughly good-humored, pointed, and manly. Now, a word more. "W. R. H." in the *Spectator*, "and co." No assumption was ever made understood that, that the article in question was addressed by notice or a wish to trigger local artists. We have no possible excuse for such notice. No artist has ever injured us, and we have none but the best wishes for the prosperity of such and all. May they paint pictures that will bring them numerous incomes! But our interest in art and in our culture here is greater than in any two or three artists and if, in our opinion, they possess wrong methods, either in painting or business, we shall not hesitate to say so. If we make unkind, either in fact or logic, we shall be glad to stand corrected; but we shall be very careful not to make mistakes.

As to "W. R. H.'s" qualifications as an art critic, our readers will be left to judge for themselves. We are certain he would wish to be judged in no other way than he judges others, that is on merit alone. Hereafter the *Spectator* has made but little criticism on individual pictures, which is what those who find fault with "W. R. H.'s" criticism call for. That will come in due course, and we do not propose to be turned aside from our plan of conducting our Art Department by any but the most ingenious reasons. We propose to have everything in the line, and we beg that you will not expect us to be in a hurry to "show off" or "show up" this, that, or the other thing, and we think the time has come. We have set out to be some serious, sober, earnest talking about art matters, with the

THE VERDICT OF THE PEOPLE

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Monday, Jan. 22, 1881. 8:00 P.M.
Matinee Monday, 2:30 P.M.

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Engagement for Six Nights, and one
Matinee of

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Monday, Jan. 22nd - ROM. ROM.

Tuesday - LE PASSANT

Wednesday - LE PHOENIX

Thursday - CATHEDRALE

Friday - ADRIENNE LEONARDE

Saturday - HERMAN

Sunday, Matinee - CATHEDRALE

Sunday - ROM. ROM.

Sunday, January 24th - ERIENNE LEONARDE

Monday, Jan. 25th - ROM. ROM.

Tuesday, Jan. 26th - ROM. ROM.

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Next Week - WITTEN, COMEDY.

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At the hours you spend darning, the work

JUST THINK

At the labor you give to make a dress, the cost

JUST THINK

At the wisdom of doing it, and the money

THEN KNOW

That all the darning, sewing, and making

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perfect in its construction, that it can be
used by anyone, and it is the only one
that is so perfect in its construction, that it can be
used by anyone, and it is the only one

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212 PINE STREET.

Entered at the Post-office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

Final programme for the first Philharmonic Quintette Club concert in the amusement columns.

The Board of Health has devoted two more sessions to the City Hospital charges, and the prosecutors also promise to rest their case next Monday night. They have thus far shown, beyond question, that Dr. Deam is a remarkably vigilant Superintendent, and that the real prosecutors are some of his present and past assistants, who have not worked in harmony with him in the necessarily subordinate positions to which they are appointed by the Board of Health. One of the present assistants, who, as a witness, stated under oath that he was not making charge against the Superintendent, now figures regularly as chief prosecutor sitting near the counsel for the prosecution and eliciting questions to witnesses. Dr. Deam has been charged, indirectly and directly, with torturing and killing the patients of the hospital, of coming with the complicity of the assistant physicians, who have witnessed but not reported his iniquities during the past three or four years, but the charge of secretly smoking and eating them, after he has killed them, has been thus far reserved. The hundred and twenty witnesses announced by the prosecution appears to have diminished to about one-third of that number, and it is now possible that Dr. Deam may next week be heard in vindication of his government of the hospital.

The consolidation of all the telegraph lines of the country cannot be looked upon except with apprehension. It cuts off all competition where competition is proper, and leaves the public at the mercy of a corporation. Consolidation of capital or of corporations is not always wrong, but frequently most useful and necessary in building up good enterprises, and in the development and civilization of the country. The union of the telegraph companies is not necessary for either of these commendable purposes, and

simply represents greed and selfishness, and the desire for money-power. There is danger in money-power when it is the power that rules absolutely. The worst form of oppression is the oppression of a moneyed aristocracy. It is unsympathetic, tyrannical, and brutal. It is dangerous that so large a country as the United States, and one that has such vast commercial interests, should be dependent upon a single telegraph company. So would it be dangerous if it had to depend upon a single railroad company. Both railroads and telegraphs are *quasi* public institutions, and the public ought to have the use of them at the lowest possible expense. The greed of society and the general propensity of the nation demand that it should be so. By the consolidation of all the telegraph lines into one, an immense capital-stock is formed, on which the owners of a controlling interest make large dividends without having paid value received. The total cost of all the telegraph lines in this country is certainly not over \$10,000,000, but in the great consolidation that has just taken place it is put at \$60,000,000. This is entraining the watering process too far; it is giving too many people money for nothing, and putting too much power into the hands of a few men. Such gigantic movements of capital are fearful to contemplate, and they ought to be checked, or the liberties of the people will be imperilled. Congress should take hold of this subject with serious earnestness; and if there is no other way of remedying the growing evil, let the Government take possession of the telegraph lines. If we are to have so extensive a monopoly, let the Government control it, and not a syndicate of gentlemen who are supposed to work exclusively for their private interests.

Bernhardt and her manager are very shrewd people; and so small part of their skill consists in getting a great deal of advertising done at very cheap rates. The effort to get the pulpit of this city to undertake the business was a dead failure. The clergy didn't "interview" at all well. There was a mild non-committal, or such a moderate statement of their position as to serve very poorly the sensational purposes of the management. Instead of an open war, there was apparently indifference. Instead of a social conflict and heat, that should compel everybody to take sides either for or against the actress, everybody was disposed to let everybody do as he pleased. The consequence was, that in spite of the efforts of the agents and friends of the "divine Sarah" to make it appear that no decent people, who know what art is, ever refrain from witnessing it on account of indecent associations—in spite of this, a good many quite respectable persons quietly stand at home. On the whole, we have no taste for the "bulldozing" policy which seems to have characterized the theatrical career of this woman in this country. We do not know whether she or her friends are chiefly responsible for it, but, everywhere the first word concerning her has been a challenge to good morals. Every questionable art in her life, as a quality of her character, has been emphasized and put foremost. She is advertised on the strength of her wide departure from all the permitted standards of American life. Her man-

ager sets out to carry the country by storm, even to compel her to the highest social recognition. It may be truly enough said: It is the staid kind of philistine that has art to be judged independent of individual character. But suppose the character is thrust upon our notice, and all its doubtful qualities exposed, and a judgment is insisted upon, and its ethical side is made a great deal more prominent than even the artistic talent? This policy—as in Bernhardt's case, has produced a vast deal more discussion and study of her moral qualities than of her playing. Financially, it may have paid to go up this personal interest in her, but it has done nothing for art. If there is sufficient "personal interest," all art may be dispensed with, and even every sort of respectability. Art success which Bernhardt achieves must be credited to several causes—by no means to the one reason of her being an artist. No doubt she is an *actress*, though not of the first rank. *Medusa* stands higher. There are those who can judge her talent apart from her history and are attracted by it. But in every city it is well understood that a large number are drawn to her plays out of sheer curiosity to see the woman who has had so strange a life. We have never before had among us so highly accomplished and badly trampled a representative of Parisian morality.

What were the motives, or rather what was the ruling motive, that caused people to rush last Tuesday afternoon to the Bernhardt reception in such numbers? We have heard many motives suggested; this is the economical motive. People here seem to have such immense enjoyment of extravagance that they come without cost, that they always honor dead-end tickets. Another is that they wanted to see the specimens of Miss Bernhardt's work. Another, that people, especially the feminine portion of the community, wished to see the celebrated actress at close range, and we imagine that there was just enough doubt at their minds about the propriety of the proceeding to make it spicy enough to have a certain rush not always found even in dead-end extravaganzas.

Miss Bernhardt received no further social recognition here than the crowd attending at the galleries implied, which, under the circumstances, implied nothing. And that was right.

We do not suppose that Miss Bernhardt is years for social standing in this country. She comes from London and Paris flushed with the grossest social triumphs, and that should suffice. When we comparative barbarians think of her, should be of no special consequence. Had she earned for it, she either miscalculated the effect of the London society example, or she woefully mistook the temper of the people. She should have taken some pains to preserve the outward decencies of life. Our society does not require all of its members to be spotless, but it does require that they shall so conduct themselves that they be not open and notorious offenders against its most stringent laws. A man cannot be an open and notorious thief and hold his position in society. If he steals, he must steal under some of the forms of law. His theft under those forms may be just as great, may even pass as great moral guilt, and work just as great ruin as those of a

ethicisms" and "Karlshide" shall her prices. The effects which Bernhard produces are all gained without any strain. It is there extreme naturalness which tells. She takes no more notice of her audience than if she was in her "fourth." Her direction is thoroughly dramatic, and she is never out of her part. Her style is in keeping of hand-to-hand delivery. Everything is done easily and delicately. The principal features of her education are the rapidity of her utterance, the use of the less tones in her voice, which she employs with admirable effect—the sliding of phrases—an emphasis on the first syllable of a word, and the use of the early, pure, high tone in a conversational but not in a declamatory style. Her style is not a declamatory one. The art of phrase Bernhard has completely mastered, and elaborated. She finds readiness in distributing her motions with the stress and force of a lady in the drawing-room. But, nevertheless, she can produce the effect of a woman in the street, and she can, without having any, be "on the spot" with her hands.

[illegible]

¹ *De officiis* 1.12.

Sat. C. Goodwin, Jr., and his "Follies" has won the laurel of the Atlantic during the week. The company relies for its success upon the young, the fashion, the great creations of the role. *Professor Bluff* has established him by public favor. Last season the "Follies" were superior in personal Elie Weatherly and Venue Blancey continued to the features of the attraction, but the *Professor* this year has to bear the entire burden, and his shoulders are sagging. There are few better exponents of eccentricity than Sat Goodwin. His make-up is superb, and his rapid, polished method of delivery appeals to the risibility with force. His act has become a reduced series of mimicry. He has watched with the eye and ear of an artist all the possibilities of action in imitation, movement and gesture, which distinguish

in leading exponents of dramatic art, it is, in fact, both with surprising clarity. The method of analysis, music, and first entitled "Rabbits" gives Mr. Goodwin, in the first portion of the entertainment, an opportunity to display his "realities" in his best manner. The first act of the play is a very good one, presented with all the musical vigor of that branch. The second act treats of song and music, the dialogue affording the *Proforma* ample margin for expository sayings. It is the life of the piece, and the attention of the house is riveted upon him. Here, and here only, does the author show his true power, and the audience is not disappointed. The third act is a long and saying interlude. It is a horrible drama, devoid of interest, save to one member, when an odd mule is drawn across the stage, on a cart. This is merely horse-saying, and should be eliminated. Mr. Goodwin in his manner is unexceptionable of the audience, and he will make him a polished

地址: 宁波市 315000 电话: 0574-88001111 传真: 0574-88001111

[illegible]

KEYWORDS: POLYMERIZATION; GRAFTING; AMIDES

Fanny Davenport's assumption of *Orpheus*, last week, was a colossal failure, from an artistic standpoint, although from a pecuniary it was certainly satisfactory. This was the first time Miss Davenport had appeared in the rôle. The representation opened splendidly, and the audience was so large that the management was obliged to suspend the matinee of the following day, which had butted the numbers of a dead animal. The second act was left. In the third, Miss Davenport was not equal to the task, and the audience with Joseph's father was not as effective as the scene should be. The actress failed to express the true depths of desolation which *Orpheus* seemed when, at the end of the first act, he was told that his wife had fled from London was resolved two days previously, and her migration was two appearances. In the fourth act Miss Davenport's make-up was marvellous. Her face was literally plastered with powder, in order to produce a sickly palor; but the effect was the reverse. She looked as if a thin coat of white mortar had just been trowelled on her face, and she was not a whit more lifeless, as she was tested for all it was worth in the trying scene when Joseph and Corwin were both in jeopardy, and each the good by-law was her protector.

[illegible]

COLBY HENRY'S CHICAGO LETTER

† *His. Soc. America* 15, 1887.

[illegible]A. HOFFMANN AND A. WILHELM, *ETH ZÜRICH*

and, as it were, determined to burst into a thousand flinders, every one of them with an air in it, large enough to send a circus elephant to bed under a haystack; and, with its skull clung up in a camouflaged rug, and the trunk curled up, and checked over the Texas prairie, it seemed to be saying to the Texas prairie, "I'm not here yet!" My eyes, staring with disbelief, first took like two drunkies a promotional beer, shifter, or a pair of smoked-out "Catherine wheels" in "Dallas City," and then, like an anemone on turning a double somersault out of their flaming-pink sockets. My husband, who is "shaky" as a pained old woman's tongue or an average politician's principles, and the thickness of his nostrils is capped with wax and protein, was, in this situation, a little more than a little bit of a "shaky" himself, a paragon of "virtuous" incontinent as the *Spectator*, would not, and could not, style a drop of a snail's eye any more. Pyra-Perseus, slung like a beak of a

The Spectator.

VOL. I. No. 24.]

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1881.

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Notice to Travellers!

The Vandalia Line, connecting St. Louis and
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St. Paul.

Monday, January 10th, 1881.

On this date the regular St. Louis and
Indianapolis train, leaving St. Louis
at 10:00 A. M., will arrive at Indianapolis
at 10:00 A. M., and will leave Indianapolis
at 10:00 A. M., and will arrive at St. Louis
at 10:00 A. M.

Leave St. Louis Daily 8:00 A. M.

Independent, Cincinnati, and Eastern
Nagle Express, with Eastern Mail, leave
St. Louis at 10:00 A. M., and will arrive at
Indianapolis at 10:00 A. M.

Leave St. Louis Daily 8:30 P. M.

A special train, leaving St. Louis at 8:30
P. M., will arrive at Indianapolis at 10:00
P. M., and will leave Indianapolis at 10:00
P. M., and will arrive at St. Louis at 10:00
P. M.

Leave St. Louis Daily 7:00 P. M.

Chicago, French, and Vandalia and Illinois
Central Railroads, with Eastern Mail, leave
St. Louis at 7:00 P. M., and will arrive at
Indianapolis at 10:00 P. M., and will leave
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St. Louis, February 26, 1881.

How much better is doing out? says French

As is a reporter. You will notice how busy he is, even at home. He wears his best clothes every day, because he doesn't know what Sunday is. Reporters have no easy life. They seldom go to work before 10 o'clock in the morning, and are often through with their interviews two or at night. There are many kinds of reporters. The society reporter goes to parties and weddings. He takes down the names of the people who have been invited, who they are, where he met, and prints them in the paper the next day. Once a man started for a party, but got too full for entrance before reaching the door.

I hope this expression of opinion on the part of the Town Engineer will not be considered as encouragement by the chances of sixty to have their shoulders, blow their locks, and deal in balder of youth and plumpers, and frisky extol.

Apocrypha of the above, in the discussion which followed the essay read by me, Dr. Boyd told a good story concerning the employment of unbelieved-of men as flaxers in churches. "One day an old lady who had her tin pots was out praying earnestly by a window for food. Some boys, passing by, heard her prayer, and one of them, proceeding to a bakery by, purchased a loaf of bread and threw it into the room. The old lady returned devout thanks to the answer to her prayer. Whereupon the boy called

course in quality. Mr. E. Marshall as *De Merville* acted fairly, but his humor was forced and strained. His vocal abilities were very limited. The *Talentine* was Mr. G. J. Campbell, who was suffering from a cold when I heard him and whose vocal efforts were therefore only calculated to torture his auditors. Mr. E. Appleby as the *Duke des Bois* was another exasperating vocalist. Mr. Guiton as *Alfred*, the *Sous-chef*, belongs to the same category. The character of *Leofrene*, the attendant to the *Duke*, is a bundle of possibilities to a genuine humorist, but in the hands of Mr. Elton Hersee was only interpreted with a small modicum of humor. His conception of the *role*, however, was good, and his ability as vocalist it would be painful to speak of. As to the orchestra, it was all right. They made noise enough for the few who attempted to sing when it is considered that the "clappers" outnumbered the singers two to one so that their might lent a decent amount of superfluities on the stage. The personal attractions of *Soldate* have certainly excited their own audience no longer retain the charm of four years ago. She has become more fleshy and gross. The "Soldate Comptant" has already broken up once this season, but it was reorganized, and in "Duetto" in opera was found which they doubtless will carry them through. But the organization is doomed. It cannot make money, but it contains no talent, either dramatic or musical, and the time has passed when the name of *Soldate* would attract people. The former couples of opera house are gradually seeing their majestic audiences slip from their hands.

Continued.

SECOND PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

The second of the series of chamber concerts at Pickwick Hall was given on Thursday evening, and introduced two important works. First Haydn's quartette, op. 76, No. 1, G, and Schumann's piano quartette, op. 44, in F-flat. The Haydn quartette, a programme contained a symphonie solo, *Elegie* and *Harlequinade*, by Pappert, two movements, *Andante* and *Prestissimo*, from Verdi's string quartette in E major, and two vocal numbers, delivered by Mr. Philip Barlow. Two more charming and enjoyable works than the thoroughly contrasted Haydn quartette and Schumann quartette could scarcely have been brought together in one programme, and it is to be hoped that both may be heard again in the course of the present season. The two movements from the Verdi quartette suffered by comparison with the works of the great masters, but, even allowing for this disadvantage, the work seemed thin and weak, and quite unworthy of the distinguished company in which it appeared. The cellists by Mr. Mayer, accompanied by Mr. Haimann, were well chosen, and kindly guided by the conductor, and the vocal selections it is but just to say that in neither of the two concerts have they been in harmony with the character of the instrumental programme, or suited to the reasonable requirements of a musically cultivated audience. With the available strength of voice by such writers as Brahms, Schumann, Schreier, Robert Franz, Schubert, and a score of other scarcely less eminent lyric composers, there is scarcely room for inadequate amateur renderings of airs from the operas, or for efforts of weakly unmelodious step solo, as it is supposed that the vocal selection and digestion of the talents is not for seldom concert-goers delight to savor.

ART.

PENNY, PENNY, ETC.

Those readers of the *Spectator* who take an interest in the department headed "ART" will find it they follow what is said under that caption, week by week, that the word is used in its broadest sense. The art department will be confined to descriptions on pictures and statues, and will treat of things having very little relation to personal art, or, nevertheless, calculated within the meaning of the word, to be of comprehensive scope. It will tell before it these columns that nearly everything which enters into

the problem of our daily lives in relation to what we use and see is an expression in one form or another of art. While people are incidentally interested in pictures, there are things in endless number which appear more directly to the tastes and necessities of the multitude which certainly deserve attention. Mr. Smith may delight in seeing good pictures, but the all-awakening question in her mind at this time may be, whether in the spring—if there comes—she shall get a new carpet for the hall, or some other of the cracks in the floor patched up, the ill-matched hangings changed, and the centre covered with rug. Her mother here needs the way may be struggling with the problem of carpets and curtains. Mr. Jones may possibly have many well-called women's movements on his mind, or be trying to evolve a plan for the atelier to follow. These and scores of kindred topics come properly under the art caption, and it is the desire of the writer in so far as in him lies to try and assist in their elucidation.

We have had, along with the new Renaissance in Ancient art within the last few years, a perfect epidemic of decoration. It has spread over the country like measles in a district school. Good ladies have been stricken with the disease in its most malignant form. In this great social revolution against the tyranny of dress and taste, they have been, for a time, possibly, given more attention to the decoration of house-plant to the beds and toward their household stockings, and expended more of vital nerve force upon wool-caring than on the misbegotten hangings belonging to swivel and divers articles of masculine costume. The mental aberration was only temporary, and without a decided manifestation of a hopeless desire to do something for the aesthetic elevation of the American people. This revolution is essentially woman's, and when the women of a nation rise up en masse, the end sought is sure to be accomplished. The trouble with many so-called women's movements is that they lack of unanimity. Now as regards woman's rights, a very large proportion of them are seemingly indifferent about voting. The same is true of temperance crusades. But on the question of beautifying the home there is an undivided sentiment. Every woman, no matter how humble, may be her ideal place, and the little taste in the direction of home adornment. Even those who are condemned to live in upper stories of crowded tenements give visible evidence of a love of the beautiful by means of the poor little plants, sickly and stunted, perched on ornate yet unlovely shelves, which, yet, adorned with tender care, it may be, in the very woman who does your washing. Let me say that I regard the word woman as the holiest that can be used to denigrate the sex. "Lady" and "gentlewoman" have lost the old-time meaning. These words are used indiscriminately to everybody, and I prefer to go back to the simple and dignified terms used by our ancestors. I propose to begin my crusade in the interest of good taste and economy by making an onslaught those worse than useless relics of by-gone times.

When St. Louis was a village and a venerable garden was an important factor in household economy, and when cows, hogs, goats and sheep were wont to meander over the widespread commons and roam their summer's living upon the vacant tannins, it was absolutely necessary that each house should be equipped with a good, strong, substantial fence, capable of resisting the most persistent and insatiable efforts of running goats and ever watchful hogs. In the earliest times these fences were of rails or poles. These were in time superseded by boards or planks, and at last, as the country increased in worldly possessions and a new house was built upon the site of the old one, his job was made complete by the erection of a new solid iron fence with a substantial foundation of heavy stone. The manufacture of iron fences seemed to have opened new vistas of richness to the designers of such articles, and their ingenuity has been extended to the production of designs which for hideousness are simply unapproachable. So far as I can recollect, the penman most persistently in that direction best described by comparing the perpendicular supports to the top rail to two stunted, gnarled trees, and the horizontal rails to the intervening limbs bent outwardly forming an

ellipse. For some reason, possibly that of association with field sausage, this style seems to have struck a popular chord, as there are scores of it scattered through the city. Perhaps the scale in itself seemed novel, and the iron spikes held in position by two horizontal bars attached to round-headed posts.

The writer lives in one of a row of thirteen well built houses situated on the north side of a street. The houses stand about twenty feet from the sidewalk, on elevated ground. A third-story rail belongs to each, and if an infatuated grain of common sense had been used at the time of their constructing, there might have been a beautiful lawn twenty feet wide by nearly four hundred feet long in front of the row, intersected with walks and paths, and a garden in the rear. As it is, although the original owner was a very keen man of trade, and always attended to it that he got his money's worth, the lawn has been ennobled by an iron fence extending along the entire front and thirteen subdivisions between the houses. The lawn is destroyed. Each house has a little enclosure which is unnecessary, and a large amount of good money is wasted. Now what are these fences for? They certainly are not ornamental, and elegant sheep and goats have long succeeded to vex the patience of thrifty housewives. No animals, except dogs, cats, and chickens, are allowed to run at large, and an ordinary house will keep them out. It is because people are so largely influenced by fashion, no matter how senseless it may be. Here was a man sharp at a bargain and quick to avail himself of every possible advantage, who deliberately depreciated the value of his property, as a corner lot, and the future of his money, solely for the lack of a little taste, and because it was customary to do such things. There are hundreds of expensive houses in this city with little yards in front of them about the size of a plain cover, who are enclosed with iron fences containing hundreds of dollars, which are serving no possible purpose other than to destroy the appearance of the premises. Then for the smaller dwellings, where the owners were unable to build an iron fence, wood is substituted. Usually rows of this kind of houses are divided by solid brick walls, and the narrow streets are so narrow that, forming unbroken little boxes to catch the drifting leaves and hold the snow and ice as long as possible. To show how utterly absurd this fashion is, I can point to a lot situated upon one of our principal residence streets, which is elevated from three to six feet above the sidewalk. A solid wall of masonry is built to the level of the ground. This might have been sufficient to keep out intruders, but, "to make assurance doubly sure, and take a pound of fate," the owner has constructed a huge iron fence upon the stone foundation—crossing along the entire front and sides of the lot, forming a sort of a corner lot, with an elevation of at least six feet above the cross street, that portion of the lot is surrounded by a solid board fence. I can imagine with whatunction the owner said to himself as the last nail was driven home. "Now I would like to see any one try to look me up from this street." Then the house is set upon the extraneous western line of a hundred-foot lot, is about twenty-five feet wide, three stories high and built in the conventional style, as though constructed by the mile—and secured off and placed in position as ordered. But I haven't reached the end yet. That will come later, two miles. When I will speak my mind with freedom upon the miles of ugliness in which our people live, more and have their being. It will not be from an excess, but the opportunity is so great that a person with even a modicum of intelligence and a pair of common eyes cannot go far astray. I will also add that I shall not denounce the architects so much—although some of them need it—as I will the people who compel them and to their own folly perpetuate the reign of bad taste. But my text this week is so long, and I am out of breath with it.

Some time ago the unsightly relics of heroic days—surrounding most of our public parks were removed. How the people seemed their eyes wide with surprised pleasure when they saw what yards of beauty had been hidden from their view. It was a relief to the eye, and as it will be so, but some years ago the public-spirited grates in a walk central to the public good,

GORHAM ELECTRO PLATE!

The Gorham Manufacturing Company have recently produced some remarkably beautiful Tea and Coffee Services in their renowned Plated-ware, which so exactly resemble Solid Silver as to be undistinguishable from it. The finest stock of these goods ever seen in this city is now offered at prices established by the Gorham Company.

E. Jaccard Jewelry Company,

FIFTH AND OLIVE STREETS.

is the primary cause of that obliquity of organization and general ill-health among the people of this country, and nowhere in the world is just such knowledge as these "Health Principles" contain now needed than here in America.

"*Ye Last Seen Thoughts of America*," by *Arlette's* *Verdette*, Philadelphia: Duncan & Hall. This sparkling little three-act drama is a very severe satire upon modernism in general and satirizes in particular, if all the acids with which this world of ours has been flavored, none has ever become more ridiculous than the so-called aesthetic rant which members of art affect to such an extent. The manner in which certain artists whose works have received but contemptuous notice at the hands of Mr. Harshé Dorey, the æsthetic art critic of the *Fig* Magazine, revenge themselves upon the ignorant consciousness, is amusing in the extreme. Indeed the whole work is replete with fun and genuine wit, and is a much-needed satire upon a crying injustice, viz., the criticism of honest labor in the field of art by those ignorant of the first principles of that which they affect to understand so thoroughly. The "Arlette's Verdette" will receive the hearty sympathy of a host of brother workers struggling under the same species of injustice.

LITERARY NOTES.

From the Literary World, February 12.

A new volume by M. J. Savage is announced to appear shortly. — *Belief in God*. An Examination of Some Pious and Theistic Propositions.

George H. Ellis has in press a volume of selected sermons by Rev. Stephen Brooke, to be entitled "Faith and Freedom." The collection has been made with the special view of illustrating Mr. Brooke's religious position, now a matter of so much interest in reason of his withdrawal from the Church of England. The letters to the congregation of Bedford Street Chapel, and the sermon, "Faith without Faith," in which Mr. Brooke gives his reasons for withdrawing from the Church, are included in this volume, which is also to contain an introduction on Mr. Brooke's life and the significance of his new departure, by Mr. Edwin D. Mould.

J. W. Bouton, New York, has ready a new and cheaper edition of *André and Howells* — *Keweenaw* of *Jayna*, in one volume, \$1.50; a new edition in French of "Poussin's *Chambers*," and an entirely new and revised edition of *Vaguer's* "Dictionnaire *Chambers*."

The *Fraser*, a fortnightly journal of literature and the fine arts, has made a creditable first appearance in New York.

Forbes Howard & Hubbard publish next week "The Life and Letters of J. H. Raymond," late President of Vassar College; "The Exalted Way in Household and Cooking," by Helen Campbell; "Familiar *Chambers*,"

the story of an Indian chief, told by himself; and "Fifteen *Chambers*," a romance of the ribs, root and gun in California, by T. S. Van Dyke.

Henry Holt & Co. announced last fall an authorized translation of *Saint Vitor's* "Doux Marquies," by Miss M. M. Ripley, translator of "Captain Fracassé." When is it to appear?

Forster & Wells have in press, "How to feed the Baby," by Dr. C. E. Page.

Col. Lucius B. Northrop, formerly Commissioner General of the Confederate Army, is preparing a reply to the acceptance of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and Edward A. Pollard on the management of that department during the war. The work was originally intended to be incorporated in *Jefferson Davis* — *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, but has increased so much in size and importance that it will be published in a separate volume.

The first of a proposed series of translations from the French, called "Great Citizens of France," will soon be issued by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. It is a translation, by Miss Frances A. Shaw, of Alfred Barbe's enthusiastic sketch of "Victor Hugo: His Life and Works." The translation is said to be done with great spirit and vivacity, and its pages will be embellished by a *fac-simile* of a letter from Hugo to the author, and two portraits of him, one taken in early manhood and one in old age.

A lock of hair supposed to have been given by Anne Hathaway to Shakespeare, and the autograph manuscript of "Ode to Mariner," are among the literary treasures to be seen in London.

Mrs. Landolphe, of Bedford, England, has been authorized by *l'Académie* to translate his speeches into English.

Miss Isabella Bird, who makes such prodigious journeys on horseback in the Sandwich Islands, the Rocky Mountains, Japan, and other out-of-the-way parts of the world, is said to be a shy, frail-looking creature, with a physical limitation, and we do not know how many other physical difficulties. Whenever she feels particularly poorly, she starts off on an expedition. Rumor says she is to be married in March to a physician of Edinburgh — a Dr. Bishop.

Belmont Brothers will publish "The Actor and his Art," translated from the French of M. Coquelin by Miss Alger, a fifty-cent book, which cannot fail to repay reading by all who enjoy the drama. "Eight flowers," second series, edited by the same hand and with the same care as the first series, which is one of the choicest selections ever made of short poems, thoughtful and religious; and "Sonnets and his Kindred *Epigrams*," a double volume, giving in simple style the results of much study of Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, German and English literature — a valuable and engaging book, excellent for use in reading clubs which seek for profit and talk over what they read.

CONSISTING TO CONSISTANTS

Belly slaver, she was a young teacher who taught, And her friend, "Barber Church," was a preacher who preached, Though his conscience called him a miser who misdeeds, His heart, when he saw her, beat quick and strong, And his eyes, meeting hers, began aching and aching, While she, in her turn, felt his thinking and aching.

He nestled in soon her, and caressing her wound, For his love grew, swift in a moment, a ground, And what he was longing to do, then he did.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke, To seek with his lips what his heart long had spoke, As he managed to feel the truth leak, and it broke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode, They so secretly did glide, that they both thought they glided, And they came to the place to be tried, and were tried.

Then tomorrow, he said, in his dream, and they drove, And as soon as they wished to arrive, they drove, For whatever the road could contrive, the road drove.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole, At the first that he wanted to know, then he stole; And he said, "I feel better than ever I stole."

So they to each other were kissing, and kissing, While time his swift current was flowing and kissing, And she said the thing he was longing and kissing.

The next valley wanted to wish, and had caught — That she wanted from others to catch, and had caught — Was the one she so liked to catch, and she caught.

And Charles's warm lips began kissing, and kissing, While he kept to be kissing, and kissing, The girl he had asked to be kissing, and kissing.

"Which?" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and he left, "Which?" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and he left.

"Which?" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and he left, "Which?" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and he left.

AN IDYL.

[*St. M. Grey, in the Boston Courier*.]

I was passing from Kansas —

Nay, let me see "Yankee Flow —"

And I felt extremely sad.

So I was half-turned to go,

Yet I closed each other's hands,

And we agreed — oh, how we agreed!

I never saw her so again,

And I could not if I tried.

And we both agreed to play,

Swearing truth by star and moon,

And so long as moon and star,

And I fear, were perfect spouses,

And so toward eternity

Never to be parted from our name,

And if death stepped in to part,

We at least would both be gone.

But, as everybody knows,

As here as well as there,

For the love by love and love,

Large all wishes must be made,

Not that we had the truth to tell,

Welladay! that not should be —

I cannot remember yet,

And she's quite forgotten me!

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"MUSSETTE."

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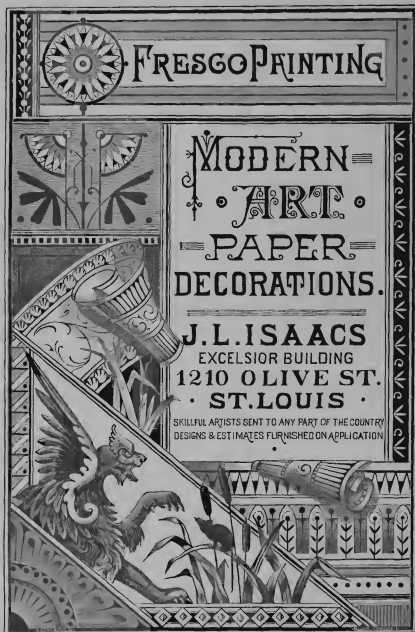
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The Spectator.

St. Louis, March 5, 1884.

THE TOWN TALKER.

What a profit for fortune lies in the hearts of those tall creatures that form the "rosedild garden of girls!" Who would think to look at their pretty pink cheeks and sweet lips that they do make each other so awfully wretched? There are certain dangers in society whose chronic boast is their many escorts, the huge amount of attention they receive, etc. They prance every compliment, every "good bye," before their friends, and, while remorselessly assailing the qualities of their dear companions, sound their own trumpets to the skies. Have a care, young ladies, for your hearts and faces will grow hairy with this sort of thing, and latter thoughts and words come home like curses and young children to meet. You make yourselves tired, and every time your big brothers take you out other girls wonder if those are your amusements. It is observable that many girls lose beautiful natures and you don't!—Bring in a good dog, but Holbeist is a better," says the proverb.

I witnessed an amusing act of litigation and assurance in a car running from the West End, the other day. The occupants were all women—this would all call themselves ladies, but you shall be the judge of one—was sitting cross-fashionably near together the seats would not have been over two-thirds full, but their skirts were spread on their knees, turned sideways, until without some movement on their part the passenger who entered last could not have sat down without coming in contact with the dress of person of one or the other. That he a clever fellow was some women have of resolving themselves from the human herd. The car stopped and another woman got in. Walking slowly up to her and looking from side to side, she sang a note. No one stopped except one girl, who demurely in a sudden and stiff attitude, who, sitting in a corner, turned in half sideways and had a parcel which she took from her waist beside her. The newcomer took up the parcel and held it out, with daintily gloved hand, to the owner, asking in polite and entreaty voice: "Will you make room for me?" Her sanctimoniousness said: "I only occupy one seat, dearest, you had me to give you that?" The answer came with severity: "I only want the extra space you spread your legs over, not the seat you would fill up for me exceeding small?"—Exe. Sedition, with wrath flaming in her cheeks, then the countenance had to do, and with a feline pull on the checkered skirt, "This comes of putting oneself on a level with the canine," and stepped down out. Madam! Please look back of the valiant phoebe, not very ready for her knicker, a straight snout, without even showing her dainty arched nostrils, until she got off at Fourth Street. But there were none in the car.

A wonderful balance place is to be found for them. Lord have mercy upon the brains of the students! "The Elder Eddie" is to be studied. What next?

I have a suggestion for the results as answer. Study up the history, sciences and general knowledge of Utah, the first wife of Adam. You have this opportunity to add much to biographical lore, to August bell's, and tell us more than ever Monsieu D. Comay did about that first fair divorcee, who, as men were scarce in her time, always laments her lost Eden, to the detriment of Eve's happiness and the undermining of Adam's principles. How much can you add to these facts, most famous female heroines?

It is freely stated that the regular Dime-tale Central Committee was operating in the interest of the candidates of Mayor Overholt. No one can doubt for a moment that Col. George Knapp, who seems to have a good deal of influence over the committee, will throw all his weight that direction. And I heard on Wednesday from a man who is in a position to know what he was talking about that Col. George Knapp was beginning to lose his grip, and that he would probably be thrown overboard in a few days.

It is by no means a settled fact that Mayor Overholt will be a candidate for reelection, and some people who are constantly denouncing him of "lying pipes" in his own behalf may be a little less fast. I have it from the Mayor-direct that no one is authorized to say he is a candidate. While he has made a good Mayor, and while the city has prospered under his two administrations, it would be better if he would allow a new man to come into office. Things are a little too much cramped about the city hall, and a break-down would be beneficial.

Mr. Pat Short, the treasurer of the Olympic, had a crowd-full of his board last Saturday evening, and the little gentleman is, perhaps, 80,000 better off than he was before. I don't begrudge him the money, and only hope that Messrs. McManes, of the Grand Opera House, and Ed. Zimmerman, of Poppe's, will be equally well satisfied. The former's board took place last night evening, March 2, and that of the latter Friday evening of the same week.

One of the little towns somewhere in the South has been almost devastated by mud dogs. The same affliction is going to break loose here in St. Louis one of these days. The city is full of dogs—big dogs, little dogs, and all kinds of dogs, from a bloodhound down to the tiny terrier that spends half its time doing in the lap of some doting female. You get a specimen by her what you see. They walk the streets by day and by night, stand on the sidewalks and watch the passing panorama, stroll in the parks, get into people's yards, climb up the back-steps, go into cellars through coal holes, and make things filthy generally with their howling. All of a sudden some one of them will take a notion to go mad, and he will go and bite some other dog, and then there will be a spread of hydrophobia like the plague in England. Paying taxes on dogs does not keep them from going mad, and you must not fall into such a dangerous delusion. A dog with the tail held on him can go mad just as easily as one that never wears a collar. Nor does paying the tax on a dog prevent him from being vicious and biting some body. The only way to live in safety with dogs is to have them muzzled as well as collared. It is my opinion that the Municipal assembly should enact a law compelling owners of dogs to not only pay a tax on them but to muzzle them as well, and then hydrophobia would cease terrors and we should be safe from those dogs which, though they have not the hydrophobia, are nevertheless disposed to bite people when they get a good chance.

What, think you, was told in that marvelous bronze statue, the work of Sarah Bernhardt? Did she have a forehead which embelished itself in that position, or did she in cool blood tell so much that she did not wish to tell too clearly in this position because? A strange comedy surely, think of it and interpret it as you may. A woman's head, grave, thoughtful, dignified, yet resolved! The face lowered over a black, form-

trous—the pupil depths of ink. It was itself reflected in the black depths, but eyes not aside. The woman's nose grew into those of a griffin, the cheeks and held the black depth into which she must look. Great, powerful female wings spring from her shoulders—a woman's wings, that is, with darkness, not from the face. The face is Sarah Bernhardt's own. What does the fearful ink tell?

The face is much told in the following extract from a French author who wrote thirty years ago but met with little beyond derision from his contemporaries, even those of his own country: "When will men learn that he is his own savior? It is his task to make himself beautiful. No man was born as ugly as a sinner, but by his deep thought, by the sentiment of reason, virtue and self-respect, he is emancipated his face that at last a god saw himself there, and the French alone with him."

I have seen a second instance of this phenomenon in one of my most intimate friends, the first linguist of this century. When a boy he had all the usual ugliness of a little Norman peasant, but his powerful will, his immense labor and ingenious research trained in his face lines of exquisite beauty. All French refinements hovered about his lips with the subtle curves of western civilization, while the genius of Latin expanded itself in the luminous beauty of his grand forehead, capacious enough to hold the world.

There was some talk last Wednesday of putting up "Ed. Dave Caruth, of the Imperial House of McManis, Travis & Barnes, for the Democratic candidate for Mayor. While I think the gentleman good enough for most anything short of an angel, I know his innate nobility would forbid his accepting an office that would require him to appear in public in the stage."

Have you ever noticed some despicable-looking females who appear, week in and week out, in the blue-print of the scenes at the Olympic, the Grand Opera and Poppe's Theatre? You have, no doubt, become familiar with their squalid faces and shabby attire, and you have no doubt wished a hundred times—if you have been to the theatre that often—that you were not compelled to see them. They are the ballet, the standing ballet—not a dancing ballet, as, asked, they never dreamed of such noble movement. It is their business to appear every evening and set off the scenes by filling up the inferior cast of whatever revelling company may be on hand. Each theatre has about half a dozen of its ballet, and each member of this immortal but self-sacrificing band gets the enormous sum of 80 a week. If they only knew what torture they inflict on the audiences they would not work for that. It is my opinion that the community would pay the theatre a good sum to dispense with the ballet altogether. I have never seen a balleta being set who did not think a standing ballet a cruel and execrable infliction. Will Messrs. Spaulding, Norton and Pope give this matter a passing thought?

At the Harvard Alumni meeting in New York City last week President Eliot made an admirable and far-reaching address, in the course of which he said that "Harvard needs and must have and will get \$1,000,000 additional endowment in the next five years," and, as an earnest of the prediction, that \$1,000,000 had been received from various sources in the last three months. "This is the right way to raise and feel." It is also the right way to act. When our rich men and women think and act with equal liberality and foresight, our St. Louis institutions—historical societies, academies of science, universities, art museums, etc.—will flourish in like manner.

THE SPECTATOR.

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The proposed compromise between the city and the St. Louis Gaslight Company does not appear to be dangerous or unreasonable. It is estimated that it would result in bringing into the city treasury about \$5,000,000 in the thirty years the contract is to run. This is to be devoted to the reconstruction and improvement of the streets. The amount coming in the first year would be something less than \$100,000, but this sum would be increased each year as the business of the gas company increased. Under the contract, the charge for gas is not to be over \$2.25 per 1,000 cubic feet, which is not unreasonable, and the city may at any time discontinue the electric light, provided it gives the contract for putting it in and running it to the St. Louis Gaslight Company, who shall not charge a greater price for doing it than anywhere else. This is a wise provision, and just to the gas company and not hazardous to the city, and one that will find a practical application in less than the first decade of the time the proposed contract has to run. Under these conditions we think the city will have cause to congratulate itself if it can have given it an average \$100,000 a year for improvement of its streets. The greatest gain will not be simply in the having of cleaner and better streets, but in the increase of the value of the property. A million dollars spent on the street would yield more than ten per cent in the increase of the value of property. We hope the proposed compromise will be adopted.

The accounts as reported in the daily papers of the "strike" with the denials and sayings of the strikers, at the Excelsior Foundry, ought to "strike" as well the awakened consciousness of the community concerning an evil so heinous, and yet so potent, as that which is included in the wildest story of these men. At the head of this great manufacturing interest is Mr. Giles F. Pilley, whose integrity is known to have been honestly tried in the fire and successful of the present upon it. A man identified with the earlier and later business prosperity of St. Louis, not improperly, as manufacturer and merchant, a contributor to a man of kind heart, of large

views, of liberality without ostentation, of enterprise without recklessness. Because Mr. Pilley employed an insignificant number of men and boys who are not members of the "Molders' Union, four hundred "Union" men are now out on a strike. The business of the foundry company is interrupted, the trade relations of its patrons embarrassed, and loss and damages occasioned for which only the gravest reasons could furnish an adequate excuse. There is no pretence by the strikers that they are overworked or underpaid. On the contrary, they are willing to speak of their employers in terms of respect and of praise. The demand is therefore simply the insensate brute force, which presumes to hold at such disadvantage an important industry that it will be humbly obliged to yield a great principle of universal application to save itself from ruin; that in this they "speak without their best."

The strong supporting sentiment of the community ought to be given to the Excelsior Foundry in its defiance of a demand so obviously intolerable and dangerous. The avowed causes of this strike touch very nearly some of the most important social interests of the community. If boys who wish to learn trades, and thereby become useful citizens instead of drudges and vagabonds, are to be prohibited from so doing by men already in possession of places and held there by inexorable and powerful society rules, and if there can be no successful defiance of such "society regulations," the facts cannot be learned a moment too soon. As things are now, in some factories an employer cannot appreciate his own law in his own factory unless the "Union" rules concerning apprentices permit. A great deal of silly sentimentality is expended upon the oppression of labor by Capital—with a big C; but if such things as are now attempted at the Excelsior Foundry are seen in the green tree what may not be seen in the dry?

The Mayor has wisely signed the bill passed by the Municipal Assembly granting a lease of a portion of the wharf near the Shot Tower for the purpose of building a new grain elevator. The grain trade of this city is growing very rapidly, and more elevator room is badly needed. The present law is that the need will be simply supplied by almost doubling the storage capacity of this market before the end of this year. The elevator already in existence will hold a total of about 1,500,000 bushels. There are now in contemplation and in course of erection new elevators that will bring the total storage capacity up to 8,000,000 bushels, or nearly double what it now is. This is a wonderful increase to be brought about within a few months, and speaks in forcible terms of the growth of our grain trade. The elevator men are determined to meet all the demands upon them and do their share of the necessary work. They will spend this spring not less than \$2,000,000 in new buildings. The elevator to be erected in the part of the wharf just granted by the city is, by itself, to cost about a quarter of a million. This money is laid out for a good purpose and will bring back a hundred-fold, not only to the grain trade of St. Louis, but to the city in general as well. The Mississippi River makes St. Louis the future grain market of

the Great West. Iowa, Nebraska, Illinois and Kansas, to say nothing of Missouri, will finally ship their surplus wheat and corn to foreign markets by way of the Mississippi. It is this wide valley's surplus output to the sea, and no railroad running to the Atlantic seaboard can ever compete with it. That the elevator capacity should almost double inside of a single year is the strongest proof that the movement in the direction of this market has set in, and that it is coming with a great impetus. The growth of our grain trade during the next decade is hardly to be estimated.

Some of the best information that the public has had of our public institutions and of public morals has come through the reports of the grand jury. The report of the last grand jury is a model of thoroughness and candor. Such documents are a credit to the men who present them, and are of incalculable value to all right-minded citizens. We do not know of any instrumentality of instruction which can be made to bear more helpfully on the problem of municipal government. The difficulty of managing the affairs of cities grows out of the evils that spring up in dense aggregations of population. Unless these evils are found out in their sources and speedily checked, corruption soon arises upon all the defenses of good order. For the time being the grand jury is the investigator and censor of the public morals. We are told where there is weakness of administration, where the laws are inadequate, what dangers threaten the body politic or the social health. When done by men selected for this work, unimpeachable in character, earnest and intelligent, the importance of this information to the good citizen cannot be overestimated. No man who wishes the welfare of St. Louis can read the report just published without a feeling of obligation to the authors of it for a most careful and candid statement. The suggestion that hereafter these reports be filed and preserved is most important and will tend to keep up the standard of their quality. We are glad to know wherein our existing laws touch one of the questions which have been raised concerning the discharge of Simley, and we have long felt that the granting of licenses should be taken out of the Collector's hands. No matter who the Collector may be, no man should have the decision in his hands. Abuse of the privilege will constantly occur where from the very conditions of the case it is often impossible to make any thorough investigation. If, for example, the bogus petitioning for drapery licenses could be shown up, and the unwilling resistance and protest of residents, it would be a sufficient commentary on the present practice. If there is any school of corruption which more abundantly and completely kills out every moral instinct of youth or manhood, it is the law theories like those which the grand jury designates by names. The intemperance and bitt of these places is of a nature more to be dreaded than any rocking cradle of the alms, than any pest or contagion of disease. The denon of the law should sweep these places clean, not only on Sunday, but on every other day of the week. Any lawless places of foulness, lawlessness and crime. Not merely the city, but the whole country round about for a great distance, is poisoned by the notoriety and stench.

The Spectator.

VOL. I. NO. 26.]

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1881.

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St. Louis, March 12, 1881.

Tommaso Salvini will play next week with an English company a round of his principal characters at Pope's Theatre. Salvini has already been pronounced by our ablest critics one of the very first of living actors, and it will be warmly welcomed, though the effect of the talented performance may fail to satisfy artistic

received an education from his father, a professor of literature at Lemberg. The mother, Englishwoman Zechin, was an actress of fine talent, and from her inherited, in addition, his intellectual gifts, which were further developed by his father's instruction in French and Italian. He was particularly successful on the theatre during the Easter holidays in Lemberg, and surprised all who saw him not by his extraordinary precocity. He had won a laurel wreath by thirteen, and was admitted at fourteen to the company of the theatre. He was a great favourite of the public, while in his prime, as the ablest and best interpreter of Alfieri. Molière was so deeply interested in the uncouthly clever boy that he gave him special lessons and predicted his future celebrity. At fifteen Nathaniel was sent to the gymnasium at Lemberg, where he continued his study. He then returned to Molière and played with distinction in prominent characters in Alfieri's *Recluse*. He was engaged by the noted managers Beaumarchais and Capotoni, passing six years with the latter, and then, in 1792, he was sent to Paris, to study for Italian independence, and, when it had been attained, went back to his profession, bearing various medals and decorations for gallantry. He joined the company of *Théâtre-Français*, won great applause in the part of *Alfieri's* *Recluse*, and was afterwards engaged by the *Opéra-Comique* at Paris, and availed himself of crowding French audiences by his *travels*.

travels, theatre, and film). At the celebration of the sixth centenary of Dante, at Florence, a grand performance of Silvio Pellico's "Francesca da Rimini" was given, he appeared in concert with his wife, and he presided over the ceremony. He was then in Rome, presided him with a statuette of Dante and Victor Emmanuel bestowed on him several decorations. In 1862 he visited Madrid, and earned the Madridinos by his setting of *Four-Idylls* in "Mora Vida". He made his first visit to the United States in 1875, an unfavorable time on account of the financial reaction, but he received enthusiastic admiration wherever he played. He was in the United States for a year and a half, and he will go to London to give a limited number of performances at the Drury Lane Theatre, succeeding Florence Melville on that well-known stage. His support in London, as here, will speak the English language. On his return to Italy, according to the London *Times* survey, Silvio will devote his energies to the unification of the Italian language, an aim which is shortly to be opened in Florence.

I questioned some emergent church leaders lamenting the offer, saying that the numbers did not take hold of the new crusade against the threats with as much zeal and spirit as they would like to see displayed. They loudly condemned their ignorance as well as that of the higher ecclesiastical corps, whose influence was supposed to be sufficient to turn the balance in favor of the church party on the Sunday question.

Why is this thus? Can it be that any of our advanced and liberal-minded divines have so far forgot their

themselves for the shackles of puritanical restraint as to look with favorable eyes upon the approaching invasion of the European Sabbath! A Sabbath school was no longer a consist of three or four long and tire-some services of prayer, sermonizing and Bible-teaching, the interiors being filled in with reading goodly books, while sitting straight up in a chair with one's Sunday clothes on—but Sabbath-evening was a grand and happy sermon in the evening, and lots of fun and jollity in the afternoon. Taking one's religion as the first course of solid meats, as it were, and the afternoon's amusement as the light and toothsome dessert, the former for the nourishing of the spiritual body, the latter for the gratification of the natural body.

There certainly never was a more puzzling question to decide than this very one of Sunday amusements, with its various ramifications to be considered. There is, no doubt, much to be concluded in the Puritan Sabbath, but to attempt to correct its evils by rushing to the other extreme, throwing open all the avenues of secular amusement, seems to me very like the French system of financiering in those enormous days preceding the great Revolution, when, instead of timely retrenchment and frugal economies, a still more reckless expenditure hurried the ship of State with only the greater velocity over the abyss of ruin into fatal and senseless depths of unbelief, infidelity, and misrule.

Those fair daughters of the Future Great whose fancies and their only fortunes are naturally very indignant over the late publication of an evening contemporary in which are given the names of their more fortunate sisters whose "dots" run up into the Chansons. So long as their amount of inheritance was a matter of conjecture there was a possibility of some love-blinded young man taking a leap in the dark, and trusting to papa's afterwards coming down with the stamps. But all the hopes of that nature are now nought. Hereafter these unfortunate heroines are privately lashed in the minds of the honey, "beautiful but dangerous."

After all there seems to be very little real romance in what is called "society." Maidens in the "high walks" are taught to guard their hearts well against the wiles of Cupid unless the tiny dart be backed by more substantial stuff than darts and kisses and pretty sentiment. The men, on the other hand, if they have money, care but little for the society of any but the demi-moëlle, while those that have none are too selfish to share comparative poverty, even if they find one who is willing to do so "all for love's sweet sake."

"Well, well, gang yer ain gate," young people, but the Town Talker makes free to tell you that you are selling your birthright of youth and beauty for a mess of pottage when you sacrifice love's young dream for five dollars and a carriage to ride in.

A few days ago the femininity of the Lindell Hotel was in a speculative state as to why the elevator was so constantly crowded with all the swell ascendants, of its acquaintance, especially the rich beekeepers, and hints of some mystery bandied on common at last. The women were engaged almost to the lady husbands, yet, unconsciously antagonizing curiosity, and oftentimes a wasshake of the head and a murmur to the effect that "good reason could come of 'each o' their 't'rusts'." Still, the great "catches" continued to ascend and descend, and as they went up there was observable on their faces an expectant curiosity, and when they came down a glow of pleased satisfaction, until conjuncture on the part of the fair but big waitresses drew them

Emily Wild. "Some ladies suggested," she was a fortune teller," others said, "a chemist who has some secret for making men handsome when nature never intended to be so. . . then others cried out, 'Oh, yes, there comes a time when you must have a little more than nature intended to give you.' . . . and there comes J. R., and doesn't his hair look as if it had been touched with angelina?" "Pomp, pomp," said W. N. "Don't you think his looks handsome than ever?" "And there's E. R., and this time I'm sure," said W. N. "that he has more than nature intended to give him. He really has't nearly so bald." Looking at V. G. "Did you ever see his necktie quite so black as V. G.?" And so on through the whole day, from early morning to dewy eve these swell men of St. Louis tramped up and down; and finally, taking advantage of the afternoon, they all gathered at the Hotel de Ville, the only military knicker who went toward the metropolitan region, and saw him enter room 109. As the door opened, what a sight met his eyes? Men of fashion, wealth and nobility, sitting and standing about in every direction, and looking at those attires as far as possible, with smiles, and with glances that said, "I wonder if they breathe it as I do—*shirts do not covering every crease of furniture in the room, and resting on the knees of the eager crowd, of carried animals in the lamp and helpless way men's paragonized take on when being gazed at by a crowd of admirers, and the sight of a shirt that will necktie or that new-fangled ruse, and he waited for some other fellow to get away from the glass and let him see how a fellow will look in this." J. R. was looking about the room with six of the swiftest and striped shirts ever made to turn a man's head, and he was looking at the neckties of some of these figured pererals. If A. was trying the effect of some very gorgeous silk bow by holding the legs against his groin, but declared—84 was a match too high?" E. B. was picking the best out of a lot of elegant shirts and neckties, and he was looking at the necktie that certain people wore. U. G. and S. were stretching out the sleeves of certain crimsoned Turkish silk *ribes de nuit*, embroidered down the front and trimmed to distraction with two or three seemed to understand that compression, size or general effect of the necktie was the thing, and the neckties were brought out by the New York dealer for the decoration of these curious darlings of our city.*

An American artist, speaking of Mrs. Langtry, whom he met in England, says that her face when in repose gives the impression of "rather a fine-looking woman with heavy features and a large mouth, but not at all remarkable. But when she begins to talk and becomes animated, then the features of this Galatea grow radiant, her eyes flash, the heavy look disappears, half a dozen bewitching dimples come and go, and the large mouth smiles in exquisite curves."

How a woman must have lost—if she was not devoid of it—this idea of modesty, that sweet religion which makes her presence the more prized—as the fragrance of the violet draws us with a sweeter power because we must seek the lovelier flower that sheds it—when she can permit herself to become a “professional beauty.” Think, Heaven that species of woman is not found in America except where it belongs—on the stage. But I fear our advertisement is rather close to approximate the English “professional.”

Our rising generation ought to become how they imitate the modes of the British aristocracy. Just at present, in many so-called highly fashionable circles in New York, it is thought the correct thing to walk with the elbows pointed outward, forming an isosceles triangle at either side of the body. This is said to be the ordinary manner in which England's hereditary states-

more enterprising than in England. It is not only the confidence of our business community, but the confidence of our business community, that is the cause of our success. It is not only the confidence of our business community, but the confidence of our business community, that is the cause of our success. It is not only the confidence of our business community, but the confidence of our business community, that is the cause of our success.

There is no doubt that the confidence of our business community is the cause of our success. It is not only the confidence of our business community, but the confidence of our business community, that is the cause of our success. It is not only the confidence of our business community, but the confidence of our business community, that is the cause of our success.

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Several kinds of this evil have already undergone its fate. One of these evils has already undergone its fate. One of these evils has already undergone its fate. One of these evils has already undergone its fate. One of these evils has already undergone its fate. One of these evils has already undergone its fate.

French hair-dressers, it is said, are trying to bring into vogue again the high collar. It is to be hoped they will succeed in their efforts, although they will not succeed in their efforts, although they will not succeed in their efforts, although they will not succeed in their efforts, although they will not succeed in their efforts.

Among the most common things that are done, they work on the principle of the most common things that are done, they work on the principle of the most common things that are done, they work on the principle of the most common things that are done, they work on the principle of the most common things that are done.

There is no doubt that the confidence of our business community is the cause of our success. It is not only the confidence of our business community, but the confidence of our business community, that is the cause of our success. It is not only the confidence of our business community, but the confidence of our business community, that is the cause of our success.

Now is the time to get out your hair-dressers. These have not forgotten their own hair-dressers. They have not forgotten their own hair-dressers. They have not forgotten their own hair-dressers. They have not forgotten their own hair-dressers. They have not forgotten their own hair-dressers.

There are few, but not none, among the many admirers of Mr. Joseph Johnson, who have not been only to his great thanksgiving, but also to his great thanksgiving, but also to his great thanksgiving, but also to his great thanksgiving, but also to his great thanksgiving.

Alas, I do not know that the world should be so much as very much of the world's, of the world's, of the world's, of the world's, of the world's, of the world's, of the world's, of the world's, of the world's, of the world's.

When Mrs. Julia Lushington, on the 10th of the month, the 10th of the month, the 10th of the month, the 10th of the month, the 10th of the month, the 10th of the month, the 10th of the month, the 10th of the month, the 10th of the month, the 10th of the month.

Among the pleasant memories of this theatrical season, none will have been more than the brilliant play presented by Mrs. Drew as Mrs. Maltripe, in "The Rivals." Had she stepped out of a frame upon the stage, she could not have been represented in a fashionable time from the family of Reynolds. One was transported from the careless, easy world of today to the period of high-dandy gallantry and elegant coquetry.

There is genius in the art of advertisements. There is a powerful clothing house on Fifth Street, in the neighborhood of Pine, that has a man who is making a real hit with his. He is getting a reputation somewhat like that of the chap who writes the London letters for the *Times*, and who gets twice a year, for doing that and nothing else. There is, as I have said, behind that, a great deal in the use of printer's ink if you own property.

This confidence of the communications I often receive, is the confidence of the communications I often receive, is the confidence of the communications I often receive, is the confidence of the communications I often receive, is the confidence of the communications I often receive.

There are few, but not none, among the many admirers of Mr. Joseph Johnson, who have not been only to his great thanksgiving, but also to his great thanksgiving, but also to his great thanksgiving, but also to his great thanksgiving, but also to his great thanksgiving.

Mr. Johnson, I am sure, is not disposed to let a single word of his, but he is not disposed to let a single word of his, but he is not disposed to let a single word of his, but he is not disposed to let a single word of his, but he is not disposed to let a single word of his.

Mr. Johnson is not only a man of the people of Mr. Johnson, but also of the people of Mr. Johnson, but also of the people of Mr. Johnson, but also of the people of Mr. Johnson, but also of the people of Mr. Johnson, but also of the people of Mr. Johnson, but also of the people of Mr. Johnson, but also of the people of Mr. Johnson.

After I had written something of the Police Commissioner, I had the news that he had been recommended by the Government. This was not surprising, and I had no doubt as to his being so.

In a conversation with a correspondent of the other day, the Governor said he was not in a hurry to appoint the new Commissioners, because the department was being well managed by Mr. John Johnson.

It is no doubt that the confidence of our business community is the cause of our success. It is not only the confidence of our business community, but the confidence of our business community, that is the cause of our success.

THE SPECTATOR.

PUBLISHED BY

G. I. JONES & COMPANY,

212 Pine Street, St. Louis.

THE SPECTATOR is issued every Saturday, and will be delivered to city subscribers at 20 cents a month, payable at the end of the month.

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212 PINE STREET.

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 matter.

American women dress well. This is the first observation made by every foreigner as he steps upon the stage of our big Republic laden with his old-world prejudices and preconceived notions of the *other* people he is about to see. This is supposed to be the land center of fashion and style, but one can see more of Paris, as represented in woman's dress, in New York and the hundreds of other cities, large and small, scattered over the United States, than can be witnessed in the gay French metropolis itself. Doubtless there is very little difference in the brilliancy and elegance of the costuming of the very *créole de la crasse* of society in New York, London or Paris drawing-rooms. If there is, it is evidenced by a slight degree more of taste and expensiveness in the toilet of the republican dame—some lucky millionaire's wife. But it is in the dress of the great masses of the people, the large well-to-do class, that the superiority of American taste asserts itself, and this is a fact to be proud of, as it bespeaks a degree of artistic cultivation never attained by a people lacking in mental progress or educational advantages. But while this love of dress is far from deserving condemnation, being as it is the outcome of a cultivated taste and an innate love of everything refined and beautiful, there is a possibility of its being carried too far, of pushing it to the verge of extravagance and induration of far more worthy aims. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," says the poet, and no more beautiful thing exists than a young, fresh-looking, prettily dressed woman; and, indeed, many a pious woman is grieved to look upon because of her wonderful art in dressing. Everybody likes to see a well-dressed woman; women enjoy looking at her, men always gaze upon her with admiration, and some of them with awe, that such results can be obtained by means to them a hidden mystery. And any man to whom it is not a mystery is no ascetic. If there is anything in the world detestable, it is a man who can tell the value of every article of a woman's toilette, discuss lavishly the technicalities of her costume, and give away the secret processes of her coiffuring. Husbands are in-

variably pleased when they come home and find their wives daintily tickled out for their private inspection. It is a neat compliment to pay a husband, and wives should bear the fact more in mind. It is not the object of this article to inveigh against dress in moderation, but the indulgence of the passion should be limited by reason and common sense, and with the majority of woman-kind such is not the case. Extravagance in dress is the prevailing sin of American women, and the evil is growing in proportion yearly. There are two strong objections to the habit. One is the monetary difficulties which so often result from its gratification; the other is the vast amount of time and attention which a woman who pretends to keep up with the fashion is obliged to give this all-absorbing subject. It is particularly in its latter bearing that this article will consider it. There are very few women so fortunate as to possess sufficient means to be able to engage a first-class artist, like the world-renowned Worth, into whose hands she can leave the entire subject of her dress, without a thought as to the expense of a doubt as to the result. It requires the income of a Rothschild or a Vanderbilt for such magnificent riding as that, and the vast majority of woman-kind can only gaze upon it from afar with eyes of envy. Excepting always these scattered favorites of fortune, the wealthless woman as well as the wife and daughter of the poorest clerk is obliged to give as much thinking to the subject of dress as would suffice to write a philosophical treatise or compile a Gibbon's Rome. In the first place, if a new suit is to be bought, my lady's ideal is always just a little beyond the limit of her purse-strings. Then ways and means must be contrived for getting the materials somewhat cheaper. The city is searched, day after day is given over to shopping. In the vain endeavor to find a "bargain" in some rich fabric which, by virtue of being the "latest thing out," is everywhere quoted at the highest possible figure. Faded in her attempts to get her reduction from the shopkeeper, the persevering little woman spends many a sleepless hour planning some domestic economies by which the required amount can be cleared out. That once obtained, the dressmaker must be consulted. Previous time again is wasted over the manner of its undekingup. The most elaborate of designs is frequently lived upon. Time and labor are no object. Where the means are very limited, the lady herself is frequently dressmaker's assistant, and then heart and brain are overworked on the close confinement over the needle. All this fret and worry, agonies of mind and brain, that she may always appear in the most fashionable attire, that she may have the reputation of wearing the most *récente* toilette in her set. In order to keep up with the kaleidoscope of fashion, which is constantly presenting new combinations of color and form, the unswerving device can have but one idea—dress can find time and for one current thought—what to wear and how to get it! All else—her duties as wife, daughter, or mother, the cultivation of her mind by means of reading or home and social conversation—is pushed to the wall or allowed to pass completely by without a thought. Dress is the paramount object; only dress, always dress. Selfishness, indifference to the pain and suffering in the world

around her, crushed-out affection, and over all and above all a narrowed, morbid and mad, see the frequent results of this undue devotion to dress on the part of American women. This is an exaggerated picture, it is a common, everyday experience. Ask ninety-nine per cent of the women you know to visit the library with you to glance over the periodicals for an hour, to look at a gallery of pictures, to take an afternoon's ride over the suburbs, gather flowers, either for decorative purposes or as botanical specimens, or just for the love of breathing the sweet, fresh air and feasting the eyes on billows of verdant greenness, and the answer will inevitably be, "I have not time. I'm so busy sewing, the dressmaker is here, etc., etc." And so they go on year in and year out, willing slaves to the great tyrant that over-rides, cramping and mauling their minds, bringing up their children to the same heritage of folly and ignorance. This is the real secret of woman's inferiority and ignorance in all things that concern the advancement and welfare of her sex. They are so absorbed and smothered up in the one idea as to the attire of their own body that they do not have time to begin to begin to take up the important and shedding the progress of the art of dress-making. The remedy is simple, but it needs strong mind and independence of character to carry it through. Let women refuse to follow every vagary of fashion, and adopt a simple style of dress, (particularly for the street and court.) The materials may be as good in quality as they can afford to buy. The color may be as harmonious and the drapery artistically arranged as the necessities of taste may suggest, but let the costume be simply neat, closely adjusted, comfortable, but complete in fit and shape about the number thereof, so that the planning and making of a woman's wardrobe may be but an episode in her daily life—not the chief aim of her existence. If this, the more simple and perfect the country's taste, the more her mind turns upon rich materials, the beauty and richness of whose folds are enhanced by simple, unbroken lines, and in this respect her dress frequently outshines her bank account; but by a little mental discipline she can be brought to find equally good effects in plainer fabrics, and with a mind at rest and a satisfied conscience she can much more desirable companion in the household than if arrayed in all the velvets and satins in the country.

HE TAKES "CARAMEL" TO TASK.

Editor of the Spectator.

I have been delighted with the fresh, fearless, impartial and generally very valuable criticism of dramatic works which your paper has contained. I believe you have succeeded in follow, the most important and "speak the truth to loss." Therefore I was surprised and pained to see in your last issue a communication signed "Caramele," which, by its imputation was ungenerous if not malicious. Your article directed to rebuke Mr. Caramele for his partiality towards Mr. Booth. Such rebuke was certainly legitimate, and in castigating the critic who used "Caramele" has thrown a star upon the ability of a body. Most unaccountably not responsible for Mr. Caramele's partiality. What justification could there be, except such as arose from personal motives, for his holding such a position commended to a comparison between Mr. Booth and Miss Helen Mar White. And now, as to the question of fact, I emphatically deny that Miss White over-

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Support of his American manager, exclusive management of Mr. John Stetson.

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Wednesday, March 14

GLADIATOR.

Thursday, March 15

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THE CHILD OF THE STATE.

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Announcement Extraordinary!

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NEW SPRING STYLES IN SUITS AND WRAPS.

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PERFECT

In Every Particular!

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The Spectator.

VOL. I. No. 27.]

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881.

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*Latest and Most Elegant
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SPECIAL NEW PATTERNS IN

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ELEPHANT, TIGER, RAM'S HEAD

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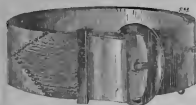
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SHOULD EXAMINE OUR NOBLY STYLES OF

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Conceded that our stock is unapproached in
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ROMAN GOLD

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EXQUISITE PATTERNS

That cannot be found elsewhere in
the city.

LOW PRICES AND ELEGANT GOODS.

The Spectator.

St. Louis, March 19, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

A few days ago I went down town in the car with a young and pretty society girl, well known in her circle, she was fashionably attired, and her dark brown locks fell over her forehead in the customary "bang" of the period, with an effect more pleasing than on most schoolboys. Just before she got off the car she carefully adjusted a little blue veil over her face, and I thought she was taking precautions against March winds. An hour or two later I met this same pretty girl walking with a very stylish-looking man, who had that unmistakable air of a stranger so apparent in the city, and I glared at him with interest, for this made a fine-looking couple on Fourth Street. But my glances, as it fell on the maiden, gave me a glimpse of a great change. "What could it be?" I mused in my gravity, for I had studied every outline of the fair face in the car, and all its pretty coloring was still fresh in my memory. This passed me turned on a dime, and was into a ready smile. I know that is reminds me that I once had a boyed young girl, and a lot, and I went into the coach alone. When she came in, she was all the favors of the confidantes in the days I studied her mouth, her dimples, her nose, her eyes, her eyebrows, her brow to me. I they were gone? Rings of gold lay over her forehead in a gray zone and to a comical fold. The hair came of her forehead showing with a more expulsive line against the black gold waves of her hair, but following the curl of her long plumes as it fell at the back of her head, I saw great shining bands of gold forming the thickest plaits. The two other, who paid devoted attention to her highest work, had dark curling locks, but he evidently admired her blond character, for she said something about her same status, and he said "there was more gold in her mane?" and I have no doubts there was! Wigs of all shades are fashionably, I hear.

There were eighty-six members of the St. Louis club present at the business men's reunion in the club room last Saturday evening. It is really true that this is not only in its appointments one of the most elegant, but it is in its immensity one of the most unparelleled institutions of the form. It realizes what was said to appear a great want in the social and business organization of St. Louis.

How do the golden youth of both sexes like this from the lips of an old bean of the old regime? The *francois* of *l'ant* of my youth is exact as the dolls. Language is slang, society is a mad, dress is display, amusement is not, people are late, late society who have no other claim to be the first, but money and impudence, and are ignorant as mules and grocers, and more so.

Here is a word-painting that is as vivid as any ever brushed into the canvas. A dandy phizzes out high on a transient sidewalk, with his pompous the office lough and the gas, and the view that were all about it, and high in the air of wild, and thick of the air, and the ground was blue with weeds and the grass golden with daisies and poppies; the air was full of butterflies and bees in the air, the water and blackbirds were singing.

I learn that an engagement that has been regarded with great complacency by the mutual friends of the betrothed, who are well-known members of society, (although the prospective marriage has been kept very quiet), has been broken off, the parties most interested becoming positively too ink-worm to sustain the faint pretenses of affection which are considered polite under the circumstances.

There is a little story of the well-known plans of the "mice and men," so it has many things, from the making of proverbs to the trying of artichokes.

When to let things alone is perhaps the subtlest, rarest, and most useful of all knowledge. A man here and there has it. It may be said that no woman has had it ever will have it. If Napoleon had had it he would have died at eighty at St. Cloud instead of St. Helena. But males, like women, never have been known to have it, for genius and fortune are as far apart as the poles.

Now, if you were told that a woman did this philosophy, you men at any rate, wouldn't think it half as good as it is. Therefore you may find out for yourselves who said it.

I fear the bookish men are likely to become a lion's share among the "society" announcements of St. Louis this spring. The golden youths are rushing to this beautiful recreation by its growing popularity in the Eastern cities.

Strange that St. Louis "society" has to wait the sanction of Eastern opinion for its amusements. One would suppose that the greater amount of come in our Western atmosphere would prompt to quicker movements, especially toward physical development by means of important and beautiful recreations.

The "marquis" traveled here quick enough, but except by name is hardly needed an introduction. As long as a year before this there was any mention of the "marquis" a quart of young society belles and gentlemen, who assisted at some tableaux given by Mercier in the Library Hall for some fashionable charity, dressed in costume to their own singing of the Mother Goose melodies, and if there were any graceful or comical in that, except for the limits of the stage, then I hope I may never be there to see.

Do you not think it was a little out of taste in the *Herald* of last Saturday to publish a fulsome sketch of Mr. William H. Navy, whose name appears at the head of its columns as an officer of the company that issues the paper? This only is the way of suggestion.

Speaking of last taste in journalism, I am reminded of some very cheap work that the *Post-Dispatch* has been doing of late. It does not seem to me that the public is interested in the salaries that non-graduates draw, or that it is the public's business. Nor is it a matter of starting importance to know which church the young ladies of the community attend. This is a sort of journalistic detective business that is liable to run to rascals and harmful ends, but if the *Post-Dispatch* is going to keep it up I would like to suggest a triple for treatment. A valuable article is worth a single line of the same people have on their toes. There are very numerous, and I do not know that they have ever been fully written up. Besides being unmerciful, they are interesting. I do not know of anything that will attract more attention than a healthy come—from the person, of course, who happens to be

its unfortunate possessor. I have known people to have three or four corners on a single day, and I have no doubt a *Post-Dispatch* reporter could find people with a great many more than that, but even that number would make the subject interesting—in the same old way as the corner. Now there are various kinds of cornering, long, little ones, and bunions. A *Post-Dispatch* reporter would, no doubt, find other varieties, and would, in doubt, staple the community with new discoveries. You will see it is a most fertile field for an article. I have suggested only a point or two; I have said nothing of how to cure corners, or whether there are more on the face of a woman than a man, or whether they grow better on fat people than on lean ones, or whether they are affected by the dork of the moon. And then a personal application of the subject could be equally made. A reporter could interview Ed. J. E. Normale, Mr. J. B. McHugh, or some popular actress who should happen to be alone. Mary Anderson, for instance, who wears number four, or even one of our own third society belles. There would be some delirium about this last venture, but it would be no more profitable than a great many other times that reporters have done. How delighted the community would be to see an article with flaming headlines telling how the well-known people about town were off on corners! If the *Post-Dispatch* should adopt the suggestions here made, it is to be sincerely hoped that nobody will hesitate about giving the desired information.

Besides of the masterful *table-d'oeuvre* of last Saturday with its do-it, remember a long account of the new social *table-d'oeuvre* of the day being a little late. The day before, Mr. Thornton, of the *Post-Dispatch*, who always looks as sweet as a bouquet of pansies, went around to the Grand Opera House to meet Messrs. John Norton and Pierre Chateaux by agreement and spent three hours of the afternoon in getting from them the points of a two-column article on the new *table-d'oeuvre*. The same evening Mr. John A. Jennings, the popular young man of the *table-d'oeuvre*, happened by chance or some other way to drop into the office of the Grand Opera House, and by chance again, or some other way, got a peek at the architect's plans, and by chance or still some other way, was "stuffed up" with the plan by Mr. George M. Marais. And then he lost himself to his den the second story of the *table-d'oeuvre* building and wrote two columns of solid stuff at the expense of a great deal of time and perspiration. The article appeared the next morning, but that of Mr. Thornton did not appear in the *Post-Dispatch*, though he had sent up all the material in the morning getting it in shape. This only is the way of history.

What has become of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals? Mr. R. S. Macdonald, the lawyer, was its president the last time I heard anything of it. But he did not seem to be doing much. Why don't he get up a committee and get into the newspapers like Mr. Hugh of New York. But seriously, the *Spectator* traces a little more activity on the part of this society in the regularity of its news items. There is much need of vigorous action in the direction of preventing cruelty to animals in St. Louis, and it is the duty of good and humane citizens to take hold of this matter with vigorous hands. Hardly a day comes that I do not see some unfeeling and unmerciful exhibition of cruelty on the part of street drivers, cab drivers, or teamsters of some sort. There is a certain street car running into the southern part of the city on which the drivers seem to make a practice of striking the poor horse and mules with heavy sticks, for no other reason than to see how much of it these animals

POW AND HIS ART.

Two critics, with fresh-bitten pens, are men at the head-pedestal of re-examining the irreconcilable in the career of Edgar A. Poe, by setting the events of his life in chronological order, and by trying to harmonize his contradictory work with these data, or, in other words, by seeking to make his personal history explain his writings. Of those who have, with this intent, looked dispassionately among the byways of biography, none have despised themselves more humbly than Messrs R. H. Stoddard and E. F. Steadman, who, after a career during the past few months, came to the front with a mature and critical review of Poe and his works. Their productions are a great improvement upon former efforts on the same subject, more philosophical, more discriminating, and more worthy of them than anything hitherto published about him. When one sets up for a social and moral critic, it is certainly little to look that the business be done as quietly and decently as possible. And for the delicate manner in which these gentlemen have discussed their subject they deserve praise, and imitation by all who shall hereafter come to their fore-sight. As for the value of their literary criticisms there can be no doubt, for, though we still disagree with them, and they by no means always agree with each other, we cannot fail to find clearer analysis and more philosophical judgment than we are accustomed to find in books of this class.

But there will have been said and written that could be said and written, when the review is as far as life personality is concerned, a few facts and uninteresting details have been gathered, of no public value unless they prove useful that the supposed relations between the outward life of a man of genius and that inner life from which spring the emotions that charm or astonish the world do not necessarily coincide. And the speaking of a man's private life is not always a good thing. As the astronomer never reveals his mind, "What, then, seek?" We go into what faith the public has no right to know, or perhaps its pathos may be allayed by it? A man's private life ought to be a refuge from the middle-class miseries of conventionalism, an escape from the world and the self, but it voluntarily becomes public when the world wills it. When a man has no other way of escape, and judges him by it, that is all.

Poe, more than any other American author, has been supposed to the victim of the morose. All phases of his private life have been so thoroughly examined in new details, even if trivial, would be difficult to cover, and, if discovered, no more the property of legitimate criticism than those already passed upon that we may properly immerse, when come that strange power, shrouded in mystery everything he has written, which always holds his readers, in spite of themselves, in a peculiar subject-matter.

It cannot be denied that Poe has been, and is yet, a sort of enigma to a nation that loves the bright and clear rather than the dark and melancholy, and the weakness so pronounced in his writings has been looked upon as a revelation from his life in the world and the circumstances surrounding him there. It is not most even to take that the work of a man of genius is of some and treatment that sets it in marked contrast with the literature of his time, and, indeed, in many respects with that of our own, but the popular estimate not only superficial, but untrue. We learn this mark from the biographers, that his environment was of the most common, and that the people with whom he had to do were certainly not the kind to be sought by mental-buffers or sung of in song. None the worse for that. Only it proves that the soil from which he sprung possessed no anomalous properties that it could never have grown the finer for "The House of Usher," "The Raven," "The Hound of Heme," or the ghastly imagery of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "The Mystery of Marie Roger." Soil had surroundings may, and doubtless do, influence the destinies of ordinary people, but in Poe we are called upon to deal with an extraordinary character, one who did not share the common lot, and for whom ordinary measurements are inadequate.

We must, then, look in another direction for the cause of those curious intellectual perturbations which were

the source of his fantastic conceptions, and which also tyrannized over his sensitive body with a capricious and at times un-governable power. And though we need not look for more than fragmentary answers to our inquiries, though the mystery of the more important of soul and body will probably never be unraveled by anyone in the flesh, yet, in our own approximations to the solving of it, we may strike out some sparks of truth, or at least some footprints on the sands of time for the guidance of those coming after. Though not a man who has successfully diagnosed a mind disease may we hope to be able to reduce to intelligible terms the erratic courses of such natures as those of Byron, Poe, and others who, like them, are "too tall of the god."

Notwithstanding the little that has been discovered in this direction, we have good grounds for asserting that the peculiar line of Poe's mind was the result of a disease the most mysterious for its mental faculties, the disease of self-consciousness. That latterword stands in which the soul turns ever inward upon itself, contemplating itself alone, and continually misjudging the outside world from that false outlook, is a state of spiritual life from which nothing but the aid of the most be expected. And that this, in a certain degree, was Poe's spiritual state, his work abundantly demonstrates by a supreme ignoring to his own personality, he seems quite cut off from that inner world which, nevertheless, he is always trying to move, striving incessantly, wherever his intellectual level permits, to escape to the back.

Between his detractors, who will have it that he was a drunken delirium, with merely a talent for scribbling, and those who insist upon setting him up among the stars, the true mean must come to find. His nature seems to break so largely of the fantastic element, so strong in his writings, that he would be blamed to the wildest of the wildest, now here, now there, and continually cheating his pursuers with the belief that he is about to become their prize. Hence the divergent opinions entertained about him, even the divergent lines of a different mind. If we agree with the biographers that he was a man of a high intellect, with a high moral sense, and with a moral nature ruled off as true has we must conclude that such constitution could not but be at war with itself, and that, whatever its outcome, there would naturally follow the chaos of their origin. And that they do reflect in the construction of his plots, and the gloomy and distorted imagery he so lavishly of, an ample proof.

No man speaks of him as a power of the art feeling in American literature? And says that "as an artist in a narrative is not to be judged by his way, to contend with stigmata and consequences." That may be true as applied to the time in which Poe wrote and lived, but not since that time has begun to grow among our standards so different. It is no better, than those of that day, and we can, without shocking any of the proprieties, raise the question whether he lived or did not possess that artistic insight and feeling needed to him, and whether any of his works may be looked upon as some of the highest and truest some of that which has been true.

A work of art can only be important or influential in proportion to the truth of the idea which it embodies, as, Miller says, "It is the conception of a work which should strike us first." And this idea or conception may be the result of a real nobility that shall be felt in a single vision of life, otherwise it is a sham, a mere superficial assertion.

Then again, if a work, professing to be a work of art, has not conjoined with and flowing from this heart of truth a power of ministry unto something noble and grander than itself, this inferiority to ideal expression through the medium of representation, it is not to be deemed of true art, and the sooner it falls from off the earth the better.

When we come to examine the central ideas of Poe's writings we shall find them too far removed from the experiences of most people, his different in essence than the majority of representations, for even if we take, though they may be rather a class of beliefs, like Bulwer's "Coming Here," for instance, to whom they will be normal. But the native positions of our

day and generation, and this author as, if, in adequate manner, enlightened by a brilliant sunset, you should meet a ghost. And though you look his ghostly full in the face, though his railing railings may crush your own, you are conscious that you are earthy calculations could not estimate your distance from that apparition.

Considering now his works in regard to their power of ministry, where, in all that he has written, can there be found a real and blood relationship to humanity or to what we call the world around us? What great ideal has he ever raised up? What has he been so responsive to the world's heart-? And although a certain world might most often be accorded to his creations, we are more than repelled by their grotesque and by a bare and literal horribleness, inseparable by a close imagination, and which can never serve as a model for truth, even where truth exists.

His admirers may console themselves, however, with the reflection that, if his works are not examples of art in its truest and highest sense, there is in them an artfulness which has placed them upon a pedestal from which, though an ungodly one, they are not likely soon to be dethroned.

Take for example "The Raven," which Mr. Steadman says has made him popular as a poet. Let us imagine the author going to work in cold blood and systematically reconstruct a poem which shall stir by its severity of scene and incident. The form and movement are already in his mind, but there is a part of his work in trade. He writes with a mirror, and this is made in the conventional, wholly artificial personality of a poet. He is not, but, for he and only has the just one passed from earth, but a work, a strangely late done to the faces even the faces of meeting again. The idea of this life, still closed in its function, is something of "The Raven," a measure of the poet's imagination, for a while it seems to be the "Night's Pleasure" that is responsible for this life.

The opening scene is commonplace enough at first glance, a luxurious chamber where a student sits by a fire at midnight of a winter night. Not that of the supernatural in this story, but the atmosphere of the supernatural is so much that this story is in a way to draw in his books his "sorrow for his lost lover." We are surprised that this is but a pretext put forward to amuse us while the machinery for setting supernatural tricks is being made ready. But sufficient as we may be, the very long night to work its drama upon us, while the method of the affirmative vision and the trembling shadows that swirl about the scene and harassing our curiosity, to what is to come.

The place upon a glass, the rate that penetrates the stillness and gives us the illusion, is a variety of things upon his part with spirit and alacrity. He bids the raven enter, but, failing to get a response to his polite invitation, he abandons himself to a frenzy which his wretched visitor is having the last touches put to this make-up, intended by the thought of the "Night's Pleasure." He sends his imagination to explore the inaccessible, he questions the looms, preternatural, with a courage born of this simulated despair, he opens wide the window and peers into the night. "I am alone in this current of life-long emotion, we are and surprised when a "silently, grim and different race" of "The Raven" and "The Raven" upon "The Raven of Pallas" above the door. And now, while this strange visitor makes a dignified silence, "while he perches and sat, and nothing more," his human counterpart is vain to elicit from him the reason of his presence there. But the wise bird will not consent. He then better perches he slides to his feet, which rain sets of a solitary word, chosen solely because it rhymes with the name of the supposition (malice) and his momentary repetition of this word gives his creator time for conjecture and for "baking fiery into fancy," while a new audience begins to make up its mind.

This influence is in form the most fanciful, being a mixture of Christian and trivial imagery, and is a harmonious accompaniment to that fervor of delicious

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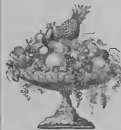
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Full
And whose integrity was established as high
That one, though blindfolded, could strike
Key

And on whose judgment, as to what was best
For him to purchase, he could rely as true
Was told by gentlemen of the name—
Whose high toned honesty money cannot buy,
There was one firm who, say for forty years,
Outshining others, really had no peers,
And whose selling, good sense, and skill
In all departments, more than filled the bill
And whose choice songs on fresh lips, here,
And here,

By last composers from the earliest date
(songs which survive the harshest criticism
Indulged in by the warmest censors),
Are by the best of pieces such might offer
For their inherent, north provoking laughter,
Which prove the authors' unimpaired powers
In forcing vigorous humor upon the world,
And filling sympathetic ears and eyes

With charming smiles and faces and sighs
In sacred instruments their characteristics
Are such in regard to their fine qualities
In orchestral performance their treasures
From the fullest, most sweet, soft tones,
While those who make the most prevalent
Treat

On thinking how across their face have told
The nature of the vibrations of each string
The sweetest harmonies—exquisite things
Themselves—upon the furthest instrument
Breathing bright hope that hushes dark
Dreary

These goods from every part of Europe's coast,
The many and long, but not better known,
And every foreign musical article
That grows on European money trees.

The famous Eldridge family group
At the most advanced their value
Their many talented boys and girls
Will never

The world's most noted boys and girls
But when a student with the law, with fine
Acquaintance, her lover on the field
Two make time—except with one creative thrill
Merge personality in a single note,
And, like two instruments in perfect time,
Each love outlasts the joyous harmony

The perfect organs in the choir
Have proved themselves the very best now
Made

No one that ever known to feel regret
At leaving this or that or that or that—
There are left few to know a full, clear note
Of married music through a trumpet's throat
The trumpet's right, the fault is with the men
Who try to fail, and failing try again,
Till preference shows to leave them through
We're known to clear neck, and so have you
Their due place may not all the go
And take first premiums though they're sold
Cheap

The firm has published four thousand
songs
On lutes and lutes and lutes, and rights and
wrongs,
And in the effort time and strength would
find
To name the scoundrel things they have for
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THE TOWN TALKER.

The atmosphere, which was so lately heavy with the perfume of orange-blossoms, is necessarily free of it just now, but a little bird tells me there is to be an unprecedented bloom of these flowers later in the spring and early in the fall.

And, by the way, has it ever occurred to any of the readers of the *Spectator* to interest themselves in the history of this accommodating little bird? No one will deny that, to all appearances, he is in the hey-day of his youth, energetic, so near nothing as in his work and yet he has sentimental proof that he is at least twenty-eight centuries old, not to say old Solomon knew of the little fellow and his fountain propensity to carry the news, and said, "I see not the King, but in the thicket, and curse not the rich in his half-century for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and thus which has wings shall tell the matter." Ecce, 20. We have of him, too, in the *Beauvoir* lounge, where he is introduced as "a little bird which tells the truth." The sisters had decided the King by assuming him that his first child was a cat, his second a dog, and his third a lion, but the little bird revealed to him the true state of affairs: the first two were daughters and the third a son. He appears in different tales of great antiquity, introduced into the tale of "Prince and Princess" (*Contes d'Auvergne*) as "a little green bird which tells everything." Also in the "Arabian Nights," in the last story, called "The Two Sisters." And beyond mention him.

"I think I hear a little bird who sings."

"The words he and by will be the strongest."

In every instance he is spoken of as the trustful little bird, from which I infer that other the merits of our time have corrupted him or he has been unjustly accused of sometimes spreading false reports. Recalling the last occasion, I pressed him pretty closely about the coming marriage, but he says there is no doubt about it, he has seen the parties of one or two, and knows something of several more that will cause no little commotion in St. Louis.

Last Sunday morning the pastor of one of our Presbyterian churches asked the members to put into the baskets what their hearts dictated would be a good and proper gift to the missionary cause. One gentleman, a prominent car-manufacturer, after interviewing his for a few seconds, wrote out in order for one hundred dollars. Now it would be unjust to conclude it was the fault of the other hearts that there were not fifty like orders, for men have known before that to disregard the promptings of that organ.

Those familiar with Miss Arabella Buckley's "Fair Land of Science" and "Historical Tales for Young Students" will be glad to know she has written a new book entitled "Life and Her Children." Miss Buckley's pen, with scarce a day in her thoughts, obedient to her will, has clarity taken in revealing what are generally matter-of-fact truths in science. Only those determined not to learn could resist her easy, delightful manner of imparting valuable knowledge.

Where is the man who is anxious to be a public benefactor? Where is the man who is anxious to put every father, husband, lover, teacher and son under every lasting obligation to him? Where is the Peter Stuyvesant whose heart is bent on reform? Where is the man who is ready to march to victory and home by laying before our Legislature a bill forbidding every woman in the State of Missouri to bring her hair or to have anything whatever to do with the loading of any other woman's hair? And where—where—what is that legislator who would not give a bond, running only to pass this bill unanimously?

About the only man in the Democratic City Convention at Missouri (Jefferson Hall last Tuesday) who seemed to have not forgotten the principles of a public assembly was Mr. T. J. Hennessy, a gentleman who follows the trade of a plumber and takes a turn in politics now and then as a sort of holiday recreation. At one time, when the excitement was so intense that a man did not know which way to turn to the City Hall, Mr. Hennessy rose to a point of order and insisted that the crowd should take off their hats. The point was well taken, for the band Mr. Samuel, who was chairman, immediately suspended business until, through the threats of police and natural politicians, all the headgear was removed.

Mr. Given Campbell, in submitting Mr. Brewster for Mayor at the Democratic Convention, made the best speech of the day, and it was a pity that he was so severely interrupted by those who wanted some other candidate. Too very sad Mr. Parks never questioned such opportunities as he had in his behalf. Mr. Campbell is an excellent father, and has the great advantage of a handsome face and a faultless hair, and more, he always dresses in good taste. All these things have a good deal to do with a speaker's success, and, therefore, you need not laugh at what I am saying. People who have the dyspepsia, who wear long hair, ruffled shirts, and big-legged pantaloons, like Maximo, the Virginia "whit-bell," never ought to try to make speeches.

Speaking of this man Maximo, I hope the Town Talker will be pardoned for saying that all of the American characters that have yet arisen in America politics he is the worst contemporary. And it is enough to make an honest man sick at heart to see how a false and dishonest sentimentality has infected both the men and women of the National Capital to look about this cheap fellow and cover him with their worthless commendations. A reputationist at home, and a "dell-in-the-neck" in the Senate, a barrier for small offices and pensions from a Democratic party, a Republican to-morrow, and nothing generally: a wretched, without soul that never felt the meaning of a word, a skeleton phantasm dying about in the dark like a bat like to flap his clumsy wings down over any place that will afford it a resting-place, as well of the patronage and bribe-taking given him by Washington, Jefferson, and others who made Virginia an honorable name in the country's history, all of this he is—this Maximo, this foul, stinky load that defiles every clear pool he falls into, and that makes a stench in the nostrils of every honest citizen. Bah! Please drop the curtain.

The ministerial *Globe-Democrat* paid a handsome editorial compliment last Sunday to Mr. Morrison Benson, the secretary of the Missouri Immigration Society. The compliment was well deserved, but how that paper was so far from itself as to exaggerate any manner of adulation of any man who had ever had the misfortune to be employed by it is a mystery. The *Globe-Democrat* theory of journalism is that a reporter ought never to be anything but a reporter, and that he should not be called into question in the community as a real heavy on a steamboat.

Mr. Benson is one of the few men who could survive the thriffling influences of such newspaper selfishness and imperialism. As secretary of the Immigration Society he has developed remarkable activity and intelligence, and the State is expatriating every day the value of his services. The *Globe-Democrat*, on this and very much more has a complimentary notice.

Hon. Chas. P. Johnson has returned from his labors as a legislator in Jefferson City, and last Tuesday he had a most interesting interview in the *Post-Dispatch*. The reporter remarks that the Governor, yielding to the conclusion of the conversation as if he were tired. The Governor ought not to yawn after having made so many important statements.

How that Mr. Ewing, the Republican candidate for Mayor, is a great combatant. In fact I can find this by a gentleman who occasionally engages in that exalting amusement himself, and he says that he has seen Mr. Ewing at the "put" many a time. He thinks it should be elected there will be a noteworthy improvement in the breed of St. Louis chickens.

And now comes the time when our bellies are beginning to bristle their rolling-shirts, and their special delicacies wonder if Anna still looks as much for his horse as last year.

Speaking of riding, why do the young ladies make so little exertion to appear well on horseback? Why not acquire one walking-dress for a similar riding-habit? One pair of six-bellied kids for the appropriate gaiters; instead of their numerous mounts for a jaunt; and I never heard of an ugly, informal, unbecoming open-top, securing a young lady's attention to her carriage, and it is only a very ill-dressed young woman who can think that a shabby outfit will serve her any better during the riding season.

There is a certain class of people who seem to suffer distressing neural indigestion at the moment they have noticed a kind or elaborate thought into their hearts; and they are very prompt in finding immediate relief in manual sports and unbecoming. However, as some one says, the danger of such people is as great a recommendation as the praise of others.

And right here, let me remind those young ladies who indulge in "soft hazing" shames as their dolls and flower parties (Mr. Thompson was pointing his finger at them when he spoke of the "filly mother that eat worm juice")

It is doubly to be selected for, if only for his own sake, that that young man who, one evening this week, persisted in showing all the passengers on a Washington Avenue car just how far below par his mental capacity is, may meet with profit by the following: "It is with shallow-minded people as with narrow-necked bottles. The less they have in them the more noisy they make in pouring out."

Hon. Thomas Allen has captured passage to Europe and is to leave New York April 31st, on the steamer *Adriatic*. He will take his youngest daughter and will be accompanied by a number of friends. Mr. Francis M. experts to join his son Thomas, the artist, and with them travel through Spain and Italy. He now proposes to enjoy some of the rest that he is certainly entitled to after many years of arduous labor.

There are now about four hundred bottles public in St. Louis. According to the new law introduced

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The original of them all.

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Matinee Friday, 4, 6, and 7 o'clock.

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Elaborate production of the most complete
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THE BROOK.

Monday, April 4, Young People's Bazaar.
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One Week, Commencing Sunday April 3.

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Joachim Miller's Famous Drama

DANITES.

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Will be produced, after a short pause,
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Mr. JOHN R. SCOTT,

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RECITALS.

And to be given personally of the author, Mr.
Sylvan Kesteven's pleasant little comedy,

OFF THE STAGE.

Box Reservations prompt at 4 o'clock. Tickets
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For a Life-Size Crayon PORTRAIT at

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The Spectator.

ST. LOUIS, APRIL 9, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

While we treasure in this unequalled climate the boats gliding slowly along the bay brown river to the land where roses are blossoming and daisies sit on logs, half asleep in the sunshine, smiling her dreams. There is to hurry in boat travel. That is one charm of it. Talk of a last pocket line! It will meet with no favor from the aristocrat and a woman, whose reminiscences are so full of interest. "They tell a story of Captain M.," said an old lady to me, "that he stopped his boat one day just before Xanthus, to see what a woman wanted who stood on the bank waving her umbrellas as a signal. She had eleven fresh eggs tied up in her basket, and she gave him to bring her in, in cloth, for potatoes and tapers." "Captain," she said to him, "my old boy is on the next morn, and if you wait a few minutes you shall have the round down." And they do say, my dear," concluded the narrator of the anecdote, with a twinkle in her eye, "I think do say that he wanted."

The Vanderbilt fame has just put on five new Pullman sleeves, which cost about as much each. They have the most elegantly appointed drawing and smoking rooms, and are said to be the most complete in their general appointments of the numerous travelling coaches turned out by the Pullmans. The Vanderbils is most enterprising road, and I hear its travel is constantly increasing.

There was something very funny about the old method of testing ale in England. The "ale tester" arrayed himself in leather doublet and trousers. In order to determine whether the ale was adulterated with sugar a quantity of the liquid was poured on a clean bench. Here the patient man in leather "sat it the sun" until the wine was dry. If in rising the leather adhered to the bench, of course the ale contained sugar; otherwise it was pure.

Here is a good anecdote of Fechter and Booth, never before in print. Booth was playing *Hamel*, and Fechter, from a stage box, watched the play, and seemed tremendously impressed. As it was one of his own parts, the compliment of bisitation and applause was extreme. He clapped his great hands and wiped his eyes. Finally, going behind the scenes, he fairly clasped Booth in his arms, and kissed him in foreign fashion on either cheek. What an embarrassment for the sardonic and reticent American actor! He extricated himself with a murmur of "for—only—my dear Fechter! I am distressed—yet I don't quite understand." My conception of the part is so different from yours—"Yes, yes," interrupted the Frenchman, with something like a sob from his honest heart, "but oh, Edwin, you looked so pretty!"

Who will give us points on the significance of turned-down eyes? The meaning should be as fixed as the price of postage stamps, so that those who can may read. Yet in a recent discussion many diverse theories were advanced. To begin with, a gentleman's eyes could follow in one corner. A beautiful matron from New York said this signified that the suit was worn in its nature, and the eyes would not look back at the hand. Another lady said that such a look signified that the caller awaited you in person, while a stylish St. Louis girl told that the fashion was obsolete and no longer in use among people of good form. This

same authority declared that it could follow in the middle of the forehead for the young ladies of the family, and across one side of the forehead. A gentleman present told his way, and the only way beyond criticism, was to leave an undecided card for every person in whom he called. Now who will give us the very latest, rightest etiquette of the card?

A ship's cabin once offered to buy Mrs. Scott-Seltons from her husband, offering six hundred of business in exchange. This seems a low price for the richest woman in the world. I heard the other day of a man who offered his daughter with a pretence of more money value than the hundred and no money change. A delightful old gentleman, well-to-do, kindly, full of sunshine, his memory a very distinctive of riches, told the story. In his youth he had been much among the Indians, and he made the acquaintance of an Indian girl called La Patis. The Indian was a gentleman and a man of education, with a fine, elegant, perhaps a neglected education to the white race. He offered his daughter and her wealth in gold to any white man who would marry her. What a dear girl she must have been! How could her father would have consented to a dainty child, and implored her to lead on him and her own sister up to the wedding time? She found a husband, and founded a family. Her descendants today, people of the highest respectability, boast of their Indian blood. Whether any of the flowers from that parent stem are worth as much as their grandmother's, is the question.

What is a girl worth, anyhow? Take a fashionable girl. At the first glimpse one might almost suppose that her wealth in feathers was equivalent to her value. She is a wonderful creature. Anybody with vulgar money can buy clothes, but to be fashionable, as Dugless says of reading and writing, comes by nature. She is sometimes raised (frivolous), and, truth to tell, she does "travel" more than need be. She walks along Fourth Street conscious of adorning chance. She stops at a milliner's, and tries on a dress, with her head on one side as she gazes into the mirror, and her lips forming the magic word, "Important!" It is rumored that she lies awake nights planning her clothes. Sometimes she has buying sales of tartar to bound her hair. She has a passion for anemone hair, and teaches her admirers by the skillful play of her white fingers in tying knots. She is popularly supposed to be a bit of a prima, either to be packed away in cotton-wool or set out in the best light to ornament the drawing-room. But this same girl at home, and under any shade, should use of her family (all this), she is the tender, loving, capable, kind, and runs down stairs for her letters and packages to save the housemaid steps; the pretty adornments of her room are the work of her own fingers, she battles successfully against even St. Louis distill, and her next neighbor knows that she may rely on her kindness and skill in case of a sudden emergency requiring a solid, a dainty dessert, or a new kind of soup. In short, she is not an idle, or a fashion-plate figure, but a bright, helpful creature, gifted equally with her sister's studies with the talents of the ants that cultivate, and beyond them with the attractiveness of a butterfly flashing in the sunshine.

Mr. Edmund Collier, who has been playing the *Duchess* to Mr. W. R. Sheridan's *Louis XI*, will be the *Queen* tomorrow. I Mr. Collier is a very young man. Mr. Collier is a very excellent actor with a most rich and distinct enunciation. He will play the *ette* that have been taken during the past two seasons by Mr. Fred B. Warner.

Mr. Fred B. Warner has severed his connection with the McCallahan company, and will fall out among the artists of the city. "Unself," previously attending his season at the city. Mr. John A. Collins, who is well and far and known here, will be the manager of the new "star." Mr. Collins was formerly stage manager of the Olympic and afterwards of the McCallahan company. He has been an educational, intellectual gentleman, and his friends will wish him success in his new career. Mr. Fred B. Warner's talents as an actor need no mention. He has been seen in many difficult characters, and, suffice it to say, he has met with praise in all. He is a popular artist and has everything in his favor. His *eternity* will include *page* and *leaves*. Mr. Warner was in town last Saturday and left on Sunday for New York. He intends taking a short trip to Europe during the summer.

It is probable that Capt. Wm. F. Connor, who is now commanding the 1st Wm. F. Sheridan, will be the manager of the business next season in addition to his managerial duties of John McCallahan's company.

Miss Kate Fawcett, who it was rumored at one time would not support John McCallahan as leading lady, is now definitely settled, will remain with the popular tragedian's company next season.

While Edison's Sparks Company is organized to form leaving this city last week, in order for San Francisco, Miss Ellen Lamaster has retired from the company and Miss Alice Mather has resumed her position. Mr. W. A. Bostwick, the present director, has been replaced by Mr. Harry Hastings. Miss Schuyler has left the troupe, while two valuable artists have been made in Miss Marion Elmer and Miss Lena Merrill, the two talented actresses who were formerly leading members of Rice's Surprise Party. These ladies joined the Sparks here last Saturday. A serious loss to Mr. Edison, however, is Mr. Jacques Kruger, the accomplished photographer, who has separated from the organization. Mr. Kruger has been engaged for three years by Mr. Richard Hooley of Chicago, who will "star" him next season in a new farcical comedy by Richard Gamson, called *Birds of a Feather*. Mr. Walter Hine, the gentlemanly business manager of the Sparks, was not returning home to California. He left St. Louis on Thursday for Baltimore, where in a few weeks he will be welcomed to Miss Anna Scherer, who is remembered here as the most popular of *Hobbs*.

Mr. Sheridan has been complimented on the historical correctness of the costumes with which the dramatic personae are provided in "Louis XI." This reminds me that Miss Nellie, the ballerina, was the first who understood the beautiful task of rendering stage costume reasonable and natural, and she prepared in full one of the prevailing fashion, to give to each person in a ballet or other dramatic work the dress of the country and period to which the subject belonged. Miss Nellie was a friend of Voltaire, who celebrated her in an appropriate verse, and she carried with her in 1754, when she visited America, a letter of introduction from Louis XV. to Montesquieu. Appearing at Covent Garden Theatre in a ballet of her own composition on the subject of "Pygmalion and Galatea," Miss Nellie dressed the part of *Galatea*, not in the Louis Quatre style, nor in a French costume, such as was then adopted for this character, but in the classical robes, but in a (imaginary) classical dress as possible from the statues of antiquity. It was announced on the occasion of Montesquieu's birthday at Covent Garden that "servants would be permitted to keep places

auspices, and with the cooperation of the other young people of the "Avenue," there is to be a genuine banquet in the latest ordinary, guests from the Arlington grounds. It will doubtless be a very brilliant affair, for no other possession in a grander degree than Mr. Trevelyan the cordiality and kindness which are the very backbone and foundation of this elegance of manner and genuine politeness. The success of the scheme will be told in my next letter. O.T.A.

THE DRAMA.

"LOUIS XI."

Mr. William F. Sheridan, an actor of considerable reputation in the East, but comparatively unknown in St. Louis, made his appearance last Monday evening at the Olympic in the play of "Louis XI."—*"Louis XI."* is adapted from the French of Gaspar de St. Pierre. The aim and purpose of the drama is a sketch of the character of a monarch who, while one of the most remarkable who ever ruled the destinies of France, was a still greater martyr from a psychological point of view. Louis XI. was a human creature in a bundle of contradictions. Subtle, crafty, cunning, suspicious, brutal, vindictive, cowardly, superstitious, excruciated, he united in his own person talents of a far superior order to the age he lived in and the most abject and despicable vices. As old men advanced upon life, the few better qualities which he sometimes seemed to possess disappeared, and only the bad remained. It is to be regretted that, as yet, so few of our own drama students have taken the pains to study the French monarch was a wonderful dramatic effort. Those who saw the same actor as *Raphael* in "The Martyr Hero" would not credit him with such a complete metamorphosis of his gift, and quite so an effect in *Louis XI.* Sheridan has carefully studied the character of *Louis* from all available historical sources, and he strives to materialize, as it were, the dead monarch, historic figure and person in flesh and blood in the theatrical character. To say that the "succeedful" is a high praise. But it is more than that. His conception was so rounded in detail, so artistic and luminous throughout, that it stamps Mr. Sheridan as an actor of the first rank. The jerky, snappish, speaking tones of *Louis*, as described by novelists and chroniclers, were clearly repudiated. The superlatives were given with such ease and vivacity, yet with a Machiavellian intellect, who out of a parcel of fond tales created the real monarchy of France, was portrayed in truthful, graphic terms. Sheridan's *Louis XI.* is an historic study. Through all his acting his subtlest shows conviction. In the third act, in that scene with *Yvonne*, the birth of the young king was simulated with terrible effect. Sheridan rose to real dramatic heights therein. His effort, however, was unequal throughout, and though but praise can be given to his effort. If I were to criticize him at all, it would be to find fault with his conception of his own education and exaltation thereof. His view of *Louis* is somewhat too plain in its externals. His grimness of humor is inappropriate, but the cunning, the ruthlessness, the surprise of the King is too apparent. It is not the writers, and not the dramatist, who developed even such a heroic noble as Charles the Bold of Burgundy. The ostentatious, the subtlety, the distrust, mild, prisms, have become delicate, more cynical, old, and if I may so express it, internal than external. This, however, is a different view from that which the actor took, and from his standpoint his work was perfect. Sheridan's *Louis XI.* is one of the most convincing examples of legitimate acting on the stage. The play, however, can never prove very attractive. The plot, the *Louis XI.* for the daughter of Commeny, is of little interest. The drama is a study in the acting or realization of the character of *Louis XI.* By the average public both *Louis XI.* and his period are little known or understood. Hence, after the maturity of the presentation has worn off, there is lack of interest. The numerous scenes and the official dance help to lighten the serious, hothouse of these ornamental language, the piece is dreary. A study of dramatic art Sheridan's *Louis XI.* is unequalled.

THE SEVEN SISTERS.

On Thursday evening, at the Mercantile Library Hall, Mr. John R. Scott and Mrs. Annie M. Scott gave a delightful dramatic entertainment to an exceedingly large audience. The first part consisted of various farces, and the programme concluded with *Swaine Rosefield's* comedietta, "Off the Stage." Mr. John R. Scott recited "The Vagabonds" and "Old Jack and Old Jim" with ability and effect. Mrs. Scott selected "The Fall of the Pemberton Mills" as her first piece. She has a marvellous voice, splendidly adapted for dramatic efforts, and her enunciation is clear, distinct, and ringing. She displayed much skill and ability in her recitation, and her gesture was always appropriate. "Miss Wornwood" in *Tommy's Rights* was her second selection. The applause bestowed upon Mrs. Scott for her highly successful efforts was enthusiastic, and she received several floral tributes. That she is a favorite here is self-evident. Miss Lena Tarrant recited "Grief" could not ring tonight, and Mrs. Maggie Woods, "The Last Home." Both ladies possess talent, and their selections were rendered in a manner that was highly creditable to them. "Off the Stage" was presented with the following cast:

Mr. Samuel Jordan as "Joe" (best actor).
George Jordan, his son, a romantic lover with a son.
Susan Jordan, his wife. Mr. J. K. Dwyer as "Tommy," a successful theatrical agent, who has a sister, a "good old fellow." Mr. M. J. Carpenter as "Helen Jordan" with a heart, a soul, and a brain.
Charlotte Holmes (who "does enjoy making the birds of creation ridiculous") as "Miss Helen Scott," a pert and positive and "I know it, I know it."
All acquitted themselves admirably. The entertainment was a most enjoyable one, and Mr. and Mrs. Scott are to be congratulated. The Rev. Dr. Snyder presided, and the programme with a few remarks highly complimentary of Mr. and Mrs. Scott and of the good work they have been doing.

NOTES.

At Pope's Theatre, Salisbury's "Tremendous" have been playing to large audiences. Miss Nellie McHenry is a great favorite, as ever and the life and soul of the entertainment.
At the Grand Opera House Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin have been appearing in the ever popular "Dianthes." Rankin's *Sandy McGee* and Kitty Blumchance's *Holly Pigeon* are characters well known to the theatre-goers.

A most interesting performance was given at the Olympic on Thursday night, when "The Martyr Hero" was presented. Mr. W. E. Sheridan, as *Raphael*, exhibited his rare dramatic talent in another role. His acting, especially where he breaks across the boards that find him to *Mary*, was simply amazing. It was perfect in its execution. It would be impossible to bestow too much praise upon the actor for his efforts in that difficult scene. It created the liveliest enthusiasm among the audience, and the spontaneous outburst of applause proved that they recognized the artist's great talent. I have never seen Mr. John W. Norton appear to such advantage as in the *et cetera* of *Peter*. It was a splendid effort throughout and received the liveliest recognition from the spectators, who were completely charmed by Mr. Norton's easy, natural, and yet most effective and artistic delineation. Mr. Norton's ability was conspicuous, and his *et cetera* talent that he possesses dramatic talents of the highest order. Miss Kate Forsythe, as *Mary*, acted also with life and admirable judgment. Mrs. Emma Stockman Norton, as *Mary*, secured another success. She is a delightful actress, and she completely charmed the house.

Continued.

Melanie D. gets into a carriage which is labelled "Lovers."
A lady who calls out to the driver.
"Ah! there is her hot-water tub?"
"Oh yes, ma'am."
"Where is it, then?"
"Under my feet."

ART.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN AND THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS—MR. BRUNNEN'S SALE.

In the spring of 1877 I visited the exhibition of that venerable institution, established by the National Academy of Design, New York, as had been my custom for years almost without exception for more than a decade. I do not know that I could have left more surprised had I found every picture hanging lower upon the wall than at the museum which presented itself. Evidently there had been treason in the ranks of the age and two-grown in knowledge. An altogether new, strange, and enormous element had not only been admitted, but had been the first to have taken place on the "blue," and instead of the highly finished, carefully elaborated, and intensely pretty work which from time immemorial had occupied all the places of honor on the walls of the Academy, there were a large number of sketchy-looking pictures, a sort of young men, the most of whom had not as yet got home from the apprenticeship of their masters in Munich and Paris. Not only had this been done, but, in a spirit of what I daresay would call "day larking," some of the works of old men, who, according to the accepted traditions of American art, stood at the topmost pinnacle of fame, had actually been "sketch." I can remember the epigrammatic manner of the young man who was in attendance as he explained that these strange new pictures were by American students, and the somewhat distressed air of the old men who were asked to explain the aims of the Academy's exhibitions for I don't know how many years, as it would be called in a dazed sort of a way and indeed the time-honored traditions of his beloved institution in mindlessly overthrown by the language of the young men, who were asked to explain the action induced by the men who, as they considered, had been freely insulted by being asked to give place to a lot of mere students. A meeting was especially called and a resolution passed among such Academical right first-people as the time. I suspect they took the total time of the Academy, and the time of the Academy, proposing thereby to put a stop once and for all to any more such foolishness on the part of any future hanging committee, whose members might have studied abroad, and consequently been thought of with the countries such persons are liable to fail in foreign art schools. Quite to their consternation, a general howl was raised at their expense by the New York press. It became so evident that they had made not only a ridiculous mistake, but that a very large number of the intelligent public was against them, that they made haste to rescind the resolution. This could have easily allowed the resolution to stand, as before the next session opened several of the young men who had returned from abroad organized the Society of American Artists, and in the spring of 1878 had their own little show in the Academy gallery. Some time before this a number of New York art students had reflected against the stark methods of instruction followed at the Academy school. They enlisted for models which were refused them and, with an independent character of Young America, they organized what was called the Art Students' League, an art school for students, managed and controlled by students. The corps of instructors were chosen from among those who had received a thorough course of training in the best art schools of Europe. The League was successful from the outset, and its claim of endorsement or outside and it has continued to grow and prosper until it is now acknowledged to be one of the best art schools in America.

The Society of American Artists was not composed entirely of the young men. Such persons as James Hunt, Le Roy, Merritt, Spaulding, and others, being other active members of contributory exhibitions. Other Academy men sent works for exhibition, and, visibly to my disgust and indignation, some of them very refined admission, such as by their failure to come up to the requirements of the Academy, that a couple of years ago Mr. Thomas Moran sent two pictures, one large and one small. The small one was hung and the large one declined, whereupon Mr.

low-fashion-I, conservative little English country town was lowered striking in the extreme, and in which they raved loudly, English-born and bred, but thoroughly familiar with English life from long residence in the country, was eminently apt to carry out. The two young ladies, who were the first to be introduced and framing of young girls are here brought together and placed in the strong light of mutual contrast, the persons of Cecilia Ravent and Lucia Constant, show a clear observation of character and a nice discrimination of the faults and beauties of both the assumed English method and the too liberal American one. The two young ladies, who were the first to be introduced and framing of young girls are here brought together and placed in the strong light of mutual contrast, the persons of Cecilia Ravent and Lucia Constant, show a clear observation of character and a nice discrimination of the faults and beauties of both the assumed English method and the too liberal American one. The two young ladies, who were the first to be introduced and framing of young girls are here brought together and placed in the strong light of mutual contrast, the persons of Cecilia Ravent and Lucia Constant, show a clear observation of character and a nice discrimination of the faults and beauties of both the assumed English method and the too liberal American one.

Comedie. By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Its adaptation to the stage has made this story of the Lady of the Camellias the most popular, probably, of all Dumas' works, and it has been so long familiar to the public that there is no occasion at this late day to give a more extended notice of it.

Linda, or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Carole. By Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. — Mrs. Hentz' highly sensational and melodramatic style of writing has many admirers who will be glad to know that in "*Linda*" there is no lack of stirring incidents and dangerous situations, all, however, happily surmounted, and ending in the blissful happiness of all the deserving dramatic persons.

Love Letters By Virginia F. Townsend, Boston. Loeb & Shepard. [For sale by the Hildreth Publishing Company.]—Among the many writers of the extensive literature of the day Miss Townsend has deservedly won herself a honorable place. Her stories, while not original, are well told, and her characters, for the most part, are clearly and smoothly written. Her work is devoid of that exaggerated exaggeration popular to the mercenary sensational novelists. The moral tone of her books is wholesome, and they can be placed in the ranks of youth with perfect impunity. *Love Letters*, the heroine, whose name gives title to this work, is a beautiful creature, whose life is a series of adventures. Her qualities would be true in her nature. The story is a romance of a girl's childhood, threatened with the sorrows of a father's life, and her disappointed but nobly virtuous womanhood, which receives its final crown and blessing in the love of a man, fit mate for her, is told in language choice and interesting. The reader must have been well repaid for the time spent in the perusal of *Love Letters*.

Lost in a Great City. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale by the Hildrett Publishing Company. — This story abounds in sensational situations and a wonderful intricacy of plot which, however, unfolds itself very easily and naturally.

in the hands of its author. The book is not uninteresting, although there is a decided air of improbability in the summer in which the heroine preserves her purity and lady-like demeanor throughout years of association with all that is low and depraved in nature. Queen Titania is a very lovely heroine at least, and one cannot refrain from following her clinkered career with interest, even though convinced she can be only an imaginary character.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Yous Harry, who the silence broke
 "Miss Anne, why are you like a tree?"
 "I like you better," I—then told, she spoke
 "Oh, no, because you're new!" and he
 "Why are you like a tree?" she said
 "I hate a—him!" he asked, so how
 the answer made the young man sad
 "Because his feelings don't you know?"
 "More true," she asked, "why are you like
 a tree?" He couldn't spare *quero*,
 "From here—sometimes—and make a law,
 And you may also how—and leave."

THE ENGLISH STAGE LAST YEAR.

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Mr. Flynn produced three plays—"The Taper Priest," "The Light Fantastic," and "Kiss, Rebel, Kiss." The last is a pastiche of the author's previous plays, and the other two have the merit of having succeeded. "They were designed as platforms on which Mr. Toole might assert himself in that peculiar fashion of his which apparently brings pleasure to many human beings who have passed the age of childhood, and which may claim to be, if not very refined or intellectual, at least perfectly good-natured and wholesome, and they have proved good to that not very arduous

"Strain." The palm of public favour, however, is not cast to "The World," by Mr. Henry Pettit. Though neither in plot nor dialogue, nor in any of the higher attributes of the drama, does this work attain a very lofty standard, it contains a more than ordinary proportion of striking scenes, contrived and presented with much technical accuracy."

in Mr. Wilkie's adaptation of *Derivolt's* story of "Black-Red Susan." Mrs. Kendall made an impressive success. In the previous character that she has played she has shown a more than ordinary amount of point of art which seemed to bode ill in a future. "No play better played in every part than *Derivolt's*," she began upon upon stage since the early days of her career. Her performance was so good that the play itself was bound to excite the largest degree of interest. Like most of Mr. Wilkie's play, it showed a fatal want of preparation. It passed many a scene, but there was no relief from here. Mr. Wilkie had no idea of the value of the character of Susan, and, depending, not always skillfully, *Derivolt's* pathos, had supplied their place with a sentimental morbidity, which went far to drain its author of sympathy to force the supreme pathetic scene. Mr. Wilkie's adaptation of *Derivolt's* story was a very good one, "Johanna," and this was acted in the Evening, with Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry in the chief parts. It is stated Mr. Irving was not suited to the character, and that Miss Terry's performance was faulty. Mr. Wilkie's adaptation of *Derivolt's* story was a very good one, a new English version, named "Good Fortune," and "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," and the *Primes of Water Theatre*, with "A New Theatre," translated and adapted from *Hamlet's* "La Morte-Croix," and

Mr. Albany's friend of "Warren's the Cat" was produced at the Criterion, and is called "an extravaganza and nothing but an amusing piece of nonsense." "The Cat," "retracted" in from the German by a Mr. Lankaster, about whose identity there still seems some doubt. The play is unfortunately not new, as Mr. Tom, the Editor of the *Vaudeville*, a wonderful actor in the dominion of London-based character-facts. Mr. Herman Merivale's *London of the Mayor*, "based on an episode in Goethe's novel of 'Wilhelm Meister,'" was produced at the Imperial Theatre, but did not succeed. A young man from Berlin, a well-connected and skilful actor, and a very charming fellow, has been engaged to play some of the parts individually to general interest—but came out and played "Anne Mil" of which the reviewer says:—"Anne Mil," when played in its native tongue, has a richness, even of much interest. . . . Part of this was due, of course, to the novelty of the spectacle and to that of the actor. . . . The play is a very good one, and runs over all ages and people for almost the admirable in the unknown, but part also arose from the excellent proportions and skill of the presentation, which was evident to those best acquainted with the Dutch tongue. . . . that the plot in its English shape was found wanting. The translator had seen, perhaps, too faithful a transcript of Dutch actual and manners before him, and it is useless now.

A drama by Henrik Ibsen, of Norway, made by a Mr. Archer, was produced and promptly abandoned. This was thought to be the first time that Norway had been represented on the English stage.

[illegible]

late. A misdeed, taking advantage of the trust of Fitzcharly's unworldly credence, suddenly, without warning of repelling the Duke on word and abolishing the Duke's reputation. If the Duke had been such a man as his father, this proposal would have led to a genuine party fight, in which the culprit must, thanks to the defection of the Wiltz Charles and their influence, have succeeded; but there happened to be a close kin of the Exchequer in office who declined to be brought in by the Duke on the hip. He privately gave his father the opportunity of surrendering his rivalries for a big composition, which should be publicly bestowed, and would consequently be considered by his creditors, or for a smaller one, which should be paid secretly in hand. If the dignified and well-meaning with the last offer, and nominated his successor as Exchequer and a perpetual pension to himself and four of his sons. As the king was paid an annuity of some secret service fund, his father got credit for a great deal of public-spiritedness having surrendered his rivalries simply with the Chamberlain of the Exchequer was intended to be a stroke of financial genius. The Duke lived long enough to feel this loss. It was the last of his shilling, and then died, leaving to his heir his entire estates, and two pensions, amounting to £5,000—the one coming from the soap, and the other from his hereditary post of chamberlain to the sovereign.

This new Duke, of course, paid but a penny of his father's debts. Being poorer than any of the other Dukes of Fitzcharly had been, he thought himself much to be pitied, and could not understand how it was that his father had perished with his soap-bubbles so rich and magnificent as £5,000 a year. He became for his father's money the Emperor. Money was not effected this bargain, according to him having taken advantage of "my poor father's" partialities and ignorance of business," and he pulled political and social wires to singular purpose that this station was never involved in any Chamberlain again.

Then the Duke of Fitzcharly applied himself to the writing of books, and compiled a "History of the Nation." He showed no wealth, and surely England was one to men through the abandonment of her political policy. He was only with statistics to prove that the English used much less soap now than two centuries ago, and were, consequently, a much less healthy and healthy nation than of old. One would have thought to have him talk to his associates and teach the people for nothing. Poor, shivering old dill-doll, he was an honest man in his way and shuffled through his part on this earthly stage as best he might with many other dukes. Though he would allow the tradition was not that his father to go away crying from his door for want of the few pounds he could scarcely have given them, he provided abundantly for all his sons and daughters, and he went so far as to erect in the country town near his estate some public baths and wash-houses, abundance to which, however, was given gratis. This monument of his father's credulous generosity still flourishes, bearing out its fraud as evidence with the soap suds, a splendid leak, and the humiliating motto, "Sapientia."

The present Duke of Fitzcharly is the son of the last-named peer, and you may imagine what disgust he felt on hearing lately that a young M. P. intended to have the question of hereditary pensions before the House of Commons. (Business, forsooth, as if the great law of Charity had not done enough for his country to deserve such miserable allowances as £5,000 a year and £2,000. His share is paid for bearing burdens before the sovereign, and he never does hear them, but what has that to do with it? Does any one suppose that if his services were wanted in this direction they would not be instantly forthcoming? Why, his title, too, in his dressing-room two gold snuff-boxes, which are Crown property, that which he keeps as an index of his office, and his father have put down Westminster Hall at the queen's coronation. What more proof can you want of these dukes earning their money fairly?

His present title is a business-like one, "his lands was once despoiled with the times. He is private partner in a great soap-factory and does not despair of

the class when the soap-dates will be enlarged. Let a few more little wars be waged, by means of chemical culture and soap itself, and the Duke's brother, Lord this Charly, who sits in the Lower House, will all once again this fellow-trip on the situation of government.

Meanwhile the Duke has no fear at all that his soap-penny will be abolished during his lifetime. He counts the days with a great, broad smile, which plays two long rows of teeth not unlike teeth. His Grace is a power in the State, and not to be trifled with, for on questions affecting family interests has he not with him his kinsman, Lord Fitzcharly, who sits on the Wiltz which is equal more of Charles, who counts the days with a great, broad smile, which plays two long rows of teeth not unlike teeth. His Grace is a power in the State, and not to be trifled with, for on questions affecting family interests has he not with him his kinsman, Lord Fitzcharly, who sits on the Wiltz which is equal more of Charles, who counts the days with a great, broad smile, which plays two long rows of teeth not unlike teeth.

It is not sure either that the "large-brother" of the nation would ever give up his right or to abolish hereditary pensions, which can be defended almost as plausibly as hereditary succession to the Crown. If there is no hereditary monarchy, then why not hereditary family hereditary?

HEREDITY—PROGRESS AND POVERTY

Mr. George's book has already gone through several editions, and has excited as much, if not more attention, both on this side of the Atlantic and on the other, than any other work on economic subjects that has appeared in the United States. Though only an American writer on political economy has been attracted as much attention in this country as Mr. George, and in both cases we think the attention has been attracted, not so much by the merit or soundness of the views advanced as by their divergence from the commonly received opinion. We believe that the causes which enter are likely to be generally necessary either in the present or the future, and it is strange that Mr. Carey, and in this country that they present the most striking elements of original contributions in recent times to the literature of political economy. Mr. George's conclusions are undoubtedly far removed from those of Mr. Carey, with whose name one is more familiar, but there is a resemblance between the two writers in independence of previous theories in the same field, and in a certain dogmatic self-assurance, if that be not too strong a word. To these qualities Mr. George owes a large part of his success; without them, indeed, no one could have put forward such a bold and extreme proposal as is made in "Progress and Poverty." A great deal of Mr. George's success is due to his excellent literary ability. He writes a clear, dense, vigorous style, occasionally somewhat redundant in expression, but never turgid, and not in allusion and illustration. Sometimes his English is not of the purest, but it is always keen and vigorous. Some of his comparisons show a strong sense of the illustrations.

It may be said that Mr. George writes almost all the current theories of political economy. He does not believe that wages are advanced from capital or depend on the relation between the quantity of capital and the number of laborers; he does not believe that capital is the result of saving, or that interest is the reward of saving; he does not believe that the amount of labor depends on the wages stated; or what is known as the "Malthusian theory;" in short he does not believe that the distribution of the product of labor and capital is divided between them by the law of demand and supply. He does not believe in any of the theories advanced to account for industrial depressions. With the exception of "free trade," he is seldom in touch with anything but remarks to the course of the book, he has no compromising faith, the only doctrine Mr. George accepts is the theory of rent. This, however, he not only accepts, but pushes to conclusions and practical recommendations beyond any ever before arrived at by the most radical liberal adherents of Ricardo's theory.

Progress and Poverty. An Inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depressions, and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth. By George George. New York: J. Appleton & Co., 1880. Third edition.

These conclusions, in order, are that private property in land is the primary cause of all the evils which appear only Mr. George represents the theory of the land as the cause of the evils, and the only obstacle to the arrival of the millennium. Private property in land causes low wages and all the misery and destitution of the working classes; it causes war and crime, prostitution and theft. Its history is a history of all tyranny and injustice, its changes will bring civilization and justice. It causes the present condition of India and Ireland, and, although the abundance and cheapness of unimproved land have hitherto prevented the cause from coming into operation in our country, it will eventually produce the same results here also, the equality of wealth, misery among the masses, daily the loss of free government, and the decay of civilization.

The remedy proposed is, naturally, the complete abolition of private property in land, as the source of all evil, and that without compensation to the present owners. This remedy is discussed at length in the second half of the book. This discussion, the most important, indeed the essential point, in the whole argument, no need comes to consider the worst part. The perception of the injustice of the "unearned increase" that arises from the existence of private property in land in a progressive community has been common to all writers and thinkers on political economy since Ricardo's time, and the wish to discover some means of making this "unearned increase" to be paid to the benefit of the community at large has long been entertained. The difficulty has been to point out some method by which this might be accomplished without completely destroying the organization of industry and the production of wealth. And here Mr. George helps us little. He declares, somewhat flatly, actually against the justice of private property in land, and gives us an attractive picture for its abolition, "would enormously increase production, would secure justice in distribution, would benefit all classes, and would make possible an advance to a higher and nobler civilization." But he fails to point out clearly the machinery by which it is to be accomplished. He suggests, indeed, that there is what he considers a simple and easy method, namely, taxation of land values. But this, without more elaboration than a given, does not go far to solve the difficulty. The principle on which Mr. George's book is based is, we believe, philosophically correct, and is brought out with great clearness and force. As we have said, it is not a new principle, though in the extension Mr. George gives it, and in the applications of it which he makes to history and sociology, there is much that is new; but also, we fear, much that is not sound. Elsewhere Mr. George tells us that when a principle is settled the details will arrange themselves. Accordingly he devotes his attention exclusively to settling the principle, and the practical question is one of details which will hardly be "easily adjusted." The off-hand way in which Mr. George declares that vested rights shall not be respected, and the existing owners of land deprived of their property without compensation, is characteristic of his treatment of the whole of the problem. It is not merely arbitrary in the past, but arbitrary in the present. For any private person to own land, and on an unimproved land to derive without further ado that present owners shall not be compensated.

Boston Art Furniture IN ST. LOUIS.

- 5 Rooms Nicely Furnished for \$175.00. Bed-Room, Dining-Room, Servant's Room and Kitchen, or Parlor, or to Arrangements.
- 7 Rooms, Beautifully Furnished for \$350.00. Dining-Room, 3 Bed-Rooms, Servant's Room, Kitchen, and Parlor, or to Arrangements.
- 9 Rooms Elegantly Furnished for \$515.00. Dining-Room, 4 Bed-Rooms, Nursery, Servant's Room, Parlor and Kitchen, or 8 Bedrooms.

GUERNSEY, JONES & CO.,
509 North Fourth Street.

"FRISCO LINE."

ST. LOUIS

San Francisco Railway!

Southwest Missouri,
Southern Kansas,
Northern Arkansas,
and Indian Territory,
embracing, under one management, over
700 MILES
Of complete railway, viz., **FORWARD**, direct
St. Louis to San Francisco, via
TEXAS, COLORADO, NEW MEXICO,
ARIZONA, AND PAK WEST.

Positively The Shortest, Most Pleasant, and
Cheapest Route for all points
East, North East, and South-East.

SAINT LOUIS.

St. Louis Express Varies Run Daily.

Pulman Palace Sleeping Cars on Night Trains

REMEMBER this is the daily Route to

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.

The St. Louis and San Francisco Railway
Company, under the name of the **MILLER** and
its facilities, will make it possible, located along
the complete line of railroads in North West
Missouri, where no other line has a low price and
equal facilities, to be given.
The Transportation of **Team Land** Ex-
presses, which is guaranteed, and a Company
in charge of the **Land Department** region
B. & O.
The St. Louis and San Francisco Railway
Company, as through of **President** T. P. Allen,
and **Land Department**, the attention of the
Travelling Public, Freight Shippers, and Land
and Home Settlers.

For more extensive general advertisements offered
at a low price, apply to the
St. Louis and San Francisco Railway Company,
St. Louis, Mo., or to the
St. Louis and San Francisco Railway Company,
St. Louis, Mo., or to the
St. Louis and San Francisco Railway Company,
St. Louis, Mo.

W. H. COHEN, Chief Commissioner,
T. P. ALLEN, Chief Engineer,
D. W. HART, Chief Engineer,
G. C. W. FOGGIE, Gen'l Manager,
Telephone Building, St. Louis, Mo.

RAWLINGS

BACK SUPPORTING

SHOULDER BRACE!

Patented Jan. 18, 1879

Indicated in the illustration of this ad.
For sale by Messrs J. T. Rawlings, No. 100 North
Street, and Lewis, Cornish & Co.,
301 North Fourth Street.

THE
Chicago & Alton

IS THE
DIRECT LINE
TO

Chicago & Kansas City.

Two through-trains leave the Union Depot
daily, making direct connections at Chicago
for all points in the North-West and
East, and at Kansas City for all
points in the West.

**Most Thoroughly Equipped
Road in the West.**

S. H. KNIGHT,

TICKET AGENT,

**117 North Fourth Street,
SAINT LOUIS.**



A. McELRATH,

—MAKER OF THE—

Guarantee Fitting Shirt,

—AND—

MEN'S FURNISHER,

509 NORTH SIXTH STREET, ST. LOUIS.

W. H. JONES, Cutter.



PRESCRIPTIONS.

OUR FACILITIES FOR RETAILING
PURE DRUGS AND FINE FANCY GOODS
ARE SUPERIOR TO ANY HOUSE IN
THE WEST. NO OTHER ESTABLISHMENT
MAY CHALLENGE SUCH A LARGE AND
VARIED STOCK, AND OUR PATRONS
ATTEND THE FACT THAT THEY SAVE
FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT

TOILET ARTICLES.

Bee Line Route.

SPECIALTIES:

THROUGH SLEEPER

—TO—

NEW YORK

Without Change.

Elegant Sleeping Coaches

BETWEEN

St. Louis and Indianapolis.

In which Passengers are assured
entire night's rest.

No other Line can offer these
combined advantages.

TICKET OFFICES:

GRAND UNION OFFICE,

No. 120 Cor. Fourth and Pine,
and Union Depot.

D. B. MARTIN, A. J. SMITH,
Gen. Western Agt. Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Great Through Line

—TO—

SOUTH-WEST.

—THRU—

Iron Mountain Route

For more extensive general advertisements offered
at a low price, apply to the
St. Louis and San Francisco Railway Company,
St. Louis, Mo., or to the
St. Louis and San Francisco Railway Company,
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St. Louis, Mo., or to the
St. Louis and San Francisco Railway Company,
St. Louis, Mo.

—THE—
ACKNOWLEDGED

Through Car Route

—IS THIS—



No change of cars, St. Louis to
No change of cars, St. Louis to
No change of cars, St. Louis to
No change of cars, St. Louis to
No change of cars, St. Louis to
No change of cars, St. Louis to
No change of cars, St. Louis to
No change of cars, St. Louis to
No change of cars, St. Louis to
No change of cars, St. Louis to

REMEMBER THIS
WHEN GOING
EAST, NORTH, WEST.



ST. LOUIS CITY OFFICE
Grand Union Ticket Office, 120 North Fourth
Street, Corner of Pine

J. T. RAWLINGS **E. J. COHEN**
Gen'l Mgr. Chief Commr.

JAMES MCNICHOL,

DRAPER TAILOR,

Has Removed from Spruce and Olive to 202
and Washington Avenue

UNDER LINDELL HOTEL.

SCARRITT FURNITURE CO.
Lowest Prices!
Our Stock is the Largest!
Our Styles the Latest!
PARLOR, CHAMBER,
AND
DINING SUITS.
SEE THEM

It can be but to your advantage to inspect and Compare before Purchasing,
619 to 621 N. FOURTH STREET.

W. H. GUMERSELL & COMPANY

Have now in Stock a Full and Complete Assortment of all the Latest and most Stylish
Goods for the Spring Season, comprising

LACES, LACE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES,
Handkerchiefs, Mull and Lace Ties,
SILKS, SATINS, DRESS GOODS,

*Ladies' Suits and Wraps, Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Ornaments, Underwear,
Hosiery, Ribbons, Corsets, Zephyr Worsteds, Etc., Etc.*

SOLE AGENTS FOR THOSE PERFECT-FITTING KID GLOVES.

'NON PAREIL,' 'SEMPER IDEM,' 'ENTRE NOUS.'

Attention is specially called to our New Dressmaking Department, presided over by one of the leading "MODISTES"
of our city. Country Orders solicited and promptly filled.

413 and 415 NORTH FOURTH STREET, ST. LOUIS.

Articles and Utensils for Cooking!



GENUINE SARATOGA COOKS' KNIVES, ALL SIZES, FROM 4 TO 13 INCHES.



FRENCH POTATO AND VEGETABLE SCOOPS—ROUND AND OVAL.

MILK OR RICE BOILERS

—IN—

Granite or Agate Ware,

STAMPED TIN

—AND—

Tin with Porcelain Inside Vessel.



Farina Boilers, Charlotte Russe Moulds

Ice Cream Bricks, Soup Strainers,

Jelly Moulds, Melon Moulds,

Hair Sieves, Patty Pans, 50 kinds.

Vegetable Cutters. Asparagus Boilers.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY.

81,401; "Two Rot," by Meyer Von Bremen, 81,425; "A Dispute with the Parents," by E. Benjamin, 81,430; "The Natives," by Louis Glaine, 81,431; and "Part of Assembly," by Chas. 81,433.

The "Hall of the Coaches," a painting by Mels, was purchased at a second sale in Paris by J. W. Mackay, the California millionaire, for \$25,000.

Now that the anti-spoiled pleasure and rationing of our spring society weddings are over, the unbroken blossoms in the future years' "posh and garden of life" can find time to take a leisurely and business-like survey of the various new fields of conquest offered them in the different seasonal rewards of the fast. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," especially in the breast of a pretty woman; if she have a fair supply of fashionable turgency and the structural support of a reasonably supple and first-class bust. There are delightful possibilities in such an outlook, and no amount of post-disappointment rain dampen the ardor of the coming season's anticipations. "Who knows," sympathizes each lovely dreamer, "but my wedding may be the society crown of my life on the following spring?"

Saratoga throws out a very tempting bait to those of Fashion's daughters in whom mercenary motives prevail over sentiment, inasmuch as it advertises the discovery of a spring waters which have the effect of making a rich man propose, immediately he has swallowed a draught, from his treacherous depths, the treasure the popularists think worthy of the ladies, and the fruits efforts which clerical millionaires will make to avoid its neighborhood.

In a recent magazine article on the sanitary condition of New York City, I noticed one or two passages which I must let be as well kept as the most carefully guarded, as they seemed to me to apply as much to her as to the great metropolis. One of them is the evil system of water-closets and house-drainage, which the writers assert to be a prime cause of disease in all cities. It is an open secret that that terrible disease, spinal meningitis, was almost unknown in our city during the last winter and spring, which was due to the discovery of the disease. Mr. Warren asserts to be closely connected with the improper removal of waste-matter.

It is to be hoped that St. Louis will take the lead in discovering and effecting every possible improvement in the sanitary condition of the city, and thus earn for herself not only the gratitude of her own citizens, but the admiration and appreciation of the whole world.

It seems to me if St. Louis is ever going to make good her rather glum title of the *Better Land* and merge it into the Present Great, it is time she was setting about it, and I would suggest that, beginning a slight infusion of Eastern cosmopolitanism in the way of transportation of her citizens from one part of the city to another, in evil which has been so long deplored here that it seems like useless repetition to speak of it again. But the recent stoppage of all means of travel by the strikers has suggested again the idea of competition, which every one admits to be the life of trade. Why should we not have a line of coaches like the line recently established in Philadelphia, which for the small sum of five cents will carry a limited number of passengers to any point in the city. If they did not run on the same routes as the street-cars, there might, at least, be a line of "huddles" running north and south, the convenience and comfort of which would, I am sure, insure a paying patronage from our citizens. I have tried these little one-room coaches, which hold just eight people and to which no more are admitted until there is a vacancy, and found them the most comfortable vehicles I ever rode in. Springs in the back as well as in the seats are elastic and admirably adjusted, so that neither the driver nor the passenger need any necessary jolting, consequent upon being rapidly carried over uneven pavements. But the satisfaction of knowing that you are not going to be crowded to death or obliged to stand up is worth double the fare.

The main topics of conversation in literary circles now are the marriage of Whitman and his life, nature of Carlyle. Some are noted contemporaries of the *Tricks* Tribune editor intimate very strongly that Julia M. Bell and his bosom friend, John Hay, author of "Little Heracles," have always been actuated by the most mercenary motives in the pursuit of their respective "affinities." The latter, it is said, some time ago purchased off his new bride, while the former has scarcely yet realized the fruition of his hopes, the consummation of his youthful ambition to marry a fortune. It is to be hoped for the lady's sake that I might have some little share in the transaction.

The gaudy and artificial culture of Carlyle, so long almost deified by his admirers, is brought out so strongly in his lately published reminiscences that the whole world has received a shock, and his worship has fallen many degrees below par. It is impossible that any reader of genteel, genial Charles Lamb should not resent such a rumormongering of his character as is furnished in his passage from the great philosopher's pen. "Insufferable propensity to grin in poor old Lamb. His face contemptibly small, indicating wondrous ignorance and shallowness, even when it was serious and good-natured, which it seldom was, usually appearing to a degree, screwed into frosty artificiality, ghastly underbelly of wit, in fact, more like 'childish humanity,' as I defined it than anything of a possibility, humor, or gentility." He had a poor opinion of both Shelley and Wordsworth, and indeed it would be difficult to find any one for whom the ill-mannered old man had such a real admiration.

The few weeks of bright but moderately cool spring weather, which intervene between Easter and the approaching hot season afford fine opportunities for the ladies to exhibit new and tasteful street outfits, (as they will be able to make the most of it, as the temperature of March and July neither is such as to favor the wearing of anything much but cotton fabric, which, while cool and comfortable-looking, can seldom be made to have an elegant appearance.

Driving, it strikes me, is fast being elevated to the dignity of a science. I do not suppose that many of our well-to-do ladies are as bold as Mrs. M. who could not discover wherein lay the defect of an apparently perfect outfit, until he had conducted the fashionable woman into his private apartment, furnished in the Louis Quinze style, when he perceived that the costume adorned perfectly with the surroundings, thus making a picture either satisfying, in its artistic completeness, or that there is undoubtedly a growing tendency to make all the science of the toilet accord to be to form a perfect whole. Very seldom some one does down some lady with gloves or bonnet which do not harmonize in color and style with the rest of her costume. This does not necessarily involve any greater extravagance in dress, or a growing reliance upon taste and judgment in the selection of materials.

There is one respect in which the ladies sometimes appear to have their usual good taste and judgment, and that is in following some little whimsicality of fashion without regard to its fitness or harmonization in their own particular case. I was struck with this fact, a few days since, by seeing more than one quite stout and not particularly young matron adorned in these out-looking little plumed wigs, technically called, I believe, "shooting jackets," though who so called I have been unable to discover, its name is no fair friend can tell me. I saw this policy first struck me as being quite jaunty and appropriate on slender misses, school-girls, whose rather undeveloped figures needed a little filling out, but combined with the *extraordinary* of the past shades referred to, they were very suggestive of meal-bags tied in the middle.

The fact seems to have gone forth that there shall be a change from the "Invariable," old gold and arisal," which has prevailed for the last three or four seasons in military. Everything now consists of shadings and blendings of the same color. Phases shade from

the darkest red to the most delicate peach-blossom tint, a wealth of tints will combine all the different shades of red. So rarely a solid color, either in ribbon, flower, or fabric, is to be seen. You may select your color to suit yourself, but you must take it with all its tints.

While I am on the subject of dress I cannot forbear mentioning for the benefit of my lady readers, who I know are always deeply interested in the sky, a most brilliant forecast which I had the pleasure of examining the other day. It was not made by Worth, nor even offered from "Shaw's," and it cost a very modest little sum compared with the cost of many such occasions. In this instance it was the little bride's own hand which devised the costumes, and indeed of the work thereon was done by her own nimble fingers. The bridal dress was a simple affair of plain white satin and tulle, with creamy lace adorning point Venise and natural flowers, like the cables and pearls, for garniture. The train dress consisted of skirt of white tulle with de Lyon, with polka-dot of quite light chocolate-colored cloth, with broad coral and ruffs of the satin. A round-necked "joker" with plumes and ribbon of the two shades in the costume, gave an exceedingly demure and non-life appearance to the youthful matron. The whole effect of this costume was stylish in the extreme. The "first appearance" I felt consisted of bright silk, with combination of dark silk, shodding from greenish gold to the palest shade of blue. A bonnet with some tints in flowers, feathers, and ribbon completed the costume. Then there was an elegant dress of black satin de Lyon, with trimmings of passementerie and fringe, handsome enough to make any woman's eyes sparkle with delight, and another of satin-striped gowning with garniture of Spanish lace, graceful enough but a princess's wear. The dresses were a marvel in fit and design, and did credit to the artistic instincts of both as found with herself, and the dressmaker who executed them.

And you ever walk Fourth Street any stylish afternoon and observe the variety of photos that pass and regress you? I have done so, and wondered at the very small number of well-dressed ladies whom I met. It is not because they do not know their dress, but because there is not so much in the nature of cloth as the color, the fit, and the style. There seems to be an impression that if a young lady wears an expensive dress she is elegantly attired. But she is not always the case. Her gown but more fortunate when may seem a garment that does not lose, and yet the color is so well selected, the form so perfectly fitted, and the *last* *exceeds* so harmonious, that the effect is much more beautiful. It is a matter of surprise to me how ladies can live all their lives in the city, where they have the advantage of seeing everything beautiful for their adornment, and yet have so little taste in the selection of their wardrobe. The majority of ladies whom we meet are poorly dressed, or, at best, might make a better appearance with the employment of more taste, and perhaps less money.

including, driving, driving,

For the purpose of the shoe.

It is a mark that has left the shoe.

For ever came back to the shoe.

And sitting, hoping, waiting

And sitting, hoping, waiting

And sitting, hoping, waiting

And sitting, hoping, waiting

And sitting, hoping, waiting

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And sitting, hoping, waiting

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And sitting, hoping, waiting

And sitting, hoping, waiting

And sitting, hoping, waiting

The official Directory of Missouri for 1881 is out in much improved shape. It is arranged by Mr. Michael K. McCallister, Secretary of State, and is a most convenient and useful publication. No one who has an interest in State politics or State affairs generally can afford

The Spectator.

VOL. 1, No. 35.]

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1881.

[Price 5 Cents.]

GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.'S SOLID SILVERWARE!

—FOR—

Family Use and Bridal Presents.

—

It is to Your Interest to Purchase this Ware, Because

FIRST. — Its quality is unquestioned, being the highest standard of Silverware made in the world.

SECOND. — It is unequalled in beauty of form and elegance of finish.

THIRD. — The prices are equally as low as those of inferior makes and qualities.

FOURTH. — We carry in stock a superb array of Spoon and Fork Ware for family use, and toney pieces, exquisitely cased, for Bridal Presents.

FIFTH. — Orders will be received and designs and estimates furnished for special services of plate, which, from the facilities which this Company enjoys, by its extensive works and exhaustive Library of Art, will excel in beauty and low price.

SIXTH. — All of this ware is marked in plain figures, at a very small advance for cash, from which there is no deviation.

MERMOD, JACCARD & CO.,

Nos. 401, 403 & 405 N. Fourth Street, Cor. Locust

Particular attention is asked to a chest of silver containing two hundred and thirty-four pieces, being the handsomest case of ware ever shown in St. Louis.

The latest and most correct forms of Wedding and Visiting Cards on exhibition, and orders solicited. Prices low.

Salon d'Objets d'Art,

405 N. FOURTH STREET.

Asks Your Patronage, Because:

FIRST. — It contains the finest and largest collection in the West of Faience, comprising Decorated Bisque, Artistic Placques, Applique Vases, Porcelain Vases, Enamelled Glass, etc.

SECOND. — An unequalled array of Scones, Girondelles, Candelabra, Candlesticks, Mirrors, Library Sets, and Card Tables of Modern Polished and Antique Brass.

THIRD. — A magnificent display of French Clocks, in Marble, Bronze, Porcelain, Plain and Enamelled Gilt cases, with side ornaments to match. Those clock cases all have Chimes, Gongs, or Sweet Silver-toned Bells.

FOURTH. — Japanese, Chinese, and East Indian Curios, Metallic and Ceramic. This department will be of great interest to lovers of Bric-a-Brac.

FIFTH. — Parian Marbles; copies of the most renowned Antique and Modern Statuary — the only choice stock in the West.

SIXTH. — Lamps. This fashionable and useful rage is represented in complete lines of Longwy, Kiota, Bartholme, Choise Le Roi, and Dresden Potteries, with plain and beautifully ornamented globes; also the only genuine GERMAN STUDENT LAMP.

FINALLY, there is but One Price, which is marked in plain figures upon each article, and which is guaranteed as low, if not lower than the same styles and qualities of Objects of Art can be obtained East or West.

For Bridal Presents and Articles of Household Decoration this Stock is Specially Attractive.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY!

73

KINDS OF
Baby Carriages

—AND—
SLEEPERS.

*Finished in Ash or Walnut,
Rattan, Cane, or Willow.*

Trimmed in the Latest Style.



HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

Refrigerators,

ICE CHESTS.

Water Coolers,

WATER PITCHERS.

LAWN MOWERS,

ETC., ETC.

Prices and Qualities Beyond Competition!

GEORGE COUCH,

2343 OLIVE STREET,

INTERIOR ART DECORATOR

Fine Upholstery Goods,

ENGLISH FIRE-PLACES,

Ornamental Tiling, Fenders, Andirons,

—AND—

FINE PARLOR FURNITURE, in Unique Styles, and Specially Adjusted to any Surroundings

We invite special attention to our facilities for illuminating costly dwellings in elaborate Oil Painting and the more delicate hand-tracings in rich Water Colors, the entire effect being a delicious picture, disarming criticism, and charming the most aesthetic taste.

WE STUDY TO MAKE OUR

FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT

An Important Feature of our Immense Business.

In UNDERWEAR, Hosiery, GLOVES, GRAPES, HANDKERCHIEFS, AND KNEWARE, etc., we have 3 main capitals and 1000 employees in various willowware be able to obtain at our establishment the NEWEST AND LATEST NOVELTIES AT THE MOST REASONABLE PRICES.

Mabley, the Clothier,

N. W. COR. FIFTH and PINE.

G. I. JONES & CO.,

Publishers and Book Printers,

210 and 212 PINE STREET,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. McELRATH,

MAKER OF THE

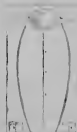
Guarantee Fitting Shirt,

—AND—

MEN'S FURNISHER,

509 NORTH SIXTH STREET, ST. LOUIS.

W. H. JONES, Cutter



Parasols!

Buy your Parasols at

Green & Cavanaugh's

The Best Styles in

Parasols!

AT

Green & Cavanaugh's

THE LOWEST PRICES ON

PARASOLS

AT

Green & Cavanaugh's

311 N. FOURTH ST.

KIRBY, BEARD & CO.,

THE NEW WILSON

THE NEW WILSON

Oscillating Shuttle Sewing Machine

For Sale at the

Southwestern, Kentucky, West Tennessee,
Mississippi and Missouri.

370 OLIVE STREET.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

For Sale at the

JAMES HALE,

1881

Late Firm of S. & J. Hale.

Ladies' Fashionable



Boot and Shoe Store.

2740 Olive Street.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Only Genuine

OAKS CANDY!

400 N. 3rd St.

412 OLIVE STREET.

THE ONLY GENUINE.

SPECIALTIES.

Hawthorne Cheviots,
Middlesex Flannels.

Fancy Cassimeres,
Constantly on Hand.

Largest Stock of Foreign and Domestick
Woolens, and Cheviot
Patterns

Suits to Order from \$5.00 up.
Suits " " " \$20.00 " "

* To be made and delivered promptly at the

NICOLL!

THE TAILOR.

Pioneer at Moderate Prices!

9 S. 4th, and 708 Olive St.

Suits and Hats for Sale at Moderate Prices

CONKLIN'S

CAFE

AT

LADIES' RESTAURANT.

517 Olive Street.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

TURKISH BATH

ESTABLISHMENT

311 N. 7th St., bet. Olive & Locust

BOYS FOR BATHING.
LADIES' BATHING. (From 10 to 12 o'clock)
GENTLEMEN (From 10 to 12 o'clock)
The above is the only one in the city.

TERMS
Single Bath, 50 cents. Double, 75 cents. From 10 to 12 o'clock
Ladies' Bath, 25 cents. Gentlemen's Bath, 25 cents.

GEO. F. ADAMS, M.D., Supt.

H. H. WAGONER,

Undertaker!

No. 1401 OLIVE STREET.

N. W. Cor. Elmwood.

With SMITH'S last Fifteen Years

One Person, Attention to Call
Day or Night

WAGONER'S UNDERTAKING

ADVERTISERS

Desired to reach People of the City

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2. I want to submit that, although it is not possible to say that the police officer who shot the woman was acting reasonably, the police officer was acting reasonably in the circumstances. She was frantically trying to get the woman to stop, and she was stepping off the platform at a station in a great hurry, with a fatal disregard for the possibility of the woman rushing out against her attempts to forcibly stop her from doing so. It is not possible to say that the police officer was acting reasonably in the circumstances. The police officer was acting reasonably in the circumstances.

There is regular season work—no winter. New York's "Habitat Year," which has had some success in the past, and the week after, and the last year, "Adopt the City," which is the last organization of the kind in the world.

For John Smider, the distinguished pastor of the church of the Messiah will start for Europe June 5. He is to be joined in London by Miss S. Scamford, and the two will travel to the continent together during the summer.

The Crown Prince of Anzai, Hirohito, of Hapsburg, who was married the other day to the Princess Stephanie of Belgium, found the Empress and Imperial Family here, guests of the most accomplished and brilliant Japanese. His education was watched over with the same care and care, and he had as his teachers, among others, all professors of the great talents. Hirohito developed a talent unknown among the others: he is the natural sciences. He is passionately devoted to the study of natural history, and, although so young, he has the firmness of mind and the power of observation of a naturalist. He has a monograph on ornithology, to which he has added, in the form of a supplement, a history of the birds of the world, in which he has expressed his own views.

[illegible][illegible]

step of the members of the "Billie Taylor" company that comes Pop's next week is Miss Helen, who is a young lady of somewhat attractive countenance and build, who was once something of a comedienne and a company star (played "The Princess of Pezanne"). At that time she snatched the hearts of two or three successful newspaper men, one of whom has since resigned the profession. Miss Helen also played her part in a season at the New York City club before Billie engaged them in "Billie's" Billie, my dear man, don't let your affections for me—she has the reputation of being a very French sort of woman.

In fact, as I have before remarked, it is not safe to fall into passionate admiration of stage women. If they are at all disposed to receive your attentions, it is quite times out of ten with a mercenary purpose. The people they fall in love with are generally dramatic tramps, who are willing and anxious to be persons as an author's imaginary entity.

The Olympia Theatre, like those with which it has to compete, is a magnificent building, and, in addition, has been liberally and expensively furnished from the most choice and most costly sources. As a variety performance, it is very often—the best, in fact, that has been seen here, but it is occasionally out of place at the Olympia Theatre. When Mr. Spelling brings up his horse to shameless jeering of drunks, the "Routenstücken Minstrel," or, to come down to more respectable support, the "Fighting Cocks," it is all right, in as much as it may be used as a play for the public. A great many people go to the Olympia Theatre because it is the Olympia Theatre, not knowing often, what the character of the performance is, but taking the implied guarantee of a manager that it shall be acceptable. This is simply a matter of fact, and need not restrain it further than Mr. Charles A. Spelling.

Exaggeration is not the least of the faults of the Olympia Theatre, but the low variety business has sought to excite, and he must not feel aggrieved if there is not a lone paper in the city that dispenses to the

Two respondents listed comments on the programme of the Sun-baker show. Among the startling attractions in our show is a lot of "Hindoo Nautch girls." The are called "Hindoo gentlemen" ones in the country, and are said to have been "procured at great

ably, with the company's new focus on building in the marketplace, and now moved to an independent office. Her work, clearly, will be reconstituted in a new incarnation through the company, and this will be very good, not only this month to start. Dr. Wm. H. Brown, Jr., president, was interested in writing a contract with her for three years. Finally she signed an agreement with Messrs. Richard H. Brown and Matt Canning, wherein the latter became a manager, and under their auspices, Mrs. Anderson will in the full make her debut as a writer. This opening may well be "Pork."

Months the Valero will prove the most dangerous competition Miss Anderson has yet had, and I venture to assert that the former lady's popularity in those districts which both of them undertake will be so great as to be immediately recognized.

Miss Vailers labors under one disadvantage. She was married last fall, whereas Miss Anderson still remains in single blessedness.

Mr. Chase, Keene will have her leading lady next season Miss Marie Prescott, who was seen at Poppe's during the Sabina engagement. She appeared as *Emily* in "Athaliah," as *Linda Moschell*, and as the *Empress* in "The Gladiators." She is an actress possessing more than the average ability.

Holmes & Lane will make a specialty next season of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," the two comedians appearing as Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

The programmes for the Missouri Historical Foundation, which was in session at Jefferson City Monday and Tuesday, were a series of artistic measures. They were given, set and produced by Mrs. T. Leonard, of Gladys, who is making quite a reputation as a costume designer.

The exhibition notes and cards for both the Art Museum and the Southern Hotel build upon each other, and come from the house of the k. The art director's comments, which is coming to the k, are a large part of this.

Impersonal Impersonality. People's Theatre, Sunday night, 10.30. and a superb opera which is well given is, "What Sea We Set to Sail?" This is an important question, and Mr. Impersonal will have a good chance to answer it. He will be, as usual, in the company of

Breecher lectures at Mepsonville Library held on the night of May 11th. Both In and Ungersa come under the name of sons of Mepsonville.

The employees of Huntington & Co.'s clothing line will play a game of baseball at the Grant Avenue Park May 30th, Decoration Day. Refreshments will be served, and a pleasant time may be expected.

The annual meeting of the Lepidoptera took place in this city this week. There was a large attendance, and favorable reports as to the condition of the order, which is one of the largest and best in the country.

In a postscript, one week, concerning a pleasant complimentary dinner given at the St. Louis Club to Col. J. J. McCall, his name was given as Hays. It does not seem to say I might be mistaken, but I do nevertheless. Such errors do not often creep into the columns of the *Speelman*.

The music for the first dance at the Southern Hotel last Wednesday evening, was composed by Mr. Otto Bohann, who is developing some ability as a composer.

The comic opera "L'Alcove ou, A Tale of the Dark Continent," is to be Mr. Weyman, Mr. Green, assisted by Mr. Will Schuyler, will be presented to the audience Monday next at 8 o'clock. The plot is

[illegible]

THEOREM 1. Let $\mathcal{A} = \{A_1, \dots, A_n\}$ be a family of n $m \times m$ matrices over \mathbb{R} or \mathbb{C} such that $\sum_{i=1}^n A_i = 0$. Then \mathcal{A} is \mathcal{H} -orthogonal if and only if \mathcal{A} is \mathcal{H} -orthogonal in the sense of Definition 1.

When my young ones leave the nest
 All will be as I left it, otherwise—
 I'll be the thoughtless little man
 I once found warm and true
 And now I'll find the opposite!
 I'll be a different man.

[illegible]

Let \mathcal{F} be the family of all \mathcal{F}_t for $t \in [0, \infty)$.
 Then \mathcal{F} is a filtration of \mathcal{F}_∞ if and only if
 (i) $\mathcal{F}_t \subseteq \mathcal{F}_s$ for $t \leq s$, and
 (ii) $\mathcal{F}_\infty = \bigcap_{t \in [0, \infty)} \mathcal{F}_t$.

May all his life be happy and joyous
 May his every wish be known
 Be this the dawn of a happy day
 May he gather the best of his life
 So that there be no more gloom
 A friend to him, but not a loving one

The following material will suffice as a sample of Mr. Schuyler's notes:

While the moon
 Of the music turned their way
 They the night
 While the stars tremble and glow above
 Clubs around
 Tilt the dance with head and wing

Charles Bradlaugh below the *habeas* of the Irish
 O'Connell in general, and of Gladstone's government

members of the Commons for Northampton, despite latter opposition, the Conservatives oppose his admission and taking his seat. Gladstone is in a quandary and does not know what to do with the request here of the Radical party.

friendless, though he is not as friendless as he seems to be, however, out of doors that his strength lies, and not, either, in one particular place. Mr. Bradlaugh's supporters are scattered all over the country. They

ated together—in our town. But they are not. In every town, nay, in every village in England, there is a "cove" of "head-singles" sufficient in number to fill a footstep and to make a noise, loud as very little

[illegible][illegible]

I will present the significance of mental language as been very different in nature. The phenomenon of emblematic language, as discussed at the symposium, and words are not words as thought, and I am assuming, perhaps that the way of comparative analysis is not the same as the way of comparative analysis.

[illegible]

of the language of certain systems is one of our main interests, and this paper shows the surprising expressiveness of \mathcal{L} in models of the intuitionistic case which, along with *feature-plot*, is a local language, and gestures towards further connections with other models of the intuitionistic case.

ment of consistent anthropologist-, the language of military men was confined to mere impressions or views. At the present time certain members of Boer

languages of Siam and is described as a sort of break in which some natives of the Philippine Islands and some South African Bantus utter only meaningless sounds of the nature of shrieks. Again, Brazilian Hotchkiss speaks little to one another, but father and

only signs, grimoers, and official sounds. Usually, the absence of spoken language and the custom of howling or yelling at night and whining by day are among the traits or habits of the so-called cannibalized of

If any one may be accounted the founder of modern philosophy it is unquestionably Descartes. While, like the men of the transitional epoch, he broke loose from scholastic precepts and began with *ego, ergo*, he did not content himself, like the men who immediately followed him, with the

For a few moments, for, like Deleuze and his contemporaries among the 11-thirns, with affirming philosophical views, opportunities in "colored ground." He was not better than any of these, and from the standpoint of Derrida's doubt associated a new, modern, scientific

the prince and a prince, from which he attempted
significantly to deduct the class position in his system. The
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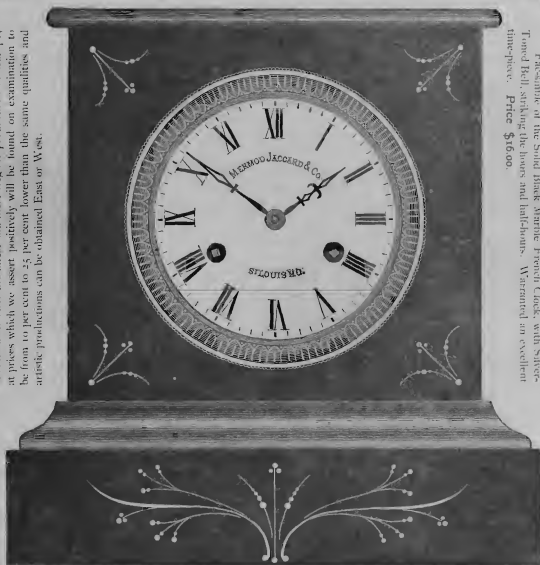
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The Spectator.

SAINT LOUIS, MAY, 28, 1881.

The *Spectator* has had the misfortune to be imposed upon in the grossest and most ungrateful manner by a man who was employed as a ramsayer in the southern and south-western portions of the city. We have learned of many representations in made that were utterly false, and if he had not taken the precaution to make himself well known, we should have sent him up to inspect as well as the Court Courts. As it is we can only say to those people who have thought it strange that such a man should represent the *Spectator* that we sincerely regret that we were ever persuaded into giving him our patronage, and that we would not have done so but for the plausible representations made to us in his behalf. The *Spectator* cannot employ more but reputable people in any department, but, like all other well-meaning journals, it is occasionally imposed upon.

Below we find the names of nearly all those who have subscribed to the *Spectator's* Page Avenue sprinkling fund up to date. The total amount here given is over \$2,500, and with other subscriptions not put down it would be \$3,000. It may be safely stated that the sum of \$5,000 is now accessible for this work. We congratulate ourselves that this is done pretty well for a paper that comes out only once in every seven days. But even with this excellent showing there is a great obstacle in the way of sprinkling these avenues. It is the lack of sufficient water. The city water pipes run but a short distance out on Page Avenue, and the hauling of water for the setting of Curb Avenue and the second of Page Avenue is so difficult that no one has yet been found to undertake the work for any reasonable amount. We are, however, by no means discouraged, and ask that subscriptions continue. We started out to raise \$1,000, and we want to report that a second Saturday. A suggestion is made to this effect, and which, if adopted, would remove every difficulty, will be found in the editorial department of this issue of the *Spectator*.

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THE TOWN TALKER

From two or three sources that I hold to be most trustworthy, I learn that there has been a great deal of bad feeling in the Board of Directors of the St. Louis Fair Association since the last election, which was in January. Mr. General B. Allen, one of the oldest and most respected members of the Board, resigned some time since, and his reasons are said to be personal and partisan. The trouble seems to have originated over the salary of the president of the board, Mr. Charles Green. When the Fair Association was organized, it was the intention that the secretary should be the only paid officer connected with the association, and that the president should hold his place for the hour there might be in it. Later, however, the board voted to give a nominal salary of \$7,000, and when Mr. Arthur Barrett was president, I believe, he received \$2,000 one year. When Mr. Gerard B. Allen was made president he would accept no salary whatever, and, I believe, Mr. John S. Walsh, who succeeded Mr. Allen and immediately preceded Mr. Green, received \$1,200 a year. In the latter part of the first year of Mr. Green's incumbency the debt of the association was funded, and bonds bear-

semit and flower. But here again, too, a presupposed full development of the sciences. In perspective, as applied in painting, there are involved, directly or indirectly, mathematics on the one hand, and the physical sciences on the other. But again, the utmost values of perspective are found to be developed only in the representation of the outer world, not its own life—only in landscape-painting. So, again, landscape-painting itself has undergone a long process of development from the merely topographic being given by the ancient Egyptians to the grand representation of nature proclaimed in the present century. It would be easy to prove, but can only be asserted here, that this whole course of development has gone hand in hand with and been directly dependent upon, the unfolding of a more rational mode of viewing the material world. Furthermore, man has only been able to regulate, comprehend nature in proportion as he has come to rightly comprehend himself. In the final outcome it is superior light, and that alone, that illuminates the world; that alone by which there is any seeing. To him who has thoroughly rational eyes, the world is thoroughly rational world. It is only to the artist having the finest spiritual perceptions that nature presents her ethereal spiritual significance. True, nature is comparatively passive. It is the realm of the inanimate. But here is manifested in it the same divine reason that is unfolded in flower and more dynamic forms in the conscious world of humanity. Hence, he who would portray nature in its deepest significance must work within himself to find the key to the secrets with which nature abounds, indeed, but which she prevents through intimacies always more or less vague.

Now, the unideal forms of nature adequate, in the hands of the true artist, to express clearly the cosmic principles which of themselves take form, but exactly shadow forth? The answer may be found through a comparison of the two paintings we have set out to consider. The one by Turner is a composition rich in forms. Below, a canal extends from the middle of the foreground straight into the picture, until it lost in the distance. The middle of the canal architectural frame rises in the air. It is a water street through a city in ruins. These architectural forms serve admirably to guide the preceptive, the effect of which is again heightened by the large, beautiful tree in the left foreground. Above, the clouds are mingled in groups and lines so as to converge in a point, and that point is found in the rising sun. This, indeed, is a frequent device of Turner's, and it certainly produces a frequent perspective effect in his skies. Each his mid-heaven atmosphere seems almost to radiate from the sun along with the light and yet it is the mist that obstructs the light. Here, indeed, is the centre of the picture. It is full of mystery, for it presents the unsteady problem of light struggling with obscurity. The light presses itself forward and penetrating but the obscurity also presses a might obstructive force, and neither everything being, motion, impulsive. The very architectural forms of the picture, the sun, the mist melt in and out of each other in the first breeze that stirs. So, when we attempt to write the precise influence of the picture, it dissolves and smokes, never showing itself to be more than merely felt as a vague pre-sentiment. This, doubtless, is the chief secret of the attraction which Turner's works have for our minds. They are so full of "suggestion"—in the other hand, the suggestiveness is too generally like that in the present example—rather negative than positive. A problem is proposed and its solution left mainly to the untroubled phantasies of him who beholds the work. In present example, the picture may well be deemed, but will scarcely be standardized to the exertion of vigorous thought.

Let us now turn to the work of Church. At first glance there is manifested the most striking contrast between this and the picture of Turner just considered. The composition is extreme. The picture is taken from near the foreground somewhat diagonally into the picture, and opens into the sea in the distance at the right. A depression of the central foreground leads down to the water. To the right and left the ground

rises in rugged forms. In the shadow of the rock at the right a spring rises. About it fresh grass is growing. A single deer has approached to quench its thirst and crop the tender grass. A strife of land forms the opposite shore of the bay and terminates in a bold rocky point, just where the bay opens into the sea, as well may be seen on the bay. The sky is well-nigh filled with heavy cloudiness, through a break in which a gleam of blue appears. The sun has just risen below the horizon. Here, too, the clouds have parted, and a deep crimson glow marks the place at which the sun has disappeared. So, too, the broken cloudiness above, as well as the land below, are tinged with varied and manifold gradations of the fundamental tone of color. Everything, in short, points toward an absolute unity. The simple masses of clouds above and of land below; the single thin deer; the solitary, motionless and upon the ideal water; the higher tints of color in the rock, as it were, in the intense glow of the rock; the visible sun, all to fade presently into indistinguishable—looked at in this way it is the very picture of a world in which all differences are on the point of vanishing. A direct idealist might readily accept it as a solemn and sublime vision of the "eternal" state of a future world, and might claim that this is the real truth of the picture. Its value is not a mere negative one. The light is not focused it is radiated, diffused. Here, too, there has been a struggle but it is ended. The storm cloud has spent its strength. The sun is victorious. The powerful spirit preserving the scene is the power that follows to the end of the world. The forces of light, and the splendour of these forces are only faintly manifested and rendered the more intense through their diffusion in the vanished domain. This we have in this picture the representation, not of reduction and dissolution, but of rich, vast enlargement and mid-pointed force. Besides, the sun was only *rising*, and in the same moment is also *rising*. So, too, the human spirit glows with the sunset glories of its in heavy mists, and nevertheless in the self-same instant turns its rising radiance upon other worlds and shines upon him and still greater spheres of spiritual life.

If we stand before the two pictures and compare them, it is fairly evident that Church presents us with the more definite, more positive significance. He has proven himself able to penetrate to the soul of nature, to seize its secret meaning, and to fix it, that meaning a clear and adequate expression in the ideal forms of nature. Turner, on the contrary, is less calm, less self-possessed. His is vaguely spiritual, vaguely penetrated with the sentiment of nature, but in the present example, as in many of his works, this sentiment appears rather a predominantly emotional form. Hence, the eagerness of form and the hesitations of significance characterized so much of his work. Nor can we think it doubtful that this is also the secret of Turner's hesitations and constant use of human figures and architecture—human interests in general—as accessories to aid in turning into some definite form the impressions to which he was never able to give a definite, definite expression in the ideal forms of nature. Turner, in brief, makes the distinction between the more conventional lands of landscape painting of the present day, Church goes beyond it, and in a more powerful, strongly a center, more penetrating, still, and as a landscape painter, strictly speaking, he is distinctly and decidedly above and beyond Turner.

W. M. B.

LITERATURE.

The Statues in the Block, and Other Poems. By John Doyle. O'Malley Boston, Roberts Brothers. The writer of verses who presumes upon the success which his fugitive poems have met with to the extent of collecting them in a volume runs the risk of seeing the value of his poems less and less and his most admired conceits grow stale. For poets' fancies are necessarily cloyed in mass than in detail, as a butterfly on the wing is more beautiful than a basket of butterflies gathered and ready for the looking of the entomologist. Of the

making of poetry there is no end. Even Shelley would not deny his own little kite against the stars; but the most laudable need not fear that the sun or moon will be lashed out by these harmless playthings, when the law of gravitation is shown at work pulling them down to their proper levels, leaving those only aloft that are able to sustain themselves by native force alone, or, in other words, by the law of "the survival of the fittest." The author of the poems the somewhat awkward title of which holds this notice is one of those who have risked their home and college reputations upon the broad sea of popular opinion, where their work will have to stand solely upon its merits, with not even the customary four men and a net to ease them down if they fall, and where criticism will, in the main, be adverse. For your true critic is a merciless beast who likes to feed upon young and untried things, even though he deems some sterling merit in some rare poem, while stilling his capacious maw. And he generally makes short work of debauches like the one before us. This writer has evidently read all the poets, from Shakespeare down, and, being of a receptive nature, he has, *chameleon-like*, taken a tinge from each one as he passed. At this is a substantial strength, but it weakens without the lost who concludes that nothing good can come out of Sophomoricism. For instance, the leading poem of the book, "The Statues in the Block," contains a line thought, which the poet has fairly treated, though an artistic eye discloses the work, unskilful, and such it is at variance with the poem and perfect power of which the middle is, or ought to be, the symbol. The poem represents a group of artists in a Roman studio, standing before a block of marble in the rough, and the shadowing forth by each one of the possible statues contained in the block, and that only awaited the finishing touch of the skill of marble to manifest themselves. Every one—"Princess" posed for the first statue, though it is necessary to look more closely to recognize that his maiden, chaste as fair, in the anonymous ideal. The next also sees a form of bewitching beauty, but the beauty is only a mantle covering faceless cold marble, and his highest joy in looking at her.

"The statue of untried beauty."

The third sees the image of Amphitruon, chained, dying under yoked horses, while the fourth and last glimpses within the shapeless mass the form of his dead child, and, after regarding his rebellion against fate caused by her loss, and his gradual sinking back to reason and duty.

"When ready wood smouldered through the little grate."

Where in the green time was loosed sleeping?"

ends with the first lines of the poem.

—And I think

That when and gone from the distant shore

He drew me out with eyes that were not mine."

"Muley Malik, the King," is fairly spirited, but though in "From the Earth a Cry," and "Promises—oh, Promise!" our author is in his most animated mood, he is so phrasing as in "A Song for the Soldier," and "The Soldier's Song," and "The Soldier's Song," as one of the best things in the book. Among the same pieces, "The Wolf's Secret," and "The Oldies," are very pretty and sensible, and gauge the artist's powers better than his better flights. The poem "Laying" contains a grand touch in a very long line, and "The Soldier's Song" is a very fine piece, which the writer called upon upon himself, and lost upon his readings, he would be able to take a higher stand than he is ever likely to reach by his present methods.

St. Nicholas, which is known to all children, is for sale by the Hildreth Printing Company, as is also *the Little ones*, published in the Russell Printing Company, of Boston. This is for the younger ones, and some of the illustrations are masterly in their way. If you remember, however, that the pictures of the *St. Nicholas* were painted off upon the unassuming children of the last year and made to serve as pictures, which were supposed to assist their understanding, they would think their stars that the day of their advent was postponed.

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It is thus a French correspondent writes about the proposed new fast-covering, but I do not believe our American women will take kindly to the innovation, for if they are not all the possessors of pretty feet, they nearly all believe they are, which in the end re-

eight hours' work, and no more. I do not intend to indulge in somnolent platitudes about their sacrifice. The best usage of the great studios depicts a privacy of home, a loneliness and suggestion of living beings in unenviable parlous life, which any professional artist will have never approached.

Scarcely five hundred young men and women received instruction in any form or another at the school during the past year. What is to be the outcome of all this? What sort of an influence will this exert upon the community?

Not all of those who study art will become artists—perhaps not one in fifty out of the hundred, it may be there will be thousands will follow art in any form or another as a profession. The other four hundred and ninety will find other employment, but the increased capacity for the actual pleasure of life will be as reason. These five hundred young people also receive instruction, together with those who will come after them, will find powerful aid in moulding the public taste. In a few years they will be numbered by thousands, and they will distribute themselves throughout the community, each becoming the centre of a little aesthetic circle, the public shops into a hive, the streets radiating in every direction until the whole body is stirred.

Fault-finders there has been a great dearth of educational facilities for art, students in this country. There have been art schools, but the system of training was so defective that intelligent students soon found that the only road open to educational success was through foreign instruction. But such a state of things no longer exists. All the rudimentary instruction can be gained here as well as elsewhere, and from the studies in oil and water-color exhibited, there will be little fear on that score. It is the writer's hope within the next few months to give some personal attention to the educational methods of other countries, as well as to such matters connected with art as may prove acceptable to the readers of the *Spectator*. The impressions so received will be communicated from time to time, and it is his hope that a summer spent among the great collections abroad will enable him to give additional interest to the department under his charge.

W. R. H.

ART NOTES.

Minckley, having been unable to finish his large picture, "Christ before Pilate," in time for the Salon, is exhibiting it by itself in Paris.

Barbier, who took the part of Lord Byron in Field's late after death, is the Queen's favorite sculptor. But, however who executes the statue of Lord Byron, a favor conferred by competition, has become the most fashionable sculptor in London. He was employed for a considerable time at Chislehurst in completing the bust of the Prince of



perth under the direction of the ex-Emperor Eugénie, who, with the aid of portraits and photographic likenesses of the young Prince, has been successful in establishing his memory. The last was immediately conveyed to Windsor, where it occupies a conspicuous place among the best of the Queen's collection, as before in veneration by her Majesty.

A permanent exhibition of drawings and water-colors will be opened in Rousseau's old house in Barbizon. The building, which will be put in good order, will become a favorite place of resort for the many artists of the village of Millot.

A meeting of the Superior Council of the Fine Arts was held on the 21st of May, at the Ministry of Public Instruction, Paris, under the presidency of M. Jules Ferry. It was resolved that the "Prize of the Salon," founded five years ago, should enable the recipient to study one year in Italy and another year wherever he chooses—two years in all, instead of three years as heretofore, (until which were to be passed in a foreign land). Eight prizes of \$500 each were established for the best of a series of exhibitions at the Salon, the winner to spend in foreign travel for purposes of artistic instruction. It is said that M. George Bernard will receive the "Prize of Rome" this year.

A Florence letter to the *New York Times* says it is gratifying to note that Americans are now beginning to compete with the European amateurs for the possession of the old masters, as necessary in our country to create and establish the highest standards of art for the guidance and instruction of our growing schools. At the late Wilson sale in Paris Mr. J. W. Mackay bought, according to *The Art Journal*, "a 'Martyr' by Titian, for \$50,000." "The Red Rover" by Sienca, for \$10,000; "A Study," by Rembrandt, for \$10,000; and some other pictures, including a *Marquis* for \$12,000. Van der Velden's "Landscape with a Horse" is stated to have bought for the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. "The Fruit-trait," one of Turner's most elaborate and important compositions, has recently gone to America to be sold in private sale, after a fine showing at the Exposition and at the Salon, 1883, and, particularly, the specimen of Caspar Pöschel, one of his richest classical masterpieces.

Whatever may be said in favor of the past and its appreciation of art, the present time is comparatively the golden age of contemporary interest for artists of acknowledged reputation and popularity. Affairs, the English painter, has on his back the undiluted conviction the money value of which is over \$300,000.

Stanford R. Coffett's last important work, "Venice," which was bought in his studio a year ago by H. L. Moore, of the American Art Gallery, has been sold for \$3,000 to a collector of New York City.

Larkin J. Meade, the sculptor, has an Italian wife. A portrait bust of Lord has been lately completed at home by the sculptor, Mr. Ezekiel.

Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese Minister at Washington, is considered an amateur artist of excellent promise.

Chesmore, the sculptor, modelled in plaster the head of Madame Tiers, and will probably make a bust of her.

The oil painting of John Milton sold in London, the other day, for \$1,200 and more, once belonged to Charles Lamb, and was bought by his brother for a few shillings.

No less than sixtysix artists of American birth have prizes in the French Salon this year. Fifteen of them have two each, and some have more than that number.

The duty on paintings is ten per cent of value, that on decorated chinaware five per cent. The government has decided that plaques are paintings, and not decorated china.

How much art depends upon reputation was shown in a recent auction sale in Paris, where a picture by the peasant artist, Millet, sold for \$12,000, while the painter himself, not twenty-five years ago had great trouble in selling for \$200.

The main figure of Hesdon Le Page's "Journ of Art," which was one of the leading attractions in the last Paris Salon, and is now the most important picture in the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, will be reproduced in *Servant* for June in a full-page engraving by Cole.



The *Barbizon* sales. "Mr. Munkacsy's picture of Christ before Pilate" is about seven meters long and five and a half meters high, and occupies some twenty life-size figures. The picture is admirably composed and painted. It is indeed the most important work that the artist has yet produced, and

in boldness of touch and harmony of coloring it is masterly. From the point of view of some who theorize on religious art, M. Munkacsy's "Christ before Pilate" will be considered heretical because it is realistic. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the bold and realistic figures of Munkacsy and the glossy, lifeless prophets of Bismarckianism. For instance, M. Munkacsy has thrown routine aside, and has thrown much of his own personality into the representation of the famous scene which he has painted. There is very little research of archaeological detail. Christ has been brought before Pilate, the Roman Governor seems to be hesitating between his conscience, which absolves Christ, and state reasons, which require him to support his master's popularity by giving Christ over to the mob. Christ is dressed in a white robe. He is a human and intellectual Christ. Some of Pilate's counselors look upon him with sympathy, others scorn and him with the hatred of fanaticism. Behind the accused, kept back by a restriction, is the howling and wailing crowd of fanatics and heathens. In one corner, elevated on some steps, a woman with a child in her arms contemplates

Christ with pity and emotion. In the background a patch of verdant sky and landscape seen through an archway in a doorway, refreshes our eyes by our industrial professions. In the manner of art, we cannot hesitate to proclaim "Christ before Pilate" a masterpiece of its kind, and a painting of boldness and realism, which are characteristic of our epoch."

The South Kensington Museum seems to be a large copier of the *chouette civil* and *dis-sim-mu-er* work to be found in the museums and treasuries of churches of Russia, particularly in those of St. Petersburg and Moscow. A selection of two hundred and fifty objects has been made, including Greek plate found at Corinth.

Mr. S. A. Cuth has been purchasing a number of the paintings of the artist, and his collection is considered to be greatly improved in value. Since his departure with a number of the other art collector of the city he has been very quiet and keeps his purchases mostly to himself.



LITERATURE.

THE GREAT VIOLIN-MAKERS.

The Great Violinists and Violinists. By George T. Ferris. New York: H. Appleton & Co. For sale by the Hilditch Printing Company. In this book Mr. Ferris has made a valuable addition to his well-known and interesting series. Among the violinists and pianists whose lives are sketched in this little volume are Vitti, Ludovico Spohr, Nicolo Paganini, D. Beriot, and the Belli, Muzio Clementi, Moscheles, the Schumanns and Chopin, Thalberg and Gottschalk, and Franz Liszt. The merits of Mr. Ferris' books have been universally recognized, and here we wish to say something from his book about the great violin-makers. The ancestry of the violin, considering this as the type of stringed instruments played with a bow, goes back to its earliest antiquity, and innumerable passages might be quoted from the oriental and classical writers illustrating the important part taken by the fiddle of the modern violin in feast, festival, and religious ceremonial, in the very delights of battle and the most distressing expostions of peace. But it was not till the nineteenth century in Italy that the art of making instruments of the violin class began to reach toward that high perfection which it specially attained. The long list of honored names connected with the development of art in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries is a familiar catalogue, and among these the names of the great violin makers, beginning with the name of Stradivari, who first raised a rude craft to an art, are worthy of being mentioned. From Brescia came the masters, who established the Cremona school, a name not only immortal in the history of music, but full of vital significance, for it was not till the violin was perfected and a distinct school of violin-playing formed, that the creation of the symphony, the highest form of music, became possible. The violin-makers of Cremona came, as we have said, from Brescia, beginning with the Amatis. The Amatis, who established the violin-making art at Cremona, were exceedingly imprudent, each member of the house selling a marriage on his professional until the precious masterpieces of the Amati, Antonio Stradivari, and Joseph Guarneri, had advanced to beyond the rivalry of their contemporaries and successors. The pupils of the Amatis, Stradivari,

and beautiful than Queen Victoria's reign has known, and there is not the least doubt that this development of taste and beauty is the result of the persistent efforts of the aristocracy in the present sense. The social and moral law has been a constant protection of the true and the beautiful. The successful dress artists of this period are men and women who seek a perfect understanding of the celebrated past fashions, theories and works.

A woman in London Park, drawing upon the last fashion-room, declares: "The fashions that most nearly approached absolute perfection were those in which the designs of from fifty to two hundred years ago were reproduced with fidelity. Tails of rose-hunks on a cross-stitch or grenadine dress, a ruffled skirt that was fasten enough to our grandmothers, and aristocratic elegance. There has been a more calculated coloring of the pinked and creases, and a disposition to addness in the texture itself, rather than fastidious pinkness, but in no other sense has the literature of today been so much as a reality."

A dress designer told a petticoat of pale pink silk, with leather and train of dark willow-green brocade. This suit has more than a dash of crimson in it, and exactly resembles the shade on the darkest wall-papers of pink. The train was edged with a thin, curled cutting of velvet feathers of the same color. In front the dress was left blank from the petticoat by narrow ribbons of apple-blossoms. The contrast of colors was excellent.

One of the best combinations of color was in a frock and train of rich dark brocade silk of the shade of chocolate, worn over an under-suit petticoat. Bunched Marbled Red roses added their beauty to the arrangement, their tint being precisely that of the under petticoat.

Among the Frenchwomen, no especially beautiful one which resembled a girl in its changing color, like a shimmering sea. The ground appeared to be a cream color, and upon it flowers in the palest possible tints of greenish blue, pink, and crimson were raised in satin. This frock was fastened with a button and train of silk, was worn over a petticoat of pale blue satin and velvet. There is quite a revolution in the notion of English dress—there is, among the cultured classes, and English women, from being brought to seeking less made than any among civilized nations, are coming to the front as the best dressed, for most of the revolution of the time is certainly to be regretted that our own women of the upper class do not imitate the innovations of the time in which our English cousins of the same rank appear for exercise and the promenade. Imagine an Englishwoman, appearing in full Mail in a green and white petticoat skirted elegantly, whose skirt, covered between parted drapery of old gold and homestead in brocade glittering with gold and, tridolant fringe and pressed into with a hump. English has brought down with exuberance, Spanish lace and swirling plaques of gold sticking to every fold by clusters of pearls, old gold gloves, and carrying a superb, topped parasol of green satin lined with old gold and sparkling with innumerable ornaments. Yet I saw a dress of high degree, showing on Paris, which in such a costume the other day, and her photo blue watch, numerous handbags, and finishing the most solitary asked much to the peculiar value and a great deal to the happy effect of her toilet. Some restrictions of "moderation" in the old style, which French thoroughbred, model of the time, she was ruling after the hands with her famous necktie and hair, beautifully arranged on her face, and in the end, except the stick to guard from, on men or women would reckon such a fault among the things to be remedied.

The approaching race will doubtless be signified on the part of the ladies who are to begin to take notice, as there of many such in process of preparation. Miss Marie Hopkins returned Tuesday morning from Louisville where she has been attending the race. She remarks that her Miss Foy, of Louisville, who is already favorably known in social circles here. Miss H. J. Thompson gave an entertainment to her sister, Miss Strong, Friday evening. But there has been rather a full this week in the gardens of the city. Over

BITS OF PARIS WIT

In the regiment, gratification of these men and women, as called "theatre leaves."

In virtue of this principle, an important law is carried in his register. "Granted to Government. It is a theatre leave, to go and to his sick patients."

At Easter Mills, Jeanne can see the prize for persons to come.

Her old nurse said to her, "I have thought the night before."

"This child, just think of it, only six years old, and she got the prize for old times!"

A lady, who knows the French people, says, and he said, "I have not come to see a friend's very urgent message."

To make sure that it should arrive in time, she had the permission to write upon a post card, and make it so, by way of postscript, under these words:

"The message will see that this message, to say the least, will, therefore, please send it up within a moment's delay."

Emily had a son, a school boy nine years old, believes ready to receive his comrades all time. His mother says that is putting him into his hands. His pocket money is so small.

But, woman, one of the boys always asks me, "I am going to see you, and if you don't have to go, I am going to see you."

"But why of course?"

"Why, he says he's making a collection."

Thinning and honesty.

A well-known soldier is not irreproachable as a man. He has a chosen circle of men, although the number of his enemies is not great.

Some one asked him why so many.

"You see, I don't like," he says, "to have the box all full on me."

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ellen. In the case of the Meininger theatre, however, it is not single actors who make their friendly expatriation to other places, but the entire company, so that "the Meininger" have come to be spoken of collectively as a body of persons governed by a particular system and animated by a common purpose.

When the present Grand Duke of Saxony-Meiningen succeeded his father in 1865, he found a company of the Hof-Theater neither better nor more than other German troupes of the same importance. The condition of the German theatre, so he thought, was satisfactory. It appeared to him that the whole or two parts were entrusted to actors of talent, the rest were neglected; that the scenery was not often inappropriate, and that the costumes and accessories looked historical enough. If there was, yet to work to correct these defects in his own theatre. In every play produced there the same can was to be bestowed on the small parts as on the great ones. Self-interest on the part of no member of the company was not to be thought of. It is one of his own principles that there should be no "supers" in his theatre, only actors and actresses, any of whom must expect, if need be, to be called upon to take the smallest parts. When a piece has been selected for performance, the principal parts are first studied under his own direction, and often in his own presence, until he is satisfied, after which the different parts are separately put together and rehearsed over and over again, always with the scenery and all the persons, whether speaking or silent, who are to appear in them, so that complete harmony may be produced and all small as well as great, left to their respective parts. The perfect realisation of the picture. By this rapid conference and rehearsal on the part of the director is avoided. There is no need to understand that gestures may be as elegant as words, and that an actor must be taught to possess a distinct and definite individuality while taking part in a common action.

"Work," says the Duke, "is the secret of Meininger's success," and the credit is wholly his favor. Whereas the Meiningers perform what they mark behind them by simulating emotions to demand and managers attempt to induce in actors, in these really important matters which are too often regarded as necessities upon which neither time nor thought need to be expended.

It must not, however, be supposed that the abolition of the star system has rendered the performance of any great work impossible. If so, performance by the principal part on the stage would be a calamity which is inadequate. The average is remarkably high.

Again it is held in Saxony-Meiningen that the finest actors ought to exhibit not only the actors and domestic parts, but in this department, therefore, the utmost attention is paid to arrangements of detail and of local color. At the same time care is taken that the scenery should not in any way excite the senses, but form, so to speak, a firm and reliable background to them. Similar care is taken that the costumes and the furniture shall be of the exact period indicated in the play. In minor cases such details are omitted, as in Krüger's *Training*, or Kitchin von Hohenheim, where the knights appear in suits of armor that have been handed down from the middle ages.

The abolition of the *supers* has, no doubt, one drawback, and that a considerable one. The expenditure of the Hof-theatre so frequently that even the warmest admirers of the Meiningers admit that it is enormous—*three, four, five*—for instance, which ought to be played for six months, is really not an angle, and "William Tell" is fourteen. However, not even this defect, which German audiences, who like to get their play over with, must that particularly like, can be considered the serious of the Meiningers in their own country or in London.

The cost of this Theatre's recent *Wendy* might with the "Roman Students." They will, no doubt, prove

even a more popular attraction than the "Spanish Students," whose misdeeds were much the same, but not such a variety. I understand the *Wendy* fitted up by Manager Phillips is very tasteful and it will, we should be taking feature of the summer season.

Don Corbion Storie, a last of splendid vocal attainments, is to follow the "Roman Students" at the Foywick.

If the Human Society would put their secretary a salary and have him do the advertising for them, it would probably be about as economical as to allow him to give a large commission to other people to do the advertising. There is such a thing as stopping the tongue and striding at the signal.

The first grand steamboat excursion of the Legion of Honor takes place next Friday. Full particulars will be found in our all-rising columns. There are to be a series of these excursions, and this will, no doubt, be of a very enjoyable character. The large steamer *Charles E. Chouteau* is the best employed, and Capt. Theriault is to be the commander.

The Chouteau goes out this afternoon at four o'clock on the St. Peter's Church excursion. As the moon is at its full, a very delightful trip will be had, no doubt by those who go. The moon may be had at Fildes's.

It is to be deplored that so faithful and honest an observer as Mr. McDougall should have a system. If motives and whether it was purely voluntary or not, the fact remains that Mr. McDougall has long served the city in a most creditable manner. I do not believe that a tangible charge has ever been brought against him. There have been my number of epithets to him, as there will be to any man who holds that place, but I do not believe there is a man on top of the ground who can do the good intention and personal honesty of this good old veteran. There is a heart of goodness in his letter of resignation that makes me go home to a great many people of this city, whose lives and property have so often been saved by his watchfulness and sagacity. A great responsibility has been on his shoulders, and he has probably borne it as patients and certainly as long as any man will ever hold that place. For many years has he sat in that little room the solemn and unassuming heart of the place. As a man and as a man of iron who strains and leaves his work, and as a man and as a man as a child when gentleness and mercy were needed; a real man, always, educated, and of refined feelings and tastes, whose intrigues and pretensions, his face also to determine the way of duty, an officer whose name was always before us—*he was such a man as we do not see every day*. His life has been a faithful one, and the impulses of it he has never let himself be long. To him more than anybody else do we owe the splendid character of a police force, so that what they will, be not touched in America. It was his hand that carried out those striking characteristics that distinguish his. Louis Johnson from those of every other city in the Union, and which show their grandeur standing. His old man has done his work well, and he ought to have a reward such as the hand from every man and woman in St. Louis. He does not ask for it, but he is a soldier who has fought many battles and who has always followed his duty to the end.

Capt. Bennett, who takes the place just vacated by Mr. McDougall, is a young man of excellent standing. He has the confidence of the Commissioners, and they ought to know what they are doing.

I saw at Craig's book store, this week, two volumes of the French system, intended to be worn with any costume they may see fit to adopt, and which are in modern Spanish lace, the wired edge outlined with pearls, the other in the same materials, but black, edged with steel. They were exceedingly elegant.

Shakespeare's "Macbeths" are here at the "Olympic" week again, but do not seem to have met with much favor in St. Louis, whether by word or after leaving here. The *Macbeths* are of them.

The "Macbeths" were most wisely brought out all the evening long, but the wife-comic actress from the street (the Castellan's kindred) would not be induced to do it and they had completed their allotted programme, which was not. It makes one feel a little bit generally to see a woman laugh, but perhaps, after all, it is not well that it should be an absolute custom.

The Chouteau Literary Circle of St. Louis met Tuesday evening at the City Warehouse, where the greatest Mrs. Kate Kane there was a good attendance, and the meeting was a most delightful one. Miss Pashley presided, Mr. Applegate not being present, and the exercises were of a somewhat interesting character, though none the less interesting. A paper on *Wendy* to Chouteau, read by Miss Knorr, was excellent, and there were several good readings. At the next meeting officers will be elected for the year, and there will be a report of the management of the fall. Miss Bond particularly distinguished herself as the hostess of the evening.

The Jammed Grocery has been so much spoken of in the papers, and there has been such an unusual relation of family difficulties, that the case is one that all have a right to choose and to form an opinion about. So far as I have seen, the history of this city will develop an exhibition of domestic industry, and we cannot help believing that Mr. Jammed should have continued to enjoy the offerings of his wife, and that he should have been a little rather than provoke such a social emptiness. Nothing else so dark a shadow over this case as the partial revelation of the family affairs, and it is to be regretted that any section of them should ever get into the columns of the newspaper. Mr. Brington's wife, Mr. Jammed has not only failed the company with a most disagreeable scandal, but he has pulled the pillars of his own family down upon himself. As the case is a private one, the divorce will go to Mr. Jammed, and not to the divorce. She is the injured one, and not. Not only will the law be just enough to allow for a girl, but the community will excuse her case, as it always does that of an injured and abused woman.

I understand the Jammeds are all still living in the same house, but the divorce separates them to himself, taking his money from Mr. Jammed's.

On Wednesday of this week Mr. Joseph L. Litchford, late of the Lincoln Hotel, completed the purchase of the Lincoln Hotel, and will take possession July 1st. The price paid is \$200,000, the sum of \$80,000 being paid in cash and the balance in notes, secured by a mortgage on the hotel. The hotel is owned by Mr. Litchford, J. S. Newson, and George H. Peckham, who make the sale, have been in possession of the hotel only about one year, and is not great because of a lack of business of the property, but mainly because of the delinquency of Mr. Litchford's. He holds the active management of the hotel, and the responsibility and labor had to tax him too severely. He and his associates paid \$175,000 for the property—that is, for the furniture and the fixtures and the building, the same that they now sell. They paid \$125,000 for the higher part of the building alone. The original cost of the same was \$80,000, so that they got it at a great reduction. Mr. Joseph Litchford gets some property and the furniture of the entire hotel, with leave on the eastern of Mr. Peckham, for \$200,000, and his investment is certainly a good one.

Mr. Sherry, formerly of the Painters', will probably be associated with Mr. Griswold in the management of the Lincoln, and he will probably have a proprietary interest in the property. He is a very young man, and he understands the hotel business. He left the Lincoln because of a lack of harmony between him and Mr. Schuler. I have no doubt he will make a success of the Lincoln.

dressers, who are acknowledged to appreciate a free show. On Wednesday the field, the track, and the grand stand were a sight worth seeing, and beauty, headliness, and fashion turned out in force. There were some outside customers worn by well-known actresses, but, although a large proportion of the young ladies appeared in white gowns, and some few married ladies, with regard to the fitness of the costume, were the simple black silk costume, longhanded, a touch of becoming color, which are the accepted dress of the Baltimore and New York classes who frequent the races.

Among the better persons on Wednesday, and who have been daily attendants, were Miss Russell, Miss H. Sturges, Sturges, Wickham, Scott, Truitt, Hopkins, Carr, Powell, McDowell, Brent, Bent, Thayer, and Miss Floyd of London, and many other popular society.

Miss Smith, of New York, the guest of Mrs. Huntington Smith, was conspicuous for her appropriately elegant appearance and attractive face and manner. She is a brunette, with an arch beauty far more fascinating than any merely regular and statuesque face can be. It is in some of the eyes that she is the most beautiful. She was so dignified and so beautiful that she drew the attention from her winning personality, except a little disconcerting jet capote, brightened by a cluster of scarlet polka-dot leaves clinging to the left side, which so perfectly accords with her flashing smile and brilliant brunette complexion that, having first seen her in evening dress, she off to the beach, there it will remain part of the picture in memory. I retain no impression of her dress, except its suitability. The lady was continually surrounded by gentlemen, men of culture and knowledge of the world, whose homage was a compliment, and her bright smile and brilliant eyes were in constant demand upon eyes and ears that knew her not, except as one recognizes a gem by its radiance.

The number of broad-brimmed hats trimmed with Spanish lace and drapings plumes was noticeable, and to a great degree interfered with the view of the race-track, and the wonderful quiet of many gentlemen was a "Why do the girls lift up their hats to the sun?" the shelter of the roof. "To-day they," seemed a very natural answer. Truly, they were pretty, and often gorgeous, for there are few things more showy than the fashionable parade of this season.

The most delicate white was certainly that of Miss Hazeltine, a delicate of bouge green with delicate lace in combination with panels and such of thin shading from a tawny line through the shades of gold to deep cream, relieved at wrists and throat by deep tawny cuffs and collar of delicate lace. The broad-brimmed hat of old gold clip was covered by black plumes of growth known fading to palest cream, and ran long trailing feather that under the left side that swept gracefully to her shoulder. Miss Vail, who sat near her, wore an exquisite lace and muslin robe all white, and had plumes purely white, in lovely contrast to Miss Hazeltine's more pronounced costume. Miss Bonington, the last of these ladies, wore a robe of pale-tinged lace muslin, and a hat wherein black and white blended beautifully. There were many dresses of old-fashioned peach-bloom pink, and on only women entire and of this revived color, that have been long and long in fashion to the flower beds and the fields. The young girl appeared in a very rich dress, whose skirt was all red, and the skirt and white. The skirt, split short, was of white and black striped with scarlet, and the blouse jacket was entirely scarlet, hanging loosely over the hips, from which fell a broad-knotted scarf of scarlet ribbon. Very deep broad collar and cuffs of white lace and lace, and of broad-brimmed white hat that about with a scarf of Spanish lace, completed the outfit. The dress was more noticeable than pretty, and applauded for its splendidly bold effect by being very short like a model's frock, although without that excluded the wearer would be taken for elegant at least. Many well-known married ladies, who were all the while, swelled the number of spectators every day, and it was noticeable that their dress was more in conformity with the occasion than that of the unmarried belles.

Mrs. Bradford Allen, Mrs. Patterson, the beautiful Mrs. Lucas, Miss C. J. Tilley, Mrs. Judge Langdon, Mrs. Chester Knott, Mrs. W. K. Ware, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Hartman, and others were present on Wednesday, and, with the exception of the race, and the raising of money, presented many beautiful faces and much of good nature.

The fully-soon courted by Mr. Lewis Clark, of Louisville, attracted a good deal more attention than his habit of local magnificence. Mr. Clark, an American, then, then turned toward the assembly of the judges, and, as he walked I noticed his increase of stature, even among the package, at the appearance of the horse-breeders, and few people showing any recognition of his presence.

Wednesday, which has been so often mentioned by the marriage of fashionable couples this season, was not left without any recognition this week. The bride, Miss Mildred Foster, daughter of Judge Samuel T. Foster, and one of the most cultured and refined young ladies this country. She possesses, too, a kind of beauty not often exceeded. Of the pure loveliness type, without artificiality of any kind, she stood in her bridal robes the very embodiment of modesty, purity and delicate loveliness. Mr. Foster, a young attorney, was the fortunate winner of this pearl of her social set, and the marriage took place at the residence of Judge Glover, at three o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

The bride's dress was a rich Sarah satin of very rich, elaborately embroidered with Spanish lace, and full of rich lace was fastened with clusters of natural shell buttons. There were no bridesmaids. The reception lasted from four to six o'clock, and was attended by about one hundred and fifty persons, including a number of prominent lawyers and society people. The honeymooned couple go on a bridal tour, taking the golden West, but returning will reside here, where Mr. Fay has a lucrative position as attorney to the Washoe Railroad.

Last Monday evening Miss Lucy Russell gave the last of a series of very delightful receptions, which have been attended by the best and best of society, and declared an excellent evening. Miss Russell is noted for her good, graceful manners and good nature.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Brent received her friends for the last time this season with ceremony, her Thursday evening entertainments having been a feature of the spring, at which Miss Telle Brand, Miss Beaton, and Miss McNeill have assisted with such gifts of playing as to secure for them the sobriquet of "the three graces." Among the guests were Miss Hazeltine, Miss Schuyler, Miss Alma Brockington, Miss Bent, Miss Lockwood, Miss Vail, Miss Farish, Miss Thayer, Miss Lucy Bent, Mrs. A. J. Ely, and others, and Messrs. Lorraine, Parry, Lathrop, Dunn of Washington, Johnson, Smith, Walsh, Hammer, Vanarsdale, Freeman, Brown, Dunbar, Hazeltine, Norton, Bick, Hamilton, etc.

Miss Borg gives her last reception Saturday evening at her home on Linden Place, and soon after goes to visit her uncle, Mr. John M. Harnes, at his country seat of Harnes Villa.

The wedding ceremonies of Miss Childers' school occurred Friday night at Pitkin's Theatre, and were one of the most prominent events of the week. The theatre was replete with the beauty and youth of the city, and a large number of distinguished and cultivated citizens were present. Miss Childers' school is well known, and is in fact a school whose aim is to fit pupils for the highest positions in social life has met with unusual success. The entire hour at which the *Spectator* goes to press precludes a list of the names of the well-dressed individual members of the young ladies who cheered their school careers as this auspicious occasion, many of whom are well known and distinguished of the social world in season. They.

The publication of Kant's correspondence is proposed by two German philosophical scholars. They have already collected six hundred letters to Kant, but require a few more. In an address, letter from Kant, written in English, in possession of the writer of this paragraph, would perhaps interest these gentlemen.

WHERE NEW YORK AND EASTERN ARTISTS WILL PASS THE SUMMER

W. T. Sewell has been shortly for summer at search of picturesque magazine material.

F. A. Silva has been for some time settled for the summer in his Long Branch studio.

Benjamin F. Porter and George C. Munz, the Boston artists, have gone abroad for the summer.

Frederick Schellenger, Jr., has left on a trip to the Ipper Box, Lakeview.

F. T. Vague's address for the summer is Geneva, Livingston County, New York.

James B. Swope, of Philadelphia, will make his summer studies at Newport.

Alfred Brown, the Boston landscape painter, is settled for the summer at his favorite Newbury, Mass.

Prosper M. Sarrail, of Philadelphia, will soon occupy his summer studio at Mount Desert.

George S. Watson, the young Boston marine painter, will use his studio for a studio during a summer cruise in and about Penobscot Bay.

R. W. Van Hooker will first go to New Jersey, and afterwards to Mount Desert. He has recently finished on a canvas of good size a scene on a New Jersey creek.

W. T. Dunnet will pass the summer making studies in the Adirondacks.

George Fuller, who is hard at work in his Boston studio finishing a number of portraits, will probably make his summer at Deerfield, Mass.

Ernest Sand and Herbert McCard have settled for the summer at Mount Desert.

R. F. Woodcock and B. N. Mitchell leave New York in a few days for Westchester, Long Island.

The former goes from there to Lake George, and the latter to Sparta, N. Y.

F. S. Church will spend the summer chiefly in New York studying the figure.

H. Bruce Crane goes from Red Bank, New Jersey, to Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island.

E. A. Wall will probably return from England to the country next month.

W. Whitehead and Jervis McNeill will start on a sketching trip near New Jersey to the Delaware River, and at the latter toward Milford, Pa.

William M. Chase, James Carroll Beckwith, H. F. Dunham, H. M. Lawrence, Robert Allen, and A. V. Anderson will go to Antwerp, and Nelson C. Bradford for Liverpool, on Saturday last.

Arthur Quirker, who goes to Long Branch this summer, will also build up a studio and finish pictures on the spot.

Mr. Wm. Hays remains in New York until the first of July.

Mr. May has gone to New Bedford for the summer season.

Mr. J. F. Bristol will soon leave New York for oil and sketching on the Hudson, and intends going to Herkimer County later in the season.

Mr. Henry Labouchere, of the London *Times*, talks in the summer months about joining McNeill.

Mr. McNeill is now playing *Pygmalion* at Henry Lane Theatre. He is what is termed a refined actor, he has an excellent voice, and his elocution is perfect. He gathers that he is a superb pianist. He has a new and subtle play, and is free from all mannerism. His mode of presenting the character is destitute of trickery and showiness. Given a Roman, called upon to do what *Pygmalion* does, he is most probably greatly resemble Mr. McNeill. In his mode of doing it, and in the way I go to the Roman character on the stage, I am to some extent, in greatly pleased me. * * * The audience was a large one on the night that I was at the theatre, and Mr. McNeill's performance was long enough in England to become as popular here as he is in America.

The Luxemburg, which passed once of Jasper, Maine's drawings, has received his *Adonis travay* by four, in the *Temple de Henri IV.* The originals of which are in the Louvre Museum.

next season occupy the Germania Theatre on East Fourth-street.

A few cottagers have already emigrated to Long Branch, and among them Miss Mary Anderson and Miss Maggie Mitchell, but this spell of cold rainy weather makes them wish they had not. They find it too cold to venture out, and are compelled to content themselves with strolling into the Auditorium, so that all the other watering-places in the vicinity of New York. At Long Beach, Rockaway, Far Rockaway, Coney Island, and other Island, large crowds gathered on Sunday last, but before reaching their homes in the city were drenched through and through by an unrelenting and chilling rain. A few more days of such weather will greatly ruin the social propensities of their hoped-for honeymoons. For a full force of a year from hence it will have, and those have to be had and paid for besides provisions in no mean quantity, have to be had in to meet a rain should it come. It is a terrible calamity and a dangerous one, with a sun-surface of this weather, will bankrupt every a cottage who has not the necessary backing. The time already mentioned seemed to have reached, at Coney Island alone, in the two past days, \$100,000. On these occasions the waters have far outnumbered the guests. Count G. Smith, the Indian Consul at Philadelphia, and Count Lape-Wassendorf, the Austrian Charge d'Affaires, will go on the summer at Newport, where the season promises to surpass all of its predecessors. Ex-Infant and Mrs. Van Zandt, who own considerable property there, have just sold some lots containing about 47,221 square feet at a price per foot of twenty-five cents. The land, which is bounded northwesterly by the Atlantic Ocean, and southeasterly by Kay Street, was purchased by Mr. John Whipple of this city. He is a son-in-law of ex-Gov. Thomas Swann of Maryland. Mrs. Julia Rosevelt, a sister of Mrs. Col. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, are also made a purchase of a building at this fashionable watering-place.

Many of the newly erected cottages at Long Beach are in the Queen Anne style, and have from nine to sixteen rooms, exclusive of servants' quarters. These run from \$2,000 to \$10,500, and some of them have been taken by the New York and Kentucky clubs. To mention no Long Branch, one of the most excellent spots in that watering-place is situated on Park Avenue, and is called the "Actors' Colony." There almost in a cluster are the cottages of J. W. Wallack, Mrs. F. W. Adams, Arthur I. Sewall, Mrs. W. B. Floyd, Thomas Lincoln, H. T. Pabst, Maggie Mitchell's home, Edwin Booth, and George Wallack, while here on Cedar Avenue are those of Miss Mary Anderson, J. W. Albright, Frank S. Chaffin, William Bender, and John Russell Young.

Mr. Ernest Hubbard Tamm, the eldest son of the founder of the Human Line, who is now one of the principal managers at Liverpool, has just been elected a member of the Royal Society. He is the only son of the youngest man who ever bore this distinguished title.

LEWIS.

It is interesting to notice where the magazine writers come from. The July *Norfolk* will contain contributions from John Estlin Oakes, Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"), Sidney Lanier, T. A. Mason, William Marlette, Mr. Constantine Cary Harrison, George W. Lewis, W. D. Howells, Harriet McGowan Kimball, Sarah D. Clark, George P. Fisher, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Charles Barnard, Maurice F. Egan, Albert Stickney, Mary Crosby Roper, Eugene Schuyler, S. B. Parsons, Jr., D. L. Prindle, H. W. Elliott. Of these, the first seven are Southerners, the next six New Englanders, the next five New Yorkers. In the essays of the reviewers were given, there would be accessions to the last two classes. There was, of course, no consideration of fiction in making up the number, but a robust increase of acceptable work from Southern writers is said to be reasonable. Mr. Elliott was from Ohio, we believe, and happened to be the only representative of the West in a section which is continually doing good literature work in many fields.

Alme Miller's statue of George Sand will be inaugurated at Nohant in August.

"AMOR."

My life with you is a dream, my love,
As during the carnival was your
The world's true love is a dream, my love,
Begin to hide themselves beneath the soil
And with them both below earth's cooling breast,
Billows of slum throw off from the sea.
Since this the light and best this world is best
Blaze through and through the darkness gone,
And man is now discovering every day
New eyes for the sunlight of the past
Which ignorance so surely hid away
Wonders in the past, in the future past,
Till, increasing deep in contemplation mine
With eager, hard, persistent toil
He finds these treasures which his world shall share
In diamonds, gold, and rubies shining all,
And now there's not a doubter that knows
To recognize a star to mark it,
We seek it in a thousand different ways
In which the light and heat can be combined

In this connection are most likely mentioned
A very simple, valuable poem in
A very beautiful one for the summer reading
Which does its work without the slightest smiling
At a moderate cost a great deal of time
To make an adjustment in common sense
Living far from common sense
It may be far from common sense than this,

Having no ash, and, or even smoke,
Over which the most perfect can make,
He claims, for pleasure on the most and best,
That, here has given itself the work of delight.

He still claims, with ordinary care
This cooking can be easily done
All other work is over, and all over,
To all respects, good and better, better as well,
And when the table turns the place is low,
For all these reasons they will promptly go
And see the thing, if an other day
Lay down the rack and bear a spare away.

The customers' appetite is all open clear
Between the things which they expect to share
They give one look in his agonized face
And buy a glass before they leave the place
So, each time they leave his friends
The constant flow of customers never ends,
And I cannot, simple less, more, more,
With honest pride that he can show credit
All the summer in a row. Now is time
No matter what their merit or their crime

All these things will be all in glass
The best of French champagne is large, more,
To show, a new of good wine and more,
He gives one look and from a with out care
He takes the look, he is a man,
He would rather he might see President
The store where these ungodly men are seen
In Washington Avenue, Ten hundred others

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The Spectator.

Vol. 1. No. 52.]

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

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The Spectator.

St. Louis, SEPTEMBER 17, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.



Mr. Troubadour Ambledge was a fauor. He waved his light voice for a light salary in the chorus of an unsavory open company that under the Summer sun and the opera air of the West End no lad was to a sometimes quite harassing degree. His soul was as full of art as his throat was of music. He doled upon the beautiful wherever he came in contact with it, and frequently, when he heard of beauty long absent in human likeness, any man then, he went out of his way to find it. It was in this manner he became acquainted with Miss Silena Justatyne. She was the belle of an upper upper circle, a glowing, bewitching maiden, with sun-kissed hair, and the sweetest smiles that ever played in Polar-blight style over the ruffs and moldings of an expensive toilet. Indeed, an entire forest of glowing good nature shone upon the horizon of her life, and a single glance of her eye was worth more to a man in love than the advent of a springtime car to a traveller perishing in thirst on dry and burning desert. When Mr. Ambledge saw Miss Justatyne, that pink of beauty and perfection of behavior arising a from Iowa, where the inseparable ten was nightly winging its course at salaries of ten dollars a week, their eyes met, and their voices at once intertwined. Like Tezel, the daughter of Montezuma, who fanned in the yellow-haired warrior, Alvarado, the lover she had dreamt of long before the price of the fair girl's vessel touched the shores of Mexico, the super-starched maiden of an story saw in the chorus singer the affluence for which she had long looked and sighed. Mr. Ambledge, too, at once became aware that in Miss Justatyne he had met his fate. They smiled, and smiled, and smiled, and encouraged each other across the footlights. The chorus singer forgot all the other maiden beauty that flourished under the foliage, and there were crossed and tripped hearts lying in the chosen arena, while Ambledge and Miss Justatyne exchanged their addresses, but Ambledge did not mind it. He had learned that Miss Justatyne was the queen of her circle, and he determined to show her civility with his. Now, Ambledge was not wealthy, neither was he rich in personifying features. His teeth were crooked, his mouth was big, his forehead small, his eyes supercilious, his hair of a rusty yellow, his nose a wide, his shirt collar, and

usually required to do long service without washing, while his general appearance was not extravagantly pleasant, and certainly not overwhelming in that grace and ease for which pretty girls have, at all times, a fondness. Therefore, it was surprising that Miss Silena Justatyne lay in love with the chorus-singer. But she did so, and it seems, fell so deeply into admiration of himself and his voice, that she could not have done better had she made the start, in falling, from the top of a seven-story house. When love is once kindled in the glow of a pair of admiring eyes, look out for a configuration in the neighborhood of the perpendicular. Night after night, as the moon washed the tree tops with waves of silver, and the leaves rustled their whispers to each other, and the leaves rustled their whispers to each other, Miss Silena Justatyne sat at the front row, rather pining with the elation of aesthetic maidens in "Patience" in shining to her own ideal *Beatrice*.

"Turn on, then in this direction,
Shed a shed a gentle smile,
With a glance of soft perfection
My poor fainting heart beguile!
Oh, such radiant smiles elsewhere
I've found others give,
In innocently pure
In their all consuming fire."

By following *Beatrice* through the mazes of the "Max-cotto" glibly song, while she had a *Pippo* of her own mind all the time. Ambledge noticed this growing affection, and sang all the longer, and all the better, to the great enjoyment of the performers. At last Miss Silena Justatyne left him a token of her love. A soft, white rose, which she kissed and placed in her bosom as she departed one evening. Ambledge, elated the stage at a hand, secured the charming flower, pressed it to his lips and over his collar, and then, after such he carefully stowed it away in a pocket-book with his watch and hand-kerchiefs. The following day Miss Silena Justatyne was trying with a certain reluctance in the bay-window of her paternal residence on Pine-tree Avenue, when the postman handed her a letter in a yellow envelope. It was from Ambledge. She looked at it, then with a faint smile, and then, with a gentle up to an envelope, where she noticed a charming little note on pink manuscript paper with heavy gold edges, and placed it in one of the artist's and most ornate envelopes you ever saw. Ambledge read that note that very night to a group of wide-eyed and open-mouthed chorus-singers. It invited him to call on Miss Justatyne the next day. The call was made. Miss Silena Justatyne received Ambledge at the front door, and led him to the magnificent parlor as graciously as if he were a prince.

"My *Pippo*!" she cried, as she found her name around his neck, and almost knocked over the piano stool.

"My *Beatrice*!" sighed the fauor, as he pressed her to his glowing bosom.

After the first agony of meeting they sat down and told the stories of their love. Cruel fate had dealt hardly with both. One was already engaged to be married; the other would not seem to have a ghost of a show if monogamy if woe were to be his lot in this world. Miss Justatyne was betrothed to Mr. Praymore, a young man who had hoped coming into a fortune some day or other, and through some of the means of his fortune. Mr. Ambledge was much obliged, still she said she could scrape up enough to buy him a set of clothes and a box of soap-powder, and then they might sit together as far as East St. Louis anyhow. Miss Justatyne was to become a wandering minstrel's wife. She took the words of the usual engagement ring Mr. Praymore had given her, from her finger, and put on a 22 karat diamond ring that

the chorus-singer gave her. What simple, pure, and mouthful love!

But the course of true love is as rough as the rocky roads to Uddin. Not content with washing under his mistress's window every night waiting his breath in smothering Sullivan's music to please, while *Beatrice* opened the shutters of the third-story window and softly sang:

"But I am by thy side here,"
to which *Pippo* no differently responded,
"And I am here by thy side."

After which there was a mixture of "gobble, gobble, gobble," and "ha-ha-ha-ha." Not content with the innocent and artistic way of smothering himself with his kept people-made-for blocks around, Ambledge very in discreetly boasted of his success, and exhibited Miss Silena Justatyne's notes and photographs to indiscriminate onlookers. One day he met Mr. Praymore and a prize-fighting brother of Miss Justatyne in the street. This brother had done a great deal of service in the 24th ring, and required but slight provocation to disturb the stars in a nose in having as that which decorated the middle of Mr. Ambledge's face. His first use of which punches these young men finally invigilant Ambledge into a deep and dark cellar, where they proceeded to smash him up with fists and feet so that he might not be able to identify himself again. After materially spoiling his appearance, they made themselves presents of the photographs and letters which they found in his possession, gave him a few parting courtesies, and then went away to prepare an official statement of their side of the case. Ambledge now had no more life for the Justatyne mansion, or the Justatyne beauty, so he made up his mind to heal his heart and his bruises with a spirituous bath. For this purpose he went into court. Miss Silena had selected herself away to the Rosebud Sulphur Springs, and was not aware of the fate her self and her chorus singer were achieving at home. Ambledge hired two lawyers to plead his case, and then there was a great uproar all over the country. The papers basel themselves about the matter very much, and magnanimously published all the details that they could get hold of. Quite natural it was that when Miss Silena Justatyne arrived at the Rosebud Sulphur Springs, the fashionable and celebrated bachelors there, should be so jealous of her triumph over a chorus singer, that they were passing of their attractions and getting in their remarks. Some of the same chorus ones had had foot for good a season or two before over Miss Silena Justatyne's capture of a \$10,000, non-ex-Preidential candidate. That a woman should jump all the way from a Presidential candidate to a chorus-singer, was unusual and interesting. So much so, that the gossiping notes at Rosebud Sulphur Springs came back for Miss Silena Justatyne, and they hastened back to the more congenial atmosphere of her home on Pine-tree Avenue. In the meantime, her prize-fighting brother and Mr. Praymore, had, with the same courage that impelled them to destroy Mr. Ambledge into a cellar, and he had, and drew a stalling gun on him, follow down on their knees before Miss Silena Justatyne and asked her to plead their case. She consented, and by a swift postal courier sent Ambledge a message, commended by the following words, "Pippo" and "Amm."

He stopped sinking a five-cent cigar and rushed out to the Justatyne mansion like a fire engine pursued by an insurance man. His lawyer seized his coat and followed, the two arriving three out of breath the one bent on money, the other calling for the first voice of love.

"Oh, Pippo!"
"Oh, Beatrice!"

\$25
RA
A

This was the salutation that fell from the two lovers as their eyes melted into each other.

"Pippa, you have such my prize-fighting brother and my intangible liver for \$10,000. They are short of cash just now and can't conveniently pay. Please cut down the amount somewhat dear Pippa. For the sake of this amiablet (salute him the ring) I beg of you to do so," said she.

"I will reduce," said he.

"How much?" asked she.

"All I want is enough to buy a watch, a new wall, pay my board-bill, and get to my mother. I think I will take \$500," said he.

"To that all," said she.

"Not all, quite. The two lawyers I have hired cannot be satisfied with less than \$500. We have three—the two lawyers and myself—want \$200 a piece. Thus you see I cut the \$10,000 down to \$200," said he.

"Oh, Pippa, you are too good to reduce so liberally," said she.

Thus the interview ended and as Ambrose walked down the steps Miss Alice lay down at her piano and sang.

A brother needed young man
A greedy goose, making him
As steady going, much too weary
Wander the last young man

As she rose from the piano she continued to hum the sarcastic melody, and going up to her brother, even while Ambrose's heavy heels were clanking on the adjacent pavement, she sat in contemplation of the one hundredth offer of marriage which she had just escaped. This is a true story.



As frequently the sea-side man avails
The steaming silence with a loud! loud hail,
Whose cheering voice and the ship's lucky sails,
While drifting, a vapoury haze their veins
And vapoury halos stream in broken
The tale of manhood back to sweetly tell

er, as the racing of a thought disturbed,
When in the thought made it something new,
By some rash racer who red by, stretched
Trembles and blood drive every vein
And with an utter, wild and wild, to break
Unseen the sense with safe from their true
hence, O' that! Dark, late evening, while
Of all the poetry of song and
You don't let music leave the ashore
From looking it through the pianoforte
To face unadorned face whose children tell him,
Your quivering quill implies the subsequent

Queen Victoria, an excellent likeness of whom is given above, is the second son of the late Sir William Wilde, a Dublin physician. He was surgeon-general to Queen Victoria, and was knighted by her for his services in preventing the death of the Duke of Argyll and for the great victory he showed in his profession. A book called "Travels in the Holy Land" was compiled by him, and his wife became somewhat famous as a poetess, writing under the pseudonym of "Suzanna." Sir William Wilde was somewhat of a generalist, and now lives in an illegitimate son in Dublin who is a physician. Oscar, the poet and leader of the London school of aesthetics, is only about twenty years

young, and is a graduate of Oxford. From an article devoted to him in the last number of the New York Herald I take this peculiar extract.

It has often been asked whether Oscar Wilde is a humorist or not. If he does not believe in the reality of the sword of which he is the apostle, it is very likely that he must be a humorist. In his other hand, people of healthy mind and bodies can scarcely understand a serious, strapping young man so loosely laughing upon a bench, leaning his head on his hand, and in the contemplation of a trim-trim toilet. That a great deal of meaning is talked in the poet's leisurely question, but that he is not, without their place and position in the meaning. The great London Exhibition was due to a movement of the English people, the artistic basis of the English people, and the South Kensington Museum is the inevitable offspring of that movement. The people were taught to appreciate the beauties of the intellect and to select what was good from each era. But the waltzes went further than that. They refused to see good in anything unless it was of the same time only. Early Saxon dresses were their delight, a costume by Worth their abomination. They dressed in late dress and manners, the natural philosophy taught by Oliver Cotton and confirmed in different ways by Schopenhauer and other writers. They had all kinds of aspirations, which they were made to formulate in their minds, much less to express in words.

Their artistic writings are of the nature of their "old gods" and "old gods." They wished to find beauty in the abstract, as some great geniuses have done before, and failing to find it, they have chosen what to them was the nearest concrete thing and taken to the worship of it and things. Whether a young girl dressed herself all a great deal more like her brother, or the place where the Venus de Medici would place hers, is a matter of little import, but that she should do so is a curious source of amusement to those who, in the eyes of the world at least, better dress. Poverty of language may be coupled with poverty of intellect, and the cause of the existence of the world. Few people can express in words all they think and feel, and the rest of even trained writers and workers on art life have committed them. When altogether untrained boys and girls attempt to express their half-formed ideas about what they do not understand, it is quite not too, but that they should not be allowed. So far as the present phraseology is which he fulfills. It is understood that it is a picture that is "quite not too," but that it is precisely the place to point out its perfection and faults in plain English. The artistic Wilde has been a more and stronger than has been expressed in the greater part of his English verse is beyond permanent, but his followers are most to be in the abstract position of persons writing at what they can never attain. Exhibition as an artless collecting postage stamps, autographs, or things, and a mother's mission will be as difficult to find in a few years what was a daily or a memorial. As for the bird, Oscar Wilde, there will offer his flowing locks and look the difference of his transverse view, and he will write of his search for "The beautiful" just as Lewis Carroll has written of "The Hunting of the Snark." But it must not be imagined that Wilde is a cold brain young man. He is plump and sleek. He loves beefsteaks and port, and wine and confounders. He is a little in the manner of a man of mind and when Gilbert wrote of the "Duchess's Father, Grosvenor Father, one foot in the air, and the other foot in the ground" sort of person before his mental vision.

Respectfully referred to the various youngsters who have attended the circus this week.

Little Johnny, want to rise
The circus and the day, Pippa,
Johnny tried the flip, say too,
How to wear their things, boys,
While they dressed the things as well
to the air or anywhere,
Johnny caught a new habit, too,
Turned clear on the golden stars

The Post-Register is to have a new office. It is to be in a building, to be completed on the foundations of the old one just opposite the Grand Opera House on Market Street, and just west of the new building being erected by Mr. Thomas Allen. When the removal is made a *Register* like perfecting press is to be put in, thus giving this paper a new complete establishment. The Post-Register has already money very rapidly during the last eighteen months.

Mr. Cloughing's paper, the *Harvard*, contains a very certainly been a most elaborate effort in the way of its editorial journalism, excellent, but all odds, anything in that line, outside of New York City.



The "Heralds" are to commence regular trips from Grand Avenue to Fourth Street next Wednesday. They are most comfortable and convenient vehicles, and, as they are to make quick time, will, doubtless, be regularly patronized. It was the desire of the company to have them commence running in July, but they have been held by many unexpected delays. The horses to be used have been purchased with great care, and are of a superior class. If the "Heralds" give satisfaction, there will be no need of an elevated railroad for some time to come, for they will make very quick time.

The *Spectator* has by no means abandoned the project of installing four sprinkled drives to Forest Park. The need of one was never more apparent than it has been during this long, dry, hot summer. It has simply been next to impossible to get to Forest Park for some weeks past. Page Avenue, and all the other streets and avenues leading that way have been almost impassable. How many more persons shall it be thus? As we never have a decent drive to our best and most picturesque park! You who have fine horses and vehicles don't find little pleasure in them, and unless there is a change, the custom of driving will soon be extinct in St. Louis. When the *Spectator* ceases its efforts here to raise sufficient money to buy water pipes along Page Avenue, and opens its doors next season, there had been secured something over \$11,000. The amount required was \$10,000, so as a great many subscribers were leaving the city for the summer, and as there would have been great trouble and delay in collecting subscriptions on this account, we were forced to leave the matter for the time being. Now, as Autumn is upon us, and our dear citizens are beginning to return, the time is opportune for a reopening of this subject.

But the question arises, will it not be better to abandon the effort to sprinkle Page Avenue, and use the effort to build a drive? There are a number of reasons for this change. In the first place, Lindell Avenue is almost a continuation of Page Street, which is the favorite driving street of the city, and is a more direct route to Forest Park. It is a straight, broad, and level street. The soil is good, and the street, with all proper improvements can be made the finest avenue in the city, and a perfect roadway for the vehicles. It has never been fully opened up, and its beauties cannot be understood until it is properly finished off. All disputes pertaining to the property adjoining it have been settled, and it is now ready for the city's workmen to proceed with its improvement. While the city is willing to do part of the work required, it will not do all of it, and a subscription will therefore be asked for by the *Spectator*. It is not intended to show full details in this time, but that will be forthcoming very shortly. Attention is called to the matter now so that those who subscribed to the Grand Avenue fund may give the matter their careful consideration. It is to be hoped that all will consent to have the money they promised to give, devoted to the improvement of Lindell Avenue. Assurances of substantial assistance have already been received from several directions, and it is believed the work can be pushed through to completion this Autumn Winter, as a beautiful drive may be ready for use early next season.

When at the circus the other day, I saw a beautiful looking lady, with a round face, and a short dress came up into the reserved seats with a villainous looking little dog under her arm. It was a real case of canine infatuation, for she seemed to be apparently unconscious of the eyes that were all turned in her direction. There is nothing strange about a dog, or a woman either. In fact, they are both equally prevalent. But, to see a woman carrying a dog about

In her arms with most affection then she would swoon on a real baw, so staunchly remarkable. She sat down with the most dignified and composure, while the dog looked on him through the somewhat extensive glass window that fell from the ceiling. All of a sudden a terrible yell proceeded from the neighborhood of the comely lady with the round face and the short dress. It was that dog. He had got his sweet head fastened in that tortuous net-chain, and was muzzling himself. Heedless of the danger, he managed to scratch most violently and make himself very conspicuous. He pulled and pulled, and the more he pulled the more he pulled. The lady lost her placidity and became excited almost as much as the dog. She tried to shake him off and spoke to him with tears in her eyes, but he would not be shaken off, and his ears were closed to her admonitions. She tried to shut his mouth while she snail the golden nose, but he broke out more woe ever and even attracted the attention of the lady elephant that was performing in the ring. It was a critical moment, the audience was about to rise as one man and one woman in a desperate effort to see what was the matter with the lady who sat down to sit like a falling star and rushed out into the adjoining menagerie tent. Her face looked like the dog's snout setting in the haze of Autumn, and the perspiration broke out in drops as big as hot Springs diamonds. She was very much distressed.

The following letter comes all the way from Louisville, but the subject is opportune.

LEADVILLE, Colo., September 8, 1881.

Sir: In your issue of August 29, you made mention of an act and reception that a variety company, calling itself "Swain's" Musicians," received in the West. The first act but one engagement in Leadville was played at the Grand Central Theatre, and was of three weeks' duration. At first the performers were entirely too vulgar even for this place, and it was only made possible for them to give place and the Chief of Police. The manager deserted his company in disgust, but finally sent for them.

A correspondence here in the city writes and wants to know if Mr. Swain is going to turn the Olympic arena into a theatre. They are now the "Swain" at the Olympic this week, but I hear that it is a very disreputable affair. It is not even what it professes to be, nearly all the competent members of the troupe having left it long since. It does little good, however, to know such combinations, for they fauten on the naivety they thus obtain. The only way to get rid of them is to starve them out. A good commencement in that direction has been made this week, for the audience at the Olympic have been exceedingly light. But what do you think of a great party that lends its influence and influence to the support of such a vile variety performance? Here is a paragraph from the somewhat column of the *Globe-Democrat* of last Tuesday.

Well pleased audiences witness nightly the variety entertainment given by the Swain's Musicians. Comedians, dancers, and acrobats, in their own national costumes, the Japanese gymnast, in his side for life on the tight rope stretched from the dome to the stage, the superb of their own kind, and the prize of admiration, and to mention the many amusing specialties of other performers, and the tricks of the trained dogs.

I should not fail to state that Mr. Fitz Curran also took part of the premiums at the National Photographic Convention, in New York. The truth is that St. Louis carried away all the premiums. Mr. Curran has been making some very fine pictures of late, and has ordered some new designs in scenery from New York by which his capabilities will be much improved. In the way of making photographs Mr. Curran takes a revolutionary stand.

Notwithstanding, who did the painting and decorating work for Pope's Theatre, from their own uncolored brains, have been commissioned to prepare the decorations for a theatre in Denver and one in New Orleans. What they did at Pope's is a most excellent recommendation of their capacity to do the finest work, and it is with great satisfaction that the Spectator was the first to welcome a picture extended to other large cities.

Mr. Phil Ferguson, of the *Globe-Democrat*, has been taking a long vacation. He is a veteran who has made a brilliant record in journalism, and, having been more than twenty years of his father's of the craft, is able to receive and prepare a long vacation, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has a great many friends who do not begrudge him the pleasure of it.

Mr. William Hyde will complete his twenty-fifth year with the *Republican* on the 8th of next January. A quarter of a century is a long time to be in a profession, but Mr. Hyde is still a young man, being only forty-five. When he went to the *Republican*, Mr. Paschall was the editor, and journalism was quite a different thing in St. Louis from what it is now. He was for some time the only reporter on the paper, doing all the local work, and was the first one west of the Mississippi to receive and prepare for the printers a news message by telegraph. I hear that he is to take a long vacation after he celebrates his twenty-fifth year of service, and that he will possibly make a tour around the world.

The masterful *Globe-Democrat* is to have two new presses in a short time. They are to be very complete in every way, and will add supplements as well as regular sheets of the paper. They will in this respect be in advance of any presses yet made.

Neither tropical heat, nor blinding dust, nor any other trifling drawback can deter the enthusiastic St. Louisans from patronizing the favorite amusement, the "Circus," the initial performance of which,—the procession on Monday,—drew crowds of peering, but enlightened natives, eager to gain, through unusual physical disclosures, their first glimpse of the promised glories soon to be unobtrusively revealed in behind the swelling canvas. Old men and matrons, young men and maidens, children of every imaginable age, size and description, from the tenderly guarded heir apparent of millions, to the apparent heir of nothing but "poverty, hunger and dirt," all stood, with fluttering heart and excited countenance, awaiting the coming of this wonderful and non-trusting peasant. Clerks nervously thrust their pens behind their ears, and listened to window or doorway, fearful lest they be too late, lawyers and clerics together observed convulsions, pen, pen, in the passing throng, while learned judges on the bench framed their judicial veils in hopes of gaining a peep, at least, at the top-thousand-dollar beauty, anxiously peering in a howls on the back of a phantasmal elephant.

The remarkable degree of preference shown by the "men and true" at our great city, their respective families, from the aged grandmothers to the infant in arms, for this heterogeneous form of entertainment, bespeaks a simplicity of ideas and tastes seldom found outside the immediate rural districts. It is a singularly unspoiled and candid nature which can find its highest blend of wit and amusement in the art of the acrobat, and the gymnast, the juggler, and the acrobatic contortions and gestures of the clown. While the fact of a certain monotonous sameness and repetition in the hunchback-railing, hoop jumping, and visions of muscular fairness, leaning least downward from bare and trapezes, in broad-shouldered attitudes, does on military in against their attractions in the minds of those simple children of nature with other artless bodies are peopled. Equal and a certain bias spirit of hounded longing can have no place in our community so long as Messrs. Foreman and Barnum continue to favor us with their thrilling and charming shows. Indeed, it is obvious that a depletion of our principal citizens, headed by Mr. Hower, the Mayor, contemplate making a proposition to Mr. Barnum to establish a permanent circus here, so that our citizens need never be deprived of this instructive and entertaining means of amusement.

It would seem that even the spirit of Shakspeare is now to be exercised in the watching of old and new who continues to pour his molten brains upon our

devoted friends, and to demand, besides, the sacrifice offering of young *Hamlet*, of audacious *Richard*, and the Israelite "Merchant of Venice." Upon the altar of his dry wrath. "Tis not that I love Shakspeare less, nor thy graceful and fruitful interpretation thereof, or withholding Warble, that I do not gaze upon thy mimic world from the parquette of the heutenants-Pope's Theatre, but that I love my comfort more, and take it in a rustic chair outside, where the southern breeze may have unobtrusively play, and my heart burn with its cooling breath.

"Tis rather a pity, too, considering the thermometer again, that the gentlemen of Denmark, in the day of Hamlet, were not in the habit of appearing at court in sear-sucker suits instead of silken hose and breeches, as the latter shyness may, I understand, cost our talented young tragedian considerable already in the way of supplying this extremely expensive kind of bodily adornment.

The approach of the Fall season is plainly evidenced in the gradual filling up of the hotels. The clerks are counting more and more of the bells around with the voices of children, while the severity and quiet of the "permanents" thus broken in upon, causes such a feeling of disgust as to suggest ideas of setting up establishments of their own and returning to private life.

A very clever writer of one of the clearest books that have been produced of late years, makes a good point of what she calls the "supplimented" show of an unsophisticated merely. It is the one link which connects an otherwise merely bucolic belle with the great outside world of fashion and show. It is the substance of things hoped for by her lover, the evidence of things not seen by the eager observer. In other words, it is made the stamp of real gentility, the seal of all that is cultured and refined. Girls, look to your looks, for by the manner of your showing, shall ye be known.

It is the rule to deny the use of cosmetics and to make a sweeping statement of their use, but anything which has had such combined and universal practice as the enhancement of female charms by its means, must have the germ of good in it somewhere. Of course, as one denies that it is a stupid and short-sighted policy to eat arsenic in order to improve the complexion—that is, if the person possesses the natural desire to enjoy the good things of life and the almost three-score years and ten—but if, being convinced that a woman, once her beauty has taken unto itself wings, no longer has a mission to fulfil, and that it would be wise to develop elegant plumes and sweep away after her departed charms, then I fail to perceive any special hypocrisy in the laxest and loosest practice, and the fair lady has the comfort of knowing that if by glance she should attract a grouse or two to teach her will at least make a handsome corpse, and make her exit from the stage the envy of all her dear female friends.

As a pretty woman, slightly on the wane, it must be admitted, remarked to me not long since, "What are you to do? We must get the best of these unwholesome years somehow. It is all very well to say, 'Don't use cosmetics, they will ruin your complexion.' But if your complexion is already ruined by Time's merciless claw, and a horrid, waxy, dirty atmosphere? Must not one repair the ravages? Must one sit helplessly by and beware of possible consequences which exist doubtless only in some cranking clerk's imagination, say a bevy of titling, but satum-skinned girls of sixteen, appropriating the complexion and smiling glance which erstwhile were ours? Never, as I am a woman! Never, so long as a box of pearl powder and a bit of chamomile skin remain in the land! It is only the weak-minded and excessive mortals of our sex, who, in their ambitions efforts to rival the life and rose combined, defray themselves an appetite and a smiling glance. Pure mask—the ridicule of their own sex as well as of the other."

outward aims with vigor and much spirit. Mr. O. W. Wither, a favorite here, it is needless to say, was well-liked. One of the most prominent features of the company is Mr. Hildesheim, who has a fine voice of the true dramatic sort. His success is assured if he continues his hard work. Few young actors have impressed us more favorably. The continuing of the various pieces was such and elaborate in the extreme. All the dresses and the scenery and the costumes were especially costumed. Mr. Ward's himself has a very expensive set of costumes. His part for *Richard III.* is a chief feature. Mr. Ward and his company gave their last performance to-morrow night, when *Richard III.* will be repeated. This evening the *Legation* will appear as *Richard*.

THE MAN in the PARQUETTE.

I have received a photograph of Mlle. Ellen from Manager Harry Sargent. Mlle. Ellen is a French actress from the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg, and she is expected to fill the void created by the death of the famous Nilsson. Every newspaper man in the country, in any way identified with theatricals, has met with a photographic portrait of the kind here mentioned, from the old-fashioned Harry, who has just arrived in London. He promises to send another package in a few days, which will contain a sketch of the career of his new star. Very little is known about Mlle. Ellen in this country, and Manager Sargent is not willing to allow any pictures to be taken, or anything to be said of her career or of her talents. From all indications it would seem that Ellen is to prove a sensation. She has won the fashion-theatregoers, and the press of the world's capitals, from the great "Thunder" used, down to the nearest advertising sheet. She has a perfect picture in the theatre, and her very. The actress' pretense is very pretentious. It is almost a woman of this figure, above the average height, with classical features, clear cut as marble, a beautiful freckled nose, large dark eyes, gracefully arched eyebrows, and a glory of raven hair, that falls in clusters upon the forehead, peeping out from under a huge black chin-throwing hair with a drooping white feather. The work is long and flexible, and is fully exposed to view in front by the square cut and low corsage, while at the back it is stayed by a high collar and ruffling, after the elaborate Italian fashion. Mlle. Ellen makes a striking photograph, and if she is one-half as impressive on the stage as she is on card-board, she will win more "catch on" as the boys say.

Katie Lee, another of Harry Sargent's attractions, has already appeared in New York, and made a success. She assumes the title role in a dramatization of Dickens' "Great Expectations," which is entitled, "Poor Joe." The metropolitan critics have gone into ecstasies over Miss Lee, and her impersonation of the little ragged cross-eyed-crook of the story is pronounced by all to be one of the most heart-revealing and heart-touching bits of acting on the stage. Ladies and gentlemen who had seen her during the performance of *Miss Lee*, understand, has been given her name as the St. Louis manager, and local theatre-goers will probably have an early opportunity of indulging any fancy in connection with they may be possessed of in this direction.

In company with several limited other people, I witnessed a very disgusting and disagreeable exhibition at the Olympic Theatre last Sunday night, and was astonished that the management of the house permitted its stage to be put to such an use. A Captain somewhat, who calls himself a scout, and makes pretensions to the championship of the world for his shooting, was suddenly added to the programme, and walked upon the scene in a greasy black-and-white and flapping shoulders, leading a pale and haggard-faced fellow in a black suit and common cotton shoes. This man made his bow, and the lady sitting here said at the left of the stage placed a red cotton handkerchief over the top of her head, while the pale fellow, who, I suppose was her husband, began howling low on the right side of the

stage. A glass ball was placed upon the lady's head, and was in a few moments shattered to pieces by a bullet from the alleged scout's rifle. This followed a series of funny shots, the audience holding the gun in every commonable position that could be attended with danger, and the target being every time a small glass ball on the top of the lady's head. Twice she fell point downwards in her mouth while the marksman shot holes through them. The whole thing was an advertisement for Forepaugh's show, and the performance was repeated there twice every day. I could read the deep and iron in that woman's face. She knows as well as anybody can that some day the ball will miss her, and she is burying herself in her hands. It has always been the fate of the stage marksman's assistant. About a year ago a woman was shot to death in this manner in a Cincinnati Variety Theatre, and one of the two champion trick shots seen here last Sunday's circus at the beginning of the present touring season, was only a few weeks ago, during a performance in Milwaukee, struck in the centre of the forehead by a ball from his cannon's rifle, which was intended for a point that rested upon the victim's head. There should be a law against endangering human life in this way, and first-class managers should not encourage such disgraceful exhibitions.

I was sitting in the Grand Opera House the other night listening to Miss Emma's songs and nonsense, when a prominent attorney asked a grain or two of interest to the entertainment by recalling a few incidents in the actor's early life in St. Louis. Joe McKim had been, in 1855, on Gay Street between Forepaugh and Fifteenth, and the attorney lived just back of him on Morgan Street. The great foreman of today was then a mere youth, and had a following of boys as big as himself, all of whom had aspirations in the direction of the variety stage of circus. Near Joe's house was one of the old-time cellar-doors—the shining institution of the high school of the front wall and the back wall as the serio-comic vocalist is a signy about when she sings.

"Oh I'd go aw half of my money.
To see the day of yore.
When Miss Emma and I did down
On Grimes' cellar-door."

Joe and his companions gathered around this cellar-door early in the morning and were found there intact every day. They extemporized drumsticks and tin-bashed about against the wall or the wooden surroundings until the neighbors were compelled to complain of the noise; they danced to Joe's singing or whistling, and when the song or the whistle were not heard, the harmonium wafted his melodies to the breeze. Joe, Emma, the two brothers, sister, dancer, and instrumental-player in the crowd, all many grown up, and aging citizens who clustered around that Gay Street cellar-door can testify to-day. The memory of Joe's melody and voice still lingers in the locality in which he was raised, he could be heard approaching when blocks away, as it was impossible to mistake his whistle or the clear ringing sweetness of his song. Now, the old music has pretty much gone out of the favorite's voice, the harmonium seems to have been placed on the shelf, and I dare say Joe does very little whistling.

But Fritz still looks away as clearly as of old. I hear that the leader of his orchestra has no secure position. Since Emma joined the throng of the reform he has been spending his leisure moments at home—where he is in his room at the hotel—where he always insists on having a piano. He is constantly thinking out some new melodic ideas, and he keeps his musical order beside him to place the compositions on paper. When he is not hammering away at some thing new, he is trying to improve his piano and his productions, and these, too, have to be written down. Thus it will be seen that the man who leads his orchestra during the performance has very little time to "boast and invite his soul," as Walt Whitman puts it. He must be pleasant, however, to the audience, and not only enjoying himself, but it is making his friends happy the world over, by doing so in a highly innocent and improving manner.

A performance of *Richard III.* will be given at a public next week. It is strongly rumored, and that is the trouble in London, taking sides against English rule. In other American cities it is said to have created something of a sensation.

The *Legation*, always charming, open the People's Theatre this evening. There will, no doubt, be a large audience present.

The decoration of the New People's Theatre was done by Emma and is an artistic bit of work. The ceiling and the vestibule are particularly fine. When lighted up the effect is very brilliant.

Miss Nibbles comes to the Grand Opera House next week, and the great Hermann, prince of magicians, holds the angels at the Olympia.

I notice that many ladies look on in the parquetry of the new Grand Opera House. This is sensible. The parquetry seats are the best seats in the house, and should not be taken entirely by the men. Let the ladies invade the parquetry.

How sad a thing to slip the veil from a pleasing delusion, and have revealed to us the cold and naked reality? Now here is Miss Montague, Mr. Forepaugh's society beauty, who was to have come to us as the Princess of Delic, with millions in advance stowing the streets with flowers. Instead, she rode through the streets on the back of a cavalry aid elephant, in a box covered with faded cotton cloth. Really, Miss Montague, I felt sorry for you as you sat facing the hot sun. Great sorrow for a woman whose face brings \$10,000 for a single summer. But here is where the delusion must be dispelled. This fair elephant rider does not get \$10,000 from Mr. Forepaugh, at least I hear that she actually \$174 a week, and my authority to speak. If she were \$174 a week is a good salary, probably twice as much as Miss M. ever got before, but it is not as much as \$10,000. For the five months that she is with Forepaugh she will receive altogether about \$3,500, which is \$10,000 less than \$10,000.

The New York Union Square Company, which is announced at Pope's late in October, will remain here two weeks. They will present four of the Union Square plays, viz., "Daniel Beller," "The Banker's Daughter," "A Celebrated Case," and "Lo! A Stranger." This will be one of the most brilliant engagements of the season.

Miss Florence Elmore, the leading lady of the Waide combination, continues shining next season.

Miss Frances Ford, the St. Louis lady who came out at a previous season of Frost's Wanderers, is victorious, retreating, and charming in conversation, and ready and witty at repartee. She has adapted the stage out of pure love for dramatic art, and that her choice is a wise one is shown by the clever manner in which she has executed the various roles assigned her. A lady who smiles and exclaims, "I don't think there is no reason why Miss Ford should not make rapid progress on the stage." She possesses the requisite qualifications for success, and her future is simple a matter of work and perseverance.

Mr. John J. Collins, the manager of Fred. Ward's, has the best series of his numerous friends for the success of his war. Mr. Collins is highly esteemed here, and it is the general hope that good fortune may

Emma's business at the Grand Opera House fell off considerably this week. Last week the receipts totalled over \$10,000. This week it will not amount to half that sum.

Forepaugh's circus has been the great centre of attraction to the masses of the work, and its business was large. The expenses of running the circus in St. Louis is at the neighborhood of \$12,000. Attend its present venture. SUNDAY NOTES.



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The Spectator.

VOL. II. No. 24

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1881.

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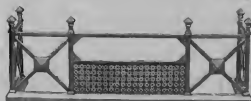
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The Spectator.

ST. LOUIS, SEPTEMBER 24, 1881.

Somebody who has been visiting the SPECTATOR office and who has returned to the city has reported to me the following change:

THE TOWN TALKER.

And the President is dead! Four weeks and months have we been waiting for this dread intelligence. There was never a reasonable hope of his recovery, and the whole nation has only been holding its breath in fear of the moment of final dissolution. And while it did so, its people gathered about the sick man's bedside and watched with loving and devoted eyes. Never in the history of any country under the sun did a people grow so near their ruler. Never was the devotion of a people expressed in more tender words of sympathy, and so many prayers. It was as though the father of every family were on his dying bed. And when the end came—the longed-for but inevitable end—there was a heart-broken cry from one end of the land to the other. The tears that fell Tuesday morning, wherever there was a telegraph or a newspaper, were as copious as the very dew of heaven, and the whole nation joined hands in unbreakable sorrow. What a man he was that had been taken away! How great a loss to the country! What a bereavement to every one of his fellow-citizens who had learned to love him for the pathos, the courage, and the nobility which he displayed in all those trying weeks of suffering! True, "God helps, and the government still lives," but the loss of so good a man is felt more than less keenly, for it was for his own sake and the sake of his faithful wife, as well as that of the country, that we wanted him to live. We wanted to see the same great qualities that characterized him on his sickbed, given free play in the strong and vigorous man as President of the United States. Such men do not often appear in a nation's history, and it is a terrible calamity that one such should be cut down in the zenith of his manhood, and at the very moment when he is entering upon his most important service to the country. And that one such, such men, so useful to that one who so beautifully illustrated the best and most distinctive type of our American method—should be taken off by the bullet of an assassin, and made to suffer so long and so much without cause, makes the affliction doubly severe. Oh, that a hand should take this deed which was moved to its demonic act by the corrupted promptings of this poor, enfeebled, trembling creature! That he should be punished in no compensation. The deed is done, the sacrifice is made, and the victim lies before us. No compensation can be made, no punishment can make amends; no, not if this wailing cry of the foul monster laid to look upon a son of its forever, and have his tongue pierced by the Christ that tormented Tanalis, could this great affliction be relieved. The consolation we have left to us is that a lesson in courage, nobility, piety, and devotion has been taught to the country, and that through the sufferings of the illustrious patient, a sweet peace has come which spreads over the land and brings the hearts of the people nearer together.

The best public expression we have had in St. Louis over the death of the President, was from Col. A. W. Saxbach, in his speech at the Mercantile Exchange meeting last Tuesday. It is not often that a man rises to the height of an occasion like this, though such an one

is a golden opportunity for the orator. Col. Saxbach's speech was entirely impromptu, and came with no studied effort. He felt what he said and said what he felt, and on every word he uttered there was a hint of the tender sympathy for he has a tug and a warm heart. I should say he rose to the height of true, impassioned oratory, and the best evidence that he did, was seen in the tears that trickled down the cheeks of many of his hearers. An impetuous man is Col. Saxbach, and full of fire, and he has a warmth of soul and an earnestness that always makes him impressive, whether before a court or on the platform, but never before, perhaps, in his life did his gift of speech and his personal magnetism so grandly assert themselves. And all this was the more impressive to those who knew the speaker, for he has been a Confederate soldier, and therefore an opponent in arms of the illustrious one over whom he was delivering so brilliant a panegyric. This looked like the breaking down of sectionalism and the breaking of party lines, and the development of the higher and nobler sentiments of our mankind.

It is also worthy of remark that the most pathetic and eloquent article that has been published concerning the dead President was one from the Louisville Courier-Journal. It appeared in the telegraphic columns of the morning papers Tuesday, and the author is Mr. Henry Watterson, another ex-Confederate, and a strong opponent to Gen. Garfield in his candidacy for the presidency. As a bit of tender and appreciative criticism this article has never been equaled. It is a poem full of sweet and tender cadences, and it ought to live in the memory of every American citizen.

St. Louis will give unanimously to the fund for the benefit of Mrs. Garfield and children. Subscriptions are now appropriate, since the President is dead, for the gift will be but a feeble expression of love, as the part of the American people, for the memory of one who was alike good and great, and whose taking-off was so untimely. The Spectator hopes that every man, woman, and child who can afford it will give something to this fund.

Now, since it has been discovered that the President's wound was a fatal one from the beginning, and since it transpires that he was kept alive by medical surgery, perhaps some of those people who have been so freely abusing Dr. Bliss will feel somewhat ashamed of themselves. Dr. Bliss did a most wonderful part for the illustrious patient, and he can very well be excused for having talked a good deal sometimes. He proved himself to be not only a great physician, but a most remarkable man. His physical endurance was something astonishing. No one but a physician can understand the arduous labor he had to perform, and who can tell the hours he lost from sleep, and the anxiety he felt concerning the responsibility upon his shoulders. That he did not always tell the public the whole truth is evident, but the public was much better able to suffer this deprivation than the sick President was to bear the naked facts. If Dr. Bliss had told the whole story in the bulletin, the President would have died long ago from discouragement. No, Dr. Bliss did exactly right, and he is entitled to be called one of the great men of the nation.

One important lesson the American people should learn from the universality of sorrow that the President's death brought, and the unanimity of praise that is bestowed upon his character by people, regardless of party or past differences, is the virtue of keeping alive on every man who is nominated for election, the sense to be assumed that the abuse of confidence is

a necessary part of every campaign, and so are consequences almost to believe that there are no good men to be found. The late President did not escape abuse. He was attacked and abused as much as was a man when certain journals were discussing the possibility of his being taken off the Republican ticket and another man put in his stead. It was declared that his record was too valuable to allow of his being elevated to the Presidency, and a great many people were made to believe in what was very bad man. But see the change! He had no sooner entered upon the administration of the government of the country than he showed some of the noblest qualities, and began to gain the hearts of his late opponents. Long before the assassin's bullet had done its fatal work, President Garfield was taking rank as one of the greatest Chief Executives in our history, and it needed only the affecting spectacle which we have just seen to complete his popularity and make him old with his fellow-citizens. And yet he was the same man who was so ruthlessly and persistently attacked a year before he died. This constant and senseless warfare on men who are nominated for office is demoralizing in the extreme, for it makes the masses doubt the very existence of personal merit in public men, and is only by such a stultification as that which has just befallen the country that we are reminded of the fact that there is some old-fashioned greatness in the country.

On Tuesday, Mr. Charles Pope, who is in the East, telegraphed to Treasurer Zimmerman to close the theatre that evening. Mr. Zimmerman explained the situation to Mr. Pope in a dispatch in reply to this, stating the other theatres would be open, and only intended closing on the night of the late President's (verbal) funeral, in accordance with the Mayor's proclamation. As an answer, Mr. Pope telegraphed, "I imperatively order the closing of my theatre out of respect to the nation's grief." Bravo! Mr. Pope: you have risen to the esteem of your fellow-citizens.

When Mr. Spaulding was asked the morning after the President's death if he intended to close the Olympic that night, he said "no" very positively, and that implied that the Grand Opera House would also be open, as the people of St. Louis were not to be so easily won. When the lights were turned up in the Olympic, People's, and Grand Opera House, Pope's alone showed a mourning appearance by having its doors closed. A hundred or two hundred tickets to see the performance at the Grand Opera House, and a few persons straggled onto the People's and the Olympic. When it was time for the curtain to rise at the Grand Opera House, Mr. Norton, the manager, appeared and said there would be no performance, and that money would be refunded to ticket holders at the box-office. In commenting upon this matter in the *Republican* of Wednesday morning, Mr. Garrett, the dramatic critic of that paper, used this surprising language:

Business was not suspended yesterday on "Thaug," in the mercantile houses, or other departments of industry that have their hands in the public pocket, and the restoration of a theatrical company to quiet work for their employer is well explained. "Our tolling" is the only one who was dressed for his part and was ready to go on as Mr. J. A. Norton, the sole American in the party. All the officers are English, and this incident furnishes a pathetic-punishing study. The doors of the theatre were closed Tuesday. The lower was played by Norton, Big's ministers, and either the management or the ministers resolved to shut up shop and let it run like a business concern. At all events, there was no performance at Pope's.

It is possible that Mr. Garrett did not know that the Merchants' Exchange, the Merchants' Exchange was started on every man who is nominated for election, the sense to be assumed that the abuse of confidence is

out to Mr. Harrison for \$30,000. The cost of the works was about \$150,000, and there is, consequently, a great profit on the sale just made. The purchasers are Ecclesiastical, who have some money but by that they are anxious to do, but they had better erect new smiling works or purchase the Harrison Works. They chose to adopt the latter course on account of the great saving of time.

The managers of the St. Louis Musical Union have completed their subscription list. Three hundred and fifty names are enrolled, which is the list. The Mercantile Library Hall will now comfortably 1,500 in the body of the hall, without using the side seats. Three hundred and fifty subscribers with three tickets each will fill 1,500 of these seats, allowing 150 seats to be used by the subscribers as extra tickets, for each subscriber has the right to purchase one or more extra tickets in order to do so, he must present his subscriber's ticket, which will be in the shape of a handsome little book containing his tickets to all the dress rehearsals and the concerts. Thus every subscriber will be assured of a good seat in the body of the hall. For an orchestral performance one seat in the Mercantile Library Hall is as good as another. Mr. Carr, the business manager, will read these subscribers' books, containing the tickets to each subscriber in the course of the next two weeks. St. Louis will have a series of concerts this winter of which we may be proud, and the success of Messrs. Carr and Waldner only proves that what we need to give our city a better musical standing is a little energy and business sense.

Mrs. Little-Bouvier, who will be remembered as having given a concert at Mercantile Library Hall last Spring, and who has just returned to the city from an extensive Eastern trip, has been offered liberal inducements to make her debut in grand opera, but declined at the urgent solicitation of her friends and relatives.

The McCullough Amateur Dramatic Club had its annual election of officers last Monday evening. The meeting was held at the Pickwick Theatre parlors, and there was a large and enthusiastic attendance of both ladies and gentlemen. Most of the old officers were re-elected. The roster, as it now stands, is as follows: President, Albert Todd; Vice-President, Albert Blair; Secretary and Treasurer, L. S. Metcalfe; Mr. Macgarry, Jr. W. H. Thomas; Executive Committee, L. S. Metcalfe, Jr., W. H. Smith, C. M. Alexander, Frank (low), Mrs. F. H. Thomas, and Miss Minnie Binkley; Committee on Plays, J. T. Smith, Charles C. Allen, George M. Barlett, Gus Thomas, Wayman McCreary, Miss W. L. Allen, Miss Edith M. Kribben, Miss Paula Marlowe, Miss Nellie Schuyler, and Miss Rosa Lillie. After the election of officers a resolution was adopted, making the price per annum for non-acting membership, \$5 instead of \$3. The membership of the Club is now about one hundred, and the Secretary has the names of two hundred applicants. This is, therefore, certainly a most prosperous organization, and it is doubtful if there is one equal to it in the United States. The first entertainment will probably be given early in November, and will be at the Pickwick Theatre. Towards the middle of the season there are to be two or three entertainments of a somewhat novel character. An interesting feature for the coming season will be the large number of ladies who will take active part in the performances, and some of them are highly spoken of. Persons who wish to apply for membership in the McCullough Club should address Mr. L. S. Metcalfe, Jr., Secretary, 414 Olive Street.

The "Smiths" should have all the consolation they are entitled to. "Smith" is one of the oldest names in the world—the name of "Smith" is, in almost all languages, has the meaning of service, craft, or skill. The Irish pronounced their word "shitt," and they had the habit of calling a man without a trade "shitties" or "shittlers." Their goddess of letters or knowledge was "Sinn" or "Sail," and their learned men were "after the sail" or "after the German 'sinn'," a quill. These "sinn" or "shitts" were the lights and leaders of practical civilization long ago.

The Boston Courier says that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new novel will be called "Through One Administration," a title which suggests that she has drawn into it some of the studies of American politics which she must have made during her residence in Washington.

Mr. Sherman Spencer, of this city, has written a pamphlet, which he calls the "Voters' Hand-Book of the National and Separate State Constitutions Combined." The one just issued is the first of a series, and is devoted to the Constitution of the United States and that of the State of Missouri. Table preface the author says his aim is to put the Constitution of the United States and those of the several States into the hands of every voter, so that a better knowledge of our fundamental law may be had by the masses. This is a good object, and it would be a great thing if it could be done, but Mr. Sherman will find it up-hill work to carry out his scheme. His pamphlet seeks to accomplish a good end, but it is lacking qualities that would make it popular. In the first place, the arrangement of the matter is not attractive, and would never please the eye of the ordinary reader; and in the second place, the whole thing reads too much like a lawyer's brief to be sought after by the masses. Take, for instance, this from the copious notes under Sec. 2, Art. III. of the National Constitution:

Hayburn's case (note), 2 Dall. 410, Chisholm, ex. v. Georgia, 2 Dall. 429; Glass v. ex. v. Slomp, Betsey, 3 Dall. 62, 63; ex. v. Virginia, 3 Dall. 297, 298; Hollingsworth v. ex. v. Virginia, 3 Dall. 378; Monmouth, ex. v. Haggins, 4 Dall. 121; Marbury v. Madison, 1 Cr. 137.

He has died up, to a large extent, with just such unmeaning references as the above. "I use 'unmeaning' as it applies to the ordinary reader, who, as I understand it, is the one Mr. Sherman wishes to reach. The ordinary reader would never wade through such stuff, and if he did he would not know what it meant, and he would certainly never go to the trouble of consulting his law-books referred to." Mr. Sherman wishes to popularize our fundamental law; he must get up his pamphlets in popular form, otherwise he will waste his time and money. Doubtless he spent a vast amount of labor on the one he has just published, but he will find himself poorly paid for his trouble, notwithstanding the flattering introduction he has from Governor Crittenden, and Messrs. Henry Hitchcock, E. O. Shepard, and other prominent citizens.

A very pretty piece of book-making is the "Trade Catalogue" just issued by Shorb & Boland, the well-known wholesale book and stationery dealers. This firm has achieved an enviable reputation for handsome catalogues, and the one this year maintains their standing in that direction.

Three hundred tons of human bones have lately been received at Bristol in England, from Plevna, at whose historic site the former owners of these fragmentary human remains had been killed. These bones have been taken from these photographs to the finder, whoever he may be. It is not for equities that these bones have been brought across the sea; so reverent feeling of admiration for a brave people fighting against heavy odds has dictated this tribute. On the contrary, these remains are to be used simply as manure. The bodies, which were decaying while they were being sent from Plevna, that the great standard of the prophet might still wave, are by the natural process of the elements to be converted into wangel-wort and turnips and wheat. There is a grotesque side to this shipment of bones, as well as a sad one. Down the mountain side by Plevna the Turkish horses did some of the saddest and best fighting which the race has done in Europe.

Never since the Seljukian Turks first started upon the conquest of the West has the individual come so strongly to the front. One may imagine a brave Turk, full of faith in Mahomet and confidence in Osman Pasha, his breast dross with a noble resolve to do all that in him lay for the holy war of the Sultan. Struck down by a Russian bullet, one sharp sword thrust to the place of the valor and the pious fervor which had been there has a moment before. In place of a live

soldier, a carcass was piled upon the field. And what happened? The winds of heaven did not stir him but soon upon it. The addition of human manure of low class changed this dying, stinking, loathing organism into, say a handful of straw, or a few blades of grass, or a few stalks of wheat, and the elements sprang with it. The flesh went to feed the kites and carrion birds; where the soldier had fallen rank grass and a lot of weeds marked his resting-place this Spring. Again and again the benevolent with his cart, and the defender of Plevna was shrouded in, to mix secretly with others of his class, to be buried and then to rise and to be buried long voyage to Bristol. By this time he is spread about on the fallow fields of merry England; the sturdy essence that gave gravity to his bones are now about to stiffen the barley stalks. And when harvest blows the aerial trumpet on that awful day of reckoning, where will this soldier be? Some of him will still cling to the slope by Plevna, the balance of work in the wailing grain, he is scattered to the four winds of heaven, and what will answer in his place? The Turks have a superstition against the taking of pictures, because they think that on the last day the taker will have to produce a soul for the figure which he has called into being. How much worse will it be for those to whom souls will come demanding their bodies?

There are few persons in America who have not heard of, if not seen, the play of "Camille," the proper name of "La Dame aux Camélias." It has been described as "an invention out of whole cloth, but such is not the case. The original of the 'lady of the camélias' was Marie Duplessis, and she was in Paris at the same time as Lola Montez. She came from Normandy, which country she left for the French capital when her seventeen years of age. She was remarkably handsome, but she was ignorant of city life and squandered her first springs with worthless characters. But soon her charms won her a place in the world of gallantry. After wandering about the pavements of Paris she met a man who gave her diamonds, set her up in furnished apartments, and introduced her to the highest circles of society. She was famous for the length and beauty of her hair. When she unbraided it, and standing up let it hang natural, the ends made little curls on the floor. She had a delicate beauty, and her clear skin, through which the blue veins showed so plainly, indicated ecstacy. She had looks of great sadness. She was quite expressive in her moods, asking to-day what she had detested yesterday. A wealthy dwarf, who set the fashion, and still but few could copy her imitable originality. She loved camellias, wearing white ones the year round, except for three days in every month, when red ones were to be worn on her bosom. She had a perfect manner for lying. She prevaricated even when the truth would have served her purpose better. Asked one day why she lied so much, she replied: "The lie weighs the truth;—a fair lie not for a courtessan. She died in 1844 in an entre not near the Church of the Madeleine. After her death the Parisians went on pilgrimages to her apartments to look at her diamonds, her old slippers, her locket, and her pink underclothes. Alexander Dumas, the younger, was much moved by her sad death. He had known her during the brilliancy of her beauty, and he wished to 'sing' his impressions of her, so he made Marie Duplessis the heroine of his romance, 'La Dame aux Camélias,' which first appeared in 1848. Later on, he dramatized the novel. The role of Camille was created by Mlle. Deshayes, and opinions differ in France as to whether she was or was not a better actress in the part than the Bernhardt. As the original of Camille and Zola's Marie Duplessis was a U. have sketched her.

Governor Crittenden has appointed Mr. Joseph H. McEntire Civil-Act Inspector of St. Louis, to succeed the late John J. Holliday. In so doing he has met the wishes of a great many of his best citizens, and done simple justice by a man who was his official friend when he was a candidate for Governor, and who is a most worthy gentleman. It is one of the very best appointments that the Governor has made, and will reflect honor upon his administration.

The Art Association has re-organized, and is now ready for the Winter's work. Its first entertainment will take place at the hall, 1006 Olive Street, October 18th.

Attention is being called by writers in the daily press, German as well as English, and in editorial, to the Historical Society's lawlessness and homeliness (combination), and to the miserable support it receives. A list of kindred associations in other places has been published, with a view of the buildings and the personal efforts of each, from which it appears that in every one of the fourteen principal cities of the Union, *Societies have existed*, there is a flourishing Historical Association.

Although the actual condition of the Missouri Historical Society is such as for every shame would not be tolerated in any other city than St. Louis, it is also possible that in its management some mistake as to its disadvantage may have been committed. Mr. Lewis, the first President, was the Association a half interest in a building lot; it was not only insufficient in size (and it could not be added to), but lampered with care and cranks which rendered the gift valueless, as was discovered in the first attempt to utilize it. But no effort was made until within a year or so to procure other property. Aside, however, from time to time streams relating to the study of history have been issued, it does not appear that any plan has been taken to explain and bring home to the public the ultimate object the Society has in view. And it only now, through newspaper criticism, is that the public has the plain and clear and that we begin to realize that the paramount aim of the Association is to establish a free public museum. This is a definite object which everybody can understand, something that commands loyalty in the practical politician as useful in many ways, and beneficial to the city. If the only obstacle hindering the realization of this object is, as has been stated, the want of a building, it does seem that were the subject presented to the community in this manner, there would be found means to remove that obstacle.

The approach of the Velled Puppets' ball reminds me to say that those imperious and ambitious youths who are not so fortunate as to be able to number a "swallow-tail" among their earthly possessions, had better be about bespeaking that necessary article of attire, with its accompanying sable vestments. I have seen the brilliant prospects of an evening's pleasure spoiled by a little neglect in securing a "good fit" from the collection of dress suits covered by dealers for the express benefit of those unfortunate who do not possess this valuable position. I have seen young men, idle, distrust, agitated, under the consequences of a pale of arms or legs secured the wrong way long for the sleeves or pantaloons in which they happened to be dressed. I have observed the painful stiffness with which they have endured the constricting torments of a coat originally designed for a chest measuring several inches less than that of the wearer. The most hair-raising smiles and melting glances from heavy lips and eyes fell to attest the extent of agony which beards the brow of the unfortunate youth so situated. It vain to be able to feel perfectly at ease, drawing himself carefully into a position which will cause one leg of the insufficient pantaloons to fall somewhat lower on the glistening patent-leather pump, while the other unrepresentable limb is continually sent into the background; in vain he draws back his lips to the natural capacity of those sleeves, he cannot disengage himself into the belief that he is not looking a perfect guy; and that all his girls are not evenly laughable him. Such are the consequences of procrastination in the matter of dress-male.

One of the most amusing weaknesses of some of our people would be worthy people is a very complacently displayed in the society columns of a certain daily journal, famed for the length and breadth, the height and depth of the society news which it furnishes. The particular weakness referred to is a fondness which certain nar-

riety ladies have for seeing their full make-up mirrored before their late interest in autumn. Of course, in the case of quite young ladies, the regulatory no-Sunday is all very well and people have become accustomed to their old friend under a new title, but the monotonous and almost pestiferous with which, week after week, certain ladies record themselves in the "society column" must, to say the least, elicit a ribaldry.

It is safe to conclude from this little circumstance that the lady is quite proud of her beauty, and by no means averse to announcing the fact in this public manner. Female pride is a very natural and scarcely reprehensible weakness, but when it is manifested from the house, as it were, it naturally lends force somewhat into the value of its pretensions—a something which but few ladies of this side of the Atlantic will bear. On the other hand, it is scarcely flattering to the husband whose name is so far more valuable property these same ladies have accepted he seems to us to fall into piteous misjudgment at the end of this long and sounding chain of names. Doubtless the devoted wives have no intention of throwing "stability" into the shadow of the paternal prestige of rank and wealth, but it has too long to be discontinued reader.

It is very evident, too, that the collector of the rare and delicate materials which enter into the rich of weekly society gossip served up by the afore-said journal, has thoroughly acquired the knack of putting "stability" and "realism" as expressions to each thing in the most distressing and agreeable light. For example, when the uninitiated reader is told by this clever chronicler of Fashion's doings, that Mrs. Ten—

has taken up her Winter quarters in a certain locality, where she will have some convenience for entertaining the select circle of young friends who she loves to gather about her, would he ever suspect that the master of the quill was recording the removal of a very estimable butler, and, in place of a select circle of young friends—"paid her for the privilege of breaking bread with him, and doubtless crumbled rounder at both the quantity and quality of the bread they were permitted, at so much a week, to break? Yet such, O Society, are the horrible fancies committed upon a trusting public in this name.

There probably is no pronunciation with so many variations as that which designates a vehicle, or means of conveyance by horse-power, in various parts of the United States. That which in one section might be termed a "team," in another might be a "buggy" and, or simply a horse and carriage, in another would come under the generic term of "a rig." Thus, by the way, seems a favorite term in the West and North-west. It has the double advantage of being short and expressive, its application, indeed, seeming so natural, and quite capable of covering anything that goes on wheels, from the common-place buggy drawn by one horse, through all the gradations of one-horse and two-horse vehicles up to the great swathing rig pulled by its four-hoofed. People from the East are surprised to find their familiar "falling-top" here transformed into "buggies," while "Jenny Hinds" trotting among the hills are regarded unknown, all of them seemingly being included under the comprehensive term "buggy."

The veritable "swallow-tail" which Oliver Wendell Holmes celebrated in verse, has its counterpart in an ancient vehicle in New Hampshire, and to be one in the Webster family emigrated to that State, and gave the name to the rig. The origin of this ancient vehicle of peasant glory are common and simple, the shafts, iron, and the top awkward and ungainly. It is far from comfortable, and is valuable only as showing the humble straits which the sort of carriage building has made in this country in the last century and a half.

Arrangements have been made for a meeting of Trickett and Platted on Crave Court lake, October 20th, under the management of Mr. J. A. St. John, of this

city. This will be a good occasion for the lovers of rowing, and there will doubtless be an immense attendance. Trickett and Platted have had a world-wide reputation. The fact that so thousands of students on Mr. St. John has charged off the affairs of a sailing guarantee that it will be first-class sail and respect.

Mr. Richard Freeman, formerly a newspaper reporter of this city, has settled himself in Little Rock, where he has a flourishing printing establishment. He has been in the city this week buying presses and printing material for his office, which already has the reputation of doing the best work in the Arkansas capital.

St. Louis, in the interests of decency, to send a capital against what seemed to be a local city of St. Louis, as appeared popular to St. Louis. I refer to the fact that certain young ladies have selected for this occasion the Summer. I am certain the style of the occasion. If our sister and Turkey-red waisted girls could only see their remarks hysterical make of their husband and virginity, I am sure they would quickly turn these abundant floating robes into their parlor work bags. No mother who permits her daughter to go to a ball, or to a party, or to a dance, or to a crowd under the stars of corner farmers in the discolored men who make a habit of trying all pupils who have passed through our streets should not overlook this.

CONSPIRACY.

Mr. Freeman, the well-known and popular author of "D Crawford Co." referred from Paris Street, last week, where she has been to make the purchase for the immense department of which he is manager. Her stock of umbrellas and other elegant wares has been carefully selected from the most celebrated establishments of London and Paris, and having finished cash, where will she make her purchases, ladies who know Mrs. Freeman's taste, and it is Crawford Co. liberality, may rest assured that no such millions opening have ever been made in this city as that which they will be convinced by D. Crawford & Co. list of October.

There is to be a national session of some of the Baptist Church, Sunday evening, out of respect to our deceased President. The program, which has been prepared by Prof. E. M. Bowman, who will act as organizer and director, is an excellent one, and will be a most interesting and profitable one.

Organ Prelude—March—Prelude to "The

Seraphim. Rev. Geo. H. Bond

Selected passages of Scripture

Opening Service—"Through the sky we stand

"Never, my God, to Thee." Rev. Geo. H. Bond

Invocation.

Anthem—"Hail, Spirit, Hail!" Spoken by Rev. Geo. H. Bond

Responsive Scripture reading.

Psalm—"I know that my Redeemer Liveth"

Mrs. Fretches. Hymn

Prayer—Rev. Mr. Bond.

Response—"Blessed are the dead," MS. B. Bond

Address by Rev. Mr. W. B. Bond.

Male Quartet—"Far over the Stars is thy

Rest," for this occasion arranged by—

Benediction.

Organ Postlude—"Pavement March," from

Op. 25. Rev. Geo. H. Bond

The regular church which will take part is as follows: Mrs. W. Fretches, Miss Nina Russell, Miss Folsi, Corvus, Miss Nellie Dill, Dr. P. H. Cronin, Mr. White, Edward Harker, A. D. Cunningham

The Elders of the church as the People's Theatre are expected to be opened tonight. Col. John A. Cockerill is President of this organization.

The rapid opening of nature's necessities and indulgence of the needs of a well-constituted and free set of men. W. H. (formerly G. H.), which occurred Wednesday and Thursday of this week, proved a vast carnival of charms and beauty. The well-known actors of this house were never more strikingly displayed than on this occasion, and the arrangement of the goods was less than the heart could wish to see. The most interesting as well as charming. The show-drawings department was our vast, capable and shrewd of jeweled splendor and the lines shadowed forth not only the latest skill and beauty in their designs, but the entire full of the thousands of delicate designs that had wrought their magic. Beautiful. Unusually fine, more a display that does a profit to the era, profitable it is of all the wonderful beauty that went and work, and design, and they are capable of meeting to taste (riches). Twenty other departments were such and all just as attractive in their kind, and up and down the house as they the ladies passed like butterflies, uncertain where to settle in this gay picture of beauty, where the glow of each department told with the other.

THE DRAMA.

"WANTED, A CARPENTER."

Mr. Geo. Williams, who first attracted notoriety as a farouche player variety art, and who, under the name, "Wanted, a Carpenter," recalled two years ago to star beauty. A vehicle was wanted to introduce him in proper style to the public—a vehicle, too, that would show off his special talents. This was found, and as "Our German Hero," for two seasons, Mr. Williams came as a star attraction. Then, as the case with most stars, it became necessary to find a new play. After many consultations two clever New York journalists, Col. A. R. Caldwell, Mayor A. Rochester, of the New York Herald, and Mr. G. T. Langdon, of the New York Herald, who were formerly rivals in the same line, decided at this time, furnished the manuscript of a play with the peculiar title, "Wanted, a Carpenter." It went without saying that the central figure of the farcical comedy was a partly Americanized German whose tongue was pronounced. Mr. Williams and his manager, Mr. John Binkley, were put the plot, and it forms the principal feature of the actor's repertory for the present season. This is to be regretted, for I honestly believe it is impossible to make "Wanted, a Carpenter," a popular success. The comedy begins with the reading of a will in which a wealthy German, "heavily in property," leaves his fortune to his daughter, Hilda, conditioned upon her marrying a relative of deceased, named Herr Zimmerman. A scheming attorney, the villain, in the transaction of the will, intercepts the entrance of the missing German, Hilda, as Charles Carpenter, and invents for this individual. The willful error in the testamentary transaction is the hinge upon which the action turns. The lawless baronet attempts in vain to get an ex-cousin as the veritable Charles, and could eventually developing as the heiress' part-fatherland. Hilda meanwhile has fallen in love with a dissolute whom she should have known has temporarily employed to aid him in his alleged search for Charles Carpenter, and who, it is afterwards divulged, is the genuine Herr Zimmerman. The drama is a drama who is to married this English waltz and her villain, and she is reading very well, highly. In the play, the villain, graduated the Heidelberg University, and "invariance of the pitiful non-sensibility, overvalued, false, smooth-tongued, false-proving, magnate-to-everybody, combined sympathy." This is the character assumed by Mr. Williams, whose acting is not only good, but is completely unimpaired. The play is an outline of the plot. It is really surprising how two such clever journalists as the authors are known to be could have written such a commonplace play. The dialogue never rises above the level of mediocrity, and the plot and the theme are so common that the play offers us not only the "primitively level." The characters walk and sit off in the most amazing and improbable manner in the most impossible places. The tableaux or cli-

maxes at the end of each act—then are four—are nearly all ineffective, and fall flat upon the audience. In short, I must candidly agree that "Wanted, a Carpenter," has not a single redeeming feature except the embryonic idea of the professional eccentric. Sometimes, however, a bad play is saved by good acting, but in this case the acting is shown on an equality with the play. Mr. Williams himself did not place up as the Professor. His talent naturally is above reproach, but his personation is too heavy and loud. There is a surmised and something about it which is unpleasant. It looks shoddy. In the third act, where Mr. Williams sings a couplet of songs and recites, he seems more at ease. Prof. Zimmer is unimpaired at present. There is nothing characteristic about him except his broken English. Even the fun extracted from the underlife of many people is forced. The phenomenon underlife has no real action in its composition. The piece is a comedy without genuine humor. Mr. Con. T. Murphy gave a stiff, awkward exhibition as Charles Zimmerman, an ex-cousin. He seemed stiff, shrouded across the stage in true dramatic Italian style, and was as uninteresting as it was possible to be. In the hands of an experienced actor the character could be made effective. John Verrie, the scheming attorney, is personated by Mr. P. L. Graves, who acted fairly but was not sufficiently forcible. He is introduced for a typical villain except one of the English Etonians. Mr. Jerome Stevens played the role of the detective, a couplet of the "lost bird" was a mediocre performance. And, by the way, what a preposterous idea of the authors to sketch a detective of the *St. John* style, and to imagine an heiress finding anything romantic in a private detective whose work run hardly be considered the most in the world. Mr. Adams, the waiter, was not so very funny as I have a waiter, but his efforts tended to hysterical rather than noble results. Miss Doris Stuart played the part of Mrs. General Zimmer, who is afflicted with spiritual manifestations and ethereal visitant. She possesses the requisite aptitudes to make her an unimpaired and also a little touch when the Professor calls her his fair. She indulges in long-winded and pointless tirades about mediumistic trances, but the humor is evidently intended to draw from her exceedingly small real dimensions. Hilda, the heiress, was suitably played by Miss Ida Binkley, with a logical real pathos. Miss Nellie Thomson, as Alice, a girl of the period and not of the heiress, dressed simply and acted unimpaired. In the drama she was clearly intended for a servant, excepting when she tortured the heiress by her alleged sedition. In the remaining acts she was and other things, and she was a good deal of a good thing being a girl of the period. Miss Alice Murray, as Mrs. Lester, the governess, who turns out to be the mother of the heiress and the wife of the eccentric, played the part in a very weak manner. Miss Miss Binkley, who dressed in the character in every part of the play, as "Wanted, a Carpenter," is a thoroughly bad job, thoroughly badly acted.

"OUR GODLINS."

Mr. William C. McArthur, Pleasure Party, took their second appearance in this city last week. Last year's company played at Pope's Theatre. The entertainment is unchanged. It is William Gill's mixed extravaganzas, "Our Godlins, or Fun on the Rialto," in three acts. The Pleasure Party combination comprises actors, comedians, and a troupe, whom the author, Mr. Gill, has just known. "Our Godlins" is a piece patterned after the recent musical absurdities of a non-descript class which were at the rage with the public. It is well written, and occasionally is witty, humorous, and satirical. It is mounted on a slightly higher plane than the majority of such absurdities, and has a more refined tone about it. This, of course, prevents the fun being either so hilarious or hysterical; but even so, it is the company manages to extract considerable amusement out of the audience. In Act I there is a rehearsal of a rather clever parody on the prevailing society fashions, but it is hardly worth the notice. Mr. Gill, the author-actor, constituted his first towards mixing the piece a "go," but did not display any

extraordinary talent. What he had to do in the first act, and that is all that can be said. Miss Emily Pease (Mrs. Gill) was fully satisfied in the leading part of the absurdity. Mr. J. M. Nares was well through his role successfully, while his deep tone voice created much amusement. His singing was excellent. Mr. Francis Williams gave a clever satire of the society house, while his agile and graceful to a polished movement elicited commendation. Mr. William Forrester was perfectly satisfactory as the song fellow with his voice to a moderate. Miss Helen Gibson and Miss Mary V. there both sang and acted satisfactorily. The entire set of seven artists show how remarkably simple a performance can run when all the parts are filled satisfactorily. While I think none of the company displays any signs of striking talent, they are all good, competent actors. However, without being brilliant, their entertainment is bright and enjoyable, and "Our Godlins" efforts a pleasant evening's amusement.

CHARLES.

THE MAN IN THE PARQUETTE.

Mr. F. H. Bennis has been engaged by Mr. Charles Ford to fill the place of Mr. George Denham in the first company of the new season. Mr. Bennis played three seasons ago at Philip's Cove with the Stewart Opera Company. His wife, Miss Tillie McHenry, was also a member of the company. Bennis is a good comedian, and with Bill Denham's place acceptable.

New "crank's" *Parquette* contains the following, groups of Sunday performances: "It is stipulated in the contract between Mr. Carson, the owner of the city's new Chicago theatre, and Haverly, that there shall be no Sunday night performances in the new theatre. Haverly was first among the respectable managers to throw his theatre open on Sunday evenings, and it is well known that he has been doing so for years. There is no question that an overwhelming majority of the best classes of his patrons oppose Sunday performances as either immoral, or at least unnecessary. The work days afford opportunity enough for those who wish to attend theatrical performances. Another fact is that the employees of the theatres need one night's rest out of the seven. They will do their work better if they get it. Performances will be smoother, the stage work will be better done; the orchestra will play better, in—indeed, everything will run more smoothly. If it is beneficial to patrons and other members of the community, why should the management permit such a thing? It is a thing which is certainly most desirable for men to do the same thing."

Prof. Louis Nardini. Louis Lester is evidently no devotee to him. The last heard of Monsieur de Pithou and Mrs. Belle Dato, otherwise Louis Lester, was that after several failures in San Francisco, they were organizing an elaborate company to go to Oregon and surrounding country. And now the Standard says: "The Louis Lester Opera Company sailed from Victoria to San Francisco on the 20th ult., after a brief but unprofitably unsuccessful season."

Barry & Fay's "Maiden Pledge Party," which has been appearing at the People's Theatre, is a very good variety organization, but some of its features are rather distressing. The other evening I dropped in and saw on the stage a young lady, whom, on referring to the programme, I discovered was a Miss Nellie Herman. This lady, in the act of her first day of the presentation was to "sell some choice flowers from her garden of song, and to introduce some original recitations." She shouted some staid verses which passed with the audience for singing, and recited some verses in an utterly commonplace manner about "my father." Her voice was hoarse and unattractive, her motions awkward and awkward. Twice it is impossible to have an audience of average intelligence can endure such exhibitions.

American 2000 engagements followed. Dr. J. Magruder, "The Medical Group," discussed the medical aspects of American literature to the General Public, while the "Literature of the Day" comprised itself to a brief review of Odysseus's "Lauder" and Wilhelms's "Pompeii."

A lady visiting a friend knocks over an inkstand, spilling the ink upon her overalls and upon that of her husband. "Thereupon she shrieks like a peacock."

"Well, but look here," says the other. "What shall I say?"

"Oh, you?" replies the lady. "Why, it's your own ink!"

Telling the news of the day, some one mentions a recent surgical operation.

"What? Seventy-two thousand francs? What did they do to him?"

"For such a price as that he ought to have been made into mince meat!"

Difficulties and dilemmas

People think they are not understood, when in reality they are only misunderstood.

The fact of artists being more competent is a matter of art that the first of amateurs sees.

It is not easy to cultivate friendship for a man whom we know to be of superior merit.

In the parlor of the concierge

"Is it possible that a man like that should do so audacious and so strong for, for his age?"

"Only that of M. Mene, Pipetot, and his housekeeper is his age, for all he was eighty years old, she wouldn't waste late in his age!"

Parasites

A physician has just told his patient, a rare operation has nothing, but sometimes useful.

The patient is a young man, an initiate of the gay world of the boulevard and the clubs.

The doctor, having drawn quite a quantity of blood, hands the basin to the servant, that it may be thrown out.

"Stop, stop!" cries the patient eagerly. "There's enough there to bewitch the bones of several persons. I could even spare a little to a friend!"

Parasitic incident

A sick man has been granted permission to have steam heat blown upon his chest.

Yesterday, his opposite neighbor, who is a hunkier, came to his bedside.

"I have to ask in human favor," the visitor says, "will you have that steam removed?"

"But I cannot, my physician orders it!"

"I will have those windows closed by the most expert of my system, only have the steam taken away!"

"But why?"

"The company of which I am president has paid no dividend for the last two years. Why may it be at the point of death, and don't you see, if they are sick in the street, they'll be sure it's dying!"

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The Spectator.

[Vol. II. No. 6.]

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1881.

[PRICE 5 CENTS.]

DIAMONDS!

Our late European purchases have now arrived, and we are showing a stock which is UNPARALLELED in the West of MOUNTED and UNSET gems.

The universal testimony of critical judges all confirm the fact, of which we have been confident that we have a larger stock of choice GEM MATCHED PAIRS, of the FINEST QUALITY, than any house in the United States, East or West. Of this assertion we are WELL ASSURED by the SALES we are constantly making against local and Eastern COMPETITION, and by the travelling representatives of the leading IMPORTING diamond houses of the East, who are AMAZED at seeing our immense and EXQUISITE stock.

We ask all intending buyers of SOLITAIRE diamond finger rings and ear-rings, lace pins, studs, bracelets, etc., to do themselves the justice to inspect our stock.

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with roses and spallies, and the dining-room is one whose general furnishing makes you feel at home. The corners were extensive and varied, and the supper lasted two hours. Between the sherry and the champagne there was many a joke, and stories unnumbered. The hospitable company, continued me to a hall of bold, brave, and reckless hunters when they sit down around the festive board to relate their adventures. There was much said at this little gathering. They seemed to make a dozen new friends, and if they had been a century-old, they would have immediately turned himself into a "Buffalo Bill." I saw his own astonishment at the display of such a mid-morning and artistic gentleman as Mr. Daniel Chalm, long a savage drinker, in his barbed-breast, and a young girl, laughing and shouting through the thickets of a savanna. As I was in the service, what do you think of men who can bring up three thirty-five ball-bass on one look, or who can attract a picture without seeing it, or who catch fish for fun and bread? I like the Texas cattle and go back the next year to see how many of the same ones they can take again. But I would not like to tell what I heard, and for the reputation of the gentlemen present, it is, perhaps, well that I cannot. The entertainment was concluded at eleven o'clock by the serenaders, and wound up late at night in the most cordial and delightful manner. Mr. Brown had paid an excellent, really beautiful compliment to the speakers and the guests of the evening, with his and songs they are, look away with them many good impressions of their hosts.

The St. Louis Sketch Club is about to remove to new and elegant apartments. The steady and prosperous growth of the Club, the increase in membership among those interested in art, has rendered a change to more commodious quarters almost a matter of necessity. The new rooms will be formally dedicated on the first Wednesday in November, by a grand reception. All the members and invited guests will be expected to appear in full evening dress or in fancy costume. It is the intention to make it a very elegant and artistical entertainment. The rooms will be very large, and decorated in a manner entirely in keeping with the character of the institution. The reception committee will be but the commencement of a series of artistic surprises which the members of the club have in store for the adjoining portion of the community during the coming season.

Dr. Felton, the pastor of the Union Methodist Church, whose place of meeting has long been in the well-known house at Eleventh and Locust, preached his first sermon last Sunday since his return from Europe, and while it was not a brilliant discourse, it was one that had a vast amount of common sense and sound sentiment at its base. The greatest and best thing in it was that the close, which he paid a compliment to the smaller people present, in such apt language and with such touches of fraternal affection, that the whole audience was turned into a gasp of admiration. He referred to the fact that it had been twelve years since he came to that congregation the first time as [to pastor, and then proceeded to speak of the whitening of the locks and the deepening of the lines in the faces of many of his congregation who were then called young people. It is a pleasant thing to find a man he is growing old. Religion, even, does not take away the pride of physical strength, but here is where the doctor turned a sober and disagreeable fact into a pleasing compliment. "But," said he, "while it is true that you have grown older, it is also true that the very lines in your faces have become more finely etched, and the moulded features of youth have turned into the chiselled and classic features of maturity. The light of spiritual and intellectual culture now shines out more clearly, and the passage of twelve years has but made you more beautiful in my eyes."

Dr. Felton preaches his last sermon in the old Eleventh Street church to-morrow, and the Sunday following the congregation will worship in the new

house on Garrison Avenue. I understand that before the first words of the pastor fall from his lips in his new pulpit, the house will have been entirely paid for, thus leaving the congregation free from a vexatious debt.

Pix Guerin has some beautiful photographs on exhibition at his place on Olive Street. It is impossible to pass by without taking a look at the pretty faces that look out through the windows. His life-size pictures are particularly interesting, and it is rather strange that more people do not take them more. Two attractive people I saw at Guerin's are of Madame Subit and daughter, both artists, and the makers of these fine likenesses. Madame Subit does all of Guerin's coloring, and I understand she is certainly busy. She is to have an exhibition of her work in Pettes & Lucille's room, and it will certainly attract great attention, for the lady is a genuine artist, and does a class of work that is growing very popular.

The falling leaves and cold rains coming to the feminine mind a suggestion more prosaic than poetic, for she anticipates that the leaves are near at hand when she can construct her wardrobe from its tawny shagreenings, and then—blessed thought!—no more bothering about what to wear. A woman covers a multitude of sins. Any old dress may do now, with broken sleeves, and frayed elbows give no hint of their present state of decay, and every woman should feel that is swallowed up in the raiments of the two hundred dollar richness. Diamonds may be poetic and idyllic, but the usual observer, but there is no denying a woman in a sash. She knows the quality and the price thereof, the diamond being dark upon it. The only sure and unerring mark of quality is a sash.

Pinkish-red street boots are the leading thing for the climate just now. Any observer cannot fail to notice that the really genteel society people of our city appear at all evening theatrical performances in the dresses of dress. This may be extremely general, and there is not a doubt that it is very convenient, but it certainly is not particularly pretty. I like a bit of color scattered here and there among the somber wide costumes. Chosen with taste and judgment, light evening dress is certainly much more effective even for the theatre. I saw a charming mess that I have never seen, at the Opera House, who might have been the embodiment of Spring herself, so like lovely peacock-blues was she a great superb bonnet, blue and covered with pink flowers, a superb and girlish pink cheeks in the world, with a quantity of shell-like fan-like material was brought round her throat and rangle at the waist. "A study in pink," an artist might have called her, but to me she suggested great masses of apple-blossoms, and all Spring joys and sweetnothings. Her eyes looked about like the pink petals of the rose, and she appeared as sweetnothings as though protected by the two frequent veil of positive bonbonness.

The Missouri Pacific Railroad Company has just put some very fine Pullman coaches on the line between here and Ash Grove. They are said to be the latest and expensive designs that the Pullmans have ever turned out. The same company is also to have some new dining-coaches in a short time.

The Booth Dramatic Club have in rehearsal "The Homecoming," and will present it with a full cast at the Parkville Theatre on the evening of November 1st. The organization has gone to considerable expense for costumes and other accessories, and a fine performance is promised. Tickets are to be fifty cents each, and will secure to the holder a reserved seat. Only a limited number of tickets will be sold, and it is desired to have the house uncomfortably full.

All agitation of the paramount question is, and ought to be encouraged. I trust we may speedily decide which kind of clothes are best adapted to

our purposes, and only discuss how to get money to lay them on our modestly-thoughtful. But while we are talking of it, we ought to see to it that our outer mirror, which, if modestly used, is a very good one, is kept in good repair, so that what we cover them with, Olive Street, between Third and Fourth streets, a year ago was carefully paved with wood pavement. It was well laid, and as smooth as a floor. While in this condition it was ripped up, the whole length near the curb on the north side, and a new foot street was dug along the entire length of the block to allow the laying of gas mains. The pavement was hastily and poorly laid, but still two-thirds of the street remained in good condition. Since the mains have been put down the pavement has been ripped up in a transverse direction in half a dozen places, and so covered with many buildings with the mains. The result was to be easily imagined. The good thoroughfare of twelve months ago looks, today, worse than a bad ordinary road through a morass. What has been done in this block will be done in thousands of blocks all over the city, and unless a city ordinance is enacted to forbid it, and until it is forbidden, all talk of well-paved streets will be folly.

I am pained to hear that Mr. Fred Crunden is seriously ill, at least so ill that his condition is the occasion of grave anxiety to his family. He has been in poor health for some months past, and although apparently benefited by a brief vacation, is now very much reduced. His case is another illustration of one of the worst effects of our over-education and over-civility. A few years ago he was elected Librarian of the Public School Library. He was completely well qualified for the position. He is a bookish man in his tastes, and yet full of fire and magnetism. He has been educated in our public schools, and has been an instructor in Washington University. His scholarly training and wide circle of friends soon made a change apparent in the Public School Library. The previous man was far less exceedingly so efficient. Mr. Crunden made the library of equal value to students and the reading public, and made it a place of popularity, not to its disadvantage, and thus to its discredit. Notwithstanding all this, each year his recreation has been bitterly contested, and on one occasion a political choice came very near defeating him. Not a word could be argued against his management; it was simply that some one who had done the party a service, wanted a place. To retain his position, and prevent his enemies from gaining an advantage over him, Mr. Crunden seriously attended at the library room early in the morning until ten o'clock at night, and often later. It is this application, in a body crunched and bent to its disadvantage, and thus to its discredit, that has affected his health, and may deprive the library of the most useful officer it has ever had.

By reference to the card catalogue's cover here printed, it will be seen that Prof. Rosner's course of lectures, on "The Jews in History," comprises four lectures, instead of one, as stated in last week's *Spectator*. They will be illustrated on a screen, as his lectures on literature, literature, Prof. Rosner's lectures on literature, and other lectures have been illustrated. These subjects for illustrations have hitherto been chosen with rare felicity, and from the abundance of material, full of historic, romantic, and human interests which the history of the Jews furnishes, Prof. Rosner is sure to give a most interesting and worthy of his subject. The following quotations from George Eliot, which I find on the circular announcing the course, possibly indicates the role of Jewish history which has impressed the lecturer most strongly.

She, for her part, is not fond of the Jews (having known Mr. Jacobson since 1858), though on inquiry she said she is quite acquainted with their domesticities. A people with actual souls, not to their blood, but to their lives, and their lives are to carry off the last prices. A significant illustration of their natural rank is seen in the fact that the most learned of the Jews are to be found in Germany, and the Jews, the leader of the Jewish party in France is a Jew, and the Premier of England is a Jew. To see them as an opportunity by superstition and hatred, how proud they have remained!

So anxious are we to see, down for the first time, Garfield's monument, we will be with the subscription lists are closed. Speaking in a general way, however, it can now be said that the campaign will be simple and efficient, without vain ornamentation or hoards of marble and granite from Niagara's crannies, and that over thirty-five feet high, not exceed twelve in breadth. It is intimated that it will tell its own tale to the civility of its purposes and objects, to whom, when, and in whom erected. Of course, from much or less light of its story, shall be set forth in sculptured devices in bas-relief and otherwise, and look much by inscriptions, depends upon the aim, edited from the subscriptions. These most active in the cause, think that sufficient money will come forth from the public, and that is proposed to be done. The names of all contributors, no matter how small they are, will be put upon the monument, probably in tablets of white bronze relieved and set out by recessed oval processes.

The River Convention which meets in the city at Wednesday previous to the last of the largest commercial gathering that ever occurred in St. Louis, but in America, or even the world. Sixteen States will be represented, and there will be nearly 1,000 delegates present. The convention will be notable rather for its general representation than for the distinguished character of its members. It does not appear that there are to be any great number of industrial members of Congress here, but the latter will be of all kinds of men who are directly from the people, and by whom public opinion is formed. The formation of a public opinion is just what the progress of this gathering are seeking. They want to make and put into active service that general sentiment that already exists in favor of the improvement of the most servile waterway on the globe. The meeting of the convention will mark an important epoch in the history of St. Louis and the Mississippi Valley, and the gentlemen who participate therein are charged with the inspiration of a movement that will revolutionize the commerce of this union.

The committee of arrangements is so far enough ahead for the subscription in manner in which they have gone about the making of preparation for the convention. They have raised about \$17,000 for expenses, and expect to have \$40,000 before the day of meeting. The names of subscribers are not yet published, so that there will be an opportunity for small liberalists. Some of the subscriptions are exceedingly liberal. A single individual, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, but whose name is indelibly connected with the cause, has contributed \$10,000. There have been many. A large part of this fund is to go to the entertainment of invited guests. Delegates must pay their own expenses, but invited guests will have no bills to pay.

On Thursday evening the convention takes possession of the Grand Hotel, House and John McMillan, who will play "Virginia." Wednesday evening there will be a promenade concert at the Metropolitan. Exchange, and a splendid reception is to be given Friday. Tickets to these entertainments are to be had only through the favor of the committee in charge.

The sessions of the convention are to be in the Grand Hotel House, which I understand is very kindly offered, free of charge.

In reply to several inquiries, I will say that the lady who has the French kindergarten in St. Louis, and who will play "Virginia." Wednesday evening there will be a promenade concert at the Metropolitan. Exchange, and a splendid reception is to be given Friday. Tickets to these entertainments are to be had only through the favor of the committee in charge.

I have been asked by a great many people, of late, if the publication of "The Paris Letter" had inspired the *Chicago Tribune*. I don't know. The proprietors are the only people who have given it attention in the subject. Quite a number of gentlemen who have families have told me they had looked the *Chicago Tribune* and commenced to take the *Republican*, but a paper

of course, gives not subscribers, by its own fault, a loss. This will be so as long as the most of mankind are disposed to be very wicked. I don't very much that the *U. S.* will suffer materially for their "wickedness." A paper which has built itself up by such means as it has used, and that is to be acquired by the false step, even though it be a great serious one. The only evidence I have seen that the matter has been a serious one, that is, one touching the pocket, is the lightning change, that has taken place, shelling even the names of William Horner, James F. For over two weeks the *U. S.* has been a delicately clean sheet, almost as clean as the *Republican*, *Chicago Tribune*, and *New York Times*. There are now some slight evidences of a stamp, but I suspect that this will be a very slight one, and the most extraordinary subject of this in the history of journalism will be lost.

I have received the following letter, with an article which I made last week about an evening place in Ohio Street, near Third:

DEAR SIR:—The lady spoken of in the enclosed article is dead where. She is a married lady, and has been in no certain knowledge for a number of years. Hoping you will correct your statement, I remain,

Yours, respectfully, E. A. SCHMIDT.

St. Louis, Mo., October 15, 1881.
It is supposable that the story in the *Standard* of the lady who was last week spoken of as "the widow." The establishment described is commonly called "The Widow," and I have never seen a man about who has assumed the description of a husband. I naturally supposed the "widow" was a place run by a widow, I am glad to know that there is a Mr. Schmidt, and that he has no enterprising wife.

I never look at Schmidt's windows on Fourth Street but I am struck with the beauty and richness of his displays. Not only does he understand the art of making an article look his best, but he displays the finest taste in his selection, and has always a striking novelty in taste and form. Mr. Schmidt's business in the fur wraps for ladies has grown very rapidly in the last few years, and he now makes that line a special branch of his business. We may expect to see some very fine samples and showings in his windows at the approach of Winter.

A great many things may be learned easily by standing around and keeping one's ears and eyes open. I was in an Ohio Street drug store, the other day, in a quite fashionable neighborhood, when a stylishly dressed young lady waited in, and with the utmost civility, as it were, to her surroundings, asked the drug clerk for "five cents' worth of strychnine." He weighed out and gave to her. She was a very handsome lady, with marble-like face and brilliant eyes, which I noticed as she swept impulsively by. "Are you acquainted with that lady?" the Young Man asked the clerk. "Oh, course I am," was the answer. "That's Miss B——, of such an avenue." "Why do you sell her poison in such a quantity?" "Oh," said the clerk, in a matter-of-course sort of way, "she is a regular customer. She has here every two or three days. She's what we call an arsenic-cure." "I take it for her complexion," he used to say, and doesn't do without it." Further conversation elicited the fact that Miss B—— was only one of these dramatically young customers who are arsenic-drug addicts, or, tasted the delicious delirium of morphine.

It is estimated that at least four thousand of the young ladies of St. Louis are given to these poisonous practices. They eat arsenic to give "aunt," and hold down their eyes, and sometimes, when the complexion, they take laudanum or opium either to overcome lassitude brought on by late hours and reckless revelry, or because they are fascinated by the witch and the doctor's dream, and are so overcome that they phantasmize the drug call up. This number includes the young women only, and does not take into account the large number of married and aging ladies who indulge their taste or folly in this direction.

In the *Standard* are carried, from week to week, the accounts of the most destructive work in the ranks of the young womanhood, and the fact that a law is now being drawn for the express purpose of preventing the wholesale use of poisons to the people does not appear to offer the slightest possible barrier to the further progress of the practice.

I have heard it said that some ladies are even so far gone that they themselves, and so seriously near the elimination of interesting drugs that they paid personal visits to the various stores of the city, and there, and gave plentifully of their glass-eyes for whiffs of the monstrous opium-pipe. It is possible that such is the case, especially since they exist here in St. Louis, and as there is always, even in the last society, an occasional bit of operative, romantic and adventurous humanity, there is no reason why some St. Louis girls might not be rash or reckless enough to snatch John Chinaman's pharmacopoeia pipe with their very lips. Many, many, without perhaps these opium dopes, I understand, and to form a girl, then, who has frequently had her head upon a "cotton" cloth, with the potpourri hives of the plantain-leaf lying through her brain, that I should be surprised that such a case should not be an occasional respectable question had between men and women.

There was a letter in one of the papers, the other day, from a young lady who offered her services as a writer of short or sentimental romances. It didn't seem to make an impression on her which was wanted; she should just as easily be writing a story running through ninety chapters, as to chop one off in the middle of a third chapter. The young lady was shrewd and earnest in learning her lesson, and she had a very good understanding of the law, but she was not willing to learn the matter here because it would not be so easy to get into the young girl's mind of the law was trying to rush into mine, and as much as school was had, then, for the first time, I saw a young lady who was not willing to publish a book or write a newspaper article. Every girl appeared to have an idea that the only good and worthy thing she could make was a literary one, and that the kingdom of heaven would be hers if only she had for distinctive and independence. Newspaper offices were hourly assailed with communications, from femininity assisted with this kind of mistake, and the editorial waste-baskets were kept in a continual condition of overflow. Lately, as the situation has changed, Woman is heard from in no newspaper, although the distinguished editorial-society and society reporter is held enough to assert itself in the public notice, and to become a thing in a hundred ways, and to be held in a way that is not to be professed as well. Woman has discovered a hundred other avenues to independence. The general recognition of her position, and the higher status, and the competition which she has created into every sphere, where with the higher kinds of work, make it no longer necessary for her to look to letters for a livelihood, or to hope to gain time and fortune by a few hurried, and perhaps few, strokes of the pen. She is better able to appreciate than to receive literary work; and as appreciative readers are no more and then better needed, it is refreshing to find women rapidly falling into the ranks of these worthy literary writers, and to see such and such a volume appearing as the *Spectator* furnishes weekly to its friends and patrons.

I think that literary man has a poorer opinion of the general intelligence of the public than he has other class of men. They look to the public's patronage, and endeavor in every way to attract people to their houses, but so soon as they get down there they seem to be surprised to find that the public is not so much as they thought. They are forced into this way of thinking every time any star of availing like first negative appears in one of our theaters, and the utility man and the ballet girls turn upon indignant audiences.

places him still further in this aesthetic study, and relying himself to the philosophy of mutton (theoretical, resistance, articulation, ball and socket, cradles, and a host of other principles), to understand how the mule has been able to treat a mule in its own way, it is a matter of seconds, and believes it will be able to reveal faster still.

In judging the horse, the taste of the uneducated is much more important, and so in fact does out of the aesthetic judge, who comprehends the sense of the human. The taste of the two is indifferent, and so is the motive. The former likes for the rider's use, the latter knows that color is an infolding complement of higher qualities, and, or, conversely, explains, gray, is a popular color, and the different shades of gray are artistically assessed. The blood bay is most popular, especially if a shading of the mane, tail, and legs be black. The telephone of the mule for the last one of a certain celebrated race in Tennessee was no worked as to recent ability to prefigure, and at the annual sales of mules there would be for most money covering the same, except the fact that business and artists, though more reputation than some of the bays, in themselves confers upon the fact. Ladies and children are much more partial to light-colored, or variegated, bays. The white, gray, and combinations of white and black, or of brown, or yellow, commonly called "skins." These same colors are most unpopular in the groves. Quite naturally is this so, for such colors are most easily, and are most difficult to keep clean.

It was not the different shades of sorrels, the darker being favored, but, in fact, are held in high esteem by most judges. Dark gray is favored by some of the most artistic of buyers. Grey mares like various shades of grey. Mixed colors (Americanish horses) are the best of all, like grey, white, to stand out in the light, behind the lights, to be looked at, or to stand out. This color is very rare and hard to find. As well known in Kentucky teaches that it will look upon a white horse and make a wish, and then find it, it is a horse as good as to see the animal, and it is a horse with a wish to find the same grey horse. Dark horses are much sought after for several uses. Paradoxically, they are popular with children, as for several reasons, as well as with mountaineers for shows and dances. Romance is found in the dark horses, and the ancient warrior loved to ride them in the night's front. Great role a grey horse during the greater part of the war, Lee's charge was grey, a comely and dangerous target. John Morgan, the only leader of Kentucky Cavalry, during the late rebellion, and whose men were said to be more rapidly mounted than any troops in any war, rode horses of a dark black horse, a thoroughbred animal of great speed. Even the most famous of all show horses, moved for his sagacity as well as for the length of his mane and tail, both of which swept the ground, was a dark brown or bay. With the same intelligence and capabilities, any other color would have appeared like the color in the past, only less.

Every stable man will find some interesting things of interest in horses. Progress is very slow in the matter of grey. Flashy young men with green coats and cross-hatched clothes, like a white or grey-horn. Some, or dark business men prefer the dark colors. Most ladies will draw a horse of any color in preference to a black. Some men want anything that is speedy, and nearly all like anything that is dark, with it is black.

In the race course only bays, sorrels, and browns are known to have extent. Dark bays sometimes a fond. Clay and white are unheard of. Against grey there is a very strong prejudice, although there have been some very successful horses with a grey coat, though they have been known of the older time, and failure of the modern race. Dapple horses are held in common respect and common use. Rounders are large or small, according to taste. For speed on the road the large horse is preferred, although weight adds often to impede progress. The fastest pacing horse, by the world, is the brown dog, with a record of 2:12 to the mile, is brown in color and very small. For

speed and beauty combined, a moulton-sized horse is best, for he may have grace as well as beauty of outline, qualities which a large horse but rarely possesses. Small horses are often beautiful, but seldom speedy. In the race horse we find a purely aesthetic study, for directly it is only ornamental. We cannot drive him, nor will he touch "fardels bear." This statement is general, for it is a well-known fact that many a fine-blooded animal has found his ultimatum in the plow or beneath the pack-saddle, and these more noble services an honest son of toil, and far removed from the pleasures of man while conforming, and doing and doing, his olive wreaths of victory upon successful battles of the full blood. And yet the race horse has his uses. In him is found that equine blood, which alone imparts strength, endurance, and noble quality, which color and man may be infused into the veins of the saddle to avoid other deterioration.

You who dwell in the upper realms of the fine arts, here indeed is a truly worthy of your gaze. As evidenced as you are to scan the works of the old masters; long familiar with Angelos and Praxiteles, initiated into all the secrets and mysteries of coloring, shade, shadow, and perspective, on something for its less favored mortals, we commend to you the modest, homely horse. Here you may trace graceful outlines, and search easily for perfect symmetry. There is an aesthetic appeal for the street and the road, for the country and the town, where, without ceasing to ply the ordinary avocations of life, you may "theatize and philosophize in taste in the service of the beautiful," to the full extent of satisfaction. Here you may study the outline of form, grace in movement, color, strength, endurance, vitality, usefulness, ornamentation, etc. What more can you find in the Great Museum of earth?

When artists and painters, successful men and devotees of art in general, have had their eyes crowded with the world's approval, and passed from the heat of strife to rest, to enjoy, to be easy, one of their joys is almost sure to be, in some collection, a horse. So when during the heated afternoons of summer, as we were wont to sit by the trough in Forest Park, and indulge in the aesthetic study of horses, and observed the same well-dressed men, strangers to us, fondly and earnestly handling the same horses day after day, we see them down after as men of cultivated taste, who succeeded in some one plan of life, but who were difficult to keep such separate and distinct from the mere "master of an hour," who are trained himself in the very handling of the lines, or the application of the whip. As "the spirit of the profession," as the horse

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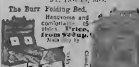
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VOL. II. NO. 7.]

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The Spectator.

St. LOUIS, OCTOBER 29, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

Unfortunately there is a man in the city named Girard. A still greater misfortune is that he is the proprietor of the Planters' Home, which has always claimed to be a first-class hotel, and which had an excellent reputation and it fell into the hands of Mr. Girard. When Mr. Girard was asked, the other day, to give something to the River Convention, he snapped his fingers and said, "No, not a cent." He was not the kind of man to find his money any day this summer. All the other hotels contributed liberally, because they expected a great deal of patronage, and because they wanted to help St. Louis shine. Girard was willing to take the patronage that might come his way, but he was not willing to risk a cent on it, and as to helping the city along, that was something that was entirely foreign to him, who wears as small a coat as he does. He is the kind of man who draws his head down between his shoulders like a terrapin, when you ask him to help a public enterprise, and who is not big enough to be at the head of a hotel like the Planters. He not only refused to contribute, but he insulted the reception committee that went there to try to get delegates, and the gentleman composing it had nothing to do but to pick up their hats and leave. The few delegates who unfortunately stumbled in there, had to put up with a good deal less courtesy than if they had gone to any other hotel. If Mr. Girard had been consistent he ought to have put up with it at his door, saying "No delegate to the River Convention wanted here!" But he did not do that. He took all he could get, charged them full fare, and put the money down in his pocket, with the soothing reflection that he was not robbed by the willing committee of the Convention. A lucky man is Mr. Girard, a real fortunate young man, but while he saves the slight he wastes at the long-side, and some of these days he will wake up and find that people have quit going to his hotel. The Planters' Home has a good name for thirty years, but such men as Girard would kill the best hotel in the world. All that is necessary is for him to have a good chance. He commenced by not giving anything for the Voted Property's parade, although his house, like every other in the city, was directly benefited by the large influx of visitors. In our time he refuses to help along two or three other public enterprises for the good of St. Louis in general and the hotels in particular, he will become pretty well known to our best citizens, and will have about reached water that is entirely too deep for him.

The River Convention was a great success. The Executive Committee, composed of Messrs. Michael McEneaney, John Jackson, F. O. Mander, John A. Seidner, J. C. Harshbarger, Frank Coleman, E. W. Gould, Henry Whitlock, John F. Davis, Henry Louis, William Cady, J. L. Overman, K. J. Rankland, Charles Parsons, E. C. Simmons, A. H. Smith, with Mr. George L. Wright, the Corresponding Secretary, are to be sincerely commended. The Convention was a large one, and it was most magnificently entertained. St. Louis never before extended her hospitality more generously, and if any visitor failed to be well treated it was an accident or his own fault.

Two gentlemen deserve particular mention in this connection, Messrs. Mills and Wells. Mr. Wells, of St. Louis, was largely entrusted the difficult and enormous task of raising funds to meet the expenses of the

Convention. This accomplished their work promptly and successfully. There was no ser for a liberal man raised for a similar purpose in this city, and it is doubtful if there are two other gentlemen in St. Louis who could have accomplished so good a result. To not know what we would do without these two great good men. We have many other citizens who live and work for others as well as themselves, but this happens to be an occasion when these two in particular are to be commended.

The happy flock of the members of the local press, as well as of visiting editors and correspondents, are to be returned to Mr. Michael McEneaney, Mr. Frank Harshbarger and their associates on the Executive Committee, for the liberal entertainment given them on Wednesday. There was a carriage ride to the Fair Grounds and Forest Park. At the latter place there was a fine collection prepared by Col. Herbert of the Forest Park Restaurant. There were about eighty gentlemen present, including a number of ex-senators and Congressmen, and the entertainment passed off in the most agreeable manner. The long dining-room was tastefully decorated with flowers and hanging baskets of fresh green plants, and the table was set with brilliant silver and glassware. Cysters, cold tongue, salads, cold roast beef, cold fried omelet, and grooves, with appropriate accompaniments, were served, and at the close there was a copious supply of Mott's Extra Dry. I have never seen a luncheon so heartily enjoyed, and I have never seen one at which there was more of that kind of freedom and unobscured talk and newspaper man enjoyed. There was but one attempt at a speech, and the gentleman who made that attempt perhaps regrets it, for he was left standing in the middle of the room talking to the dishes. He was somewhat mixed, owing to the excitement of the ride.

Messrs. Griswold & Sperry, of the *Laclede Hotel*, earned the sincere thanks of the newspaper men for the hospitality they displayed during the Convention. They gave up one of their parlors to the exclusive use of the press, and provided every convenience possible, including a very satisfactory toilet to wash in at night.

Of the ten school directors elected on Tuesday last, eight are clergymen, one an Irishman, and one (Mr. Seidner) an American—a striking commentary upon the apathy of the American population in these school elections. The term-school elected include several gentlemen of recognized character and liberality, who, it is believed, will not permit either political or national prejudice to control their action in the Board. The voluntary retirement of Mr. Twining and the defeat of Mr. Peckham are a serious loss to the Board. It is a complaint to Mr. Peckham that some of the least reputable elements in the present Board, with contractors and other parties "interested" in unimportant before the Board, and friends of a principal now under investigation by the Board, colored facts, and some, it is said, spent money freely to defeat him. Mr. Seidner is a good man, and is, doubtless, not responsible for the character of some of the elements which colored him. If he makes as independent and efficient a member as Mr. Peckham, he will be a most creditable addition.

With these ample proofs of criticism and reassurance by the proceedings of our school Board from time to time, unobscured and reckless abuse of the whole Board and its members is a libel upon the whole, and some, it is said, spent money freely to defeat him. Mr. Seidner is a good man, and is, doubtless, not responsible for the character of some of the elements which colored him. If he makes as independent and efficient a member as Mr. Peckham, he will be a most creditable addition.

exceedingly difficult to find parties, it for the place, who would consent to take it, and in several there was only one candidate. Notwithstanding the wrangling of a few many members of the Board, the Board is altogether too much notice, the Board has been considerably better, on the whole, this year than it was last year. It must be remembered that the Board contains some men who give the public most valuable service at a very serious personal sacrifice of time and comfort, and the press owe a duty to the public to strengthen their hands in every possible way.

DEAR SIR: Not long ago I attended one of our popular churches, and was filled with admiration for the beauties of the edifice and the most musical of voices in the choir; but there, I ceased to admire anything further, for just after the "congregational singing" there was such a bang of books into "tracks," that I felt myself fast retreating to a natural state of wickedness. People to the "manager board" should know better, *nicht wahr, Herr Herr?* What an encyclopedia as "ignorance book" might become under the guidance of some people who are not amenable to ideas in the way of good breeding, such as I have just remarked. Musical epire that are, would not such sounds grate on your ears? I presume that you go in the orthodox church below, and so have not had the opportunity of witnessing the bad taste and worse form of politeness exhibited by people far, far above the rabble.

True, fair and gentle "Jana," there are people who can forget the solemnity of the occasion, and when such people are old lady get up off her knees and punch her restless uncle till it turned blue and screamed for pain. Then again, I have seen young ladies who would look at a prayer-book with one eye, and carry on a flirtation with the other. The proprieties of religious services are often violated by the people who profess to be the most religious.

The peanut is a useful vegetable in its proper place. Without it Virginians and North Carolinians would be much shorter of pocket-money than we are. Without it the railway's occupation would be as good as O'Connell's. Without it rural courtships would lag on endless days and at the county fairs. But there is one place where the savory goaster is so infamous and unobscured industry, and that is at the theatre. There is no Christian religionist or angelic simplicity that is proof against the temptation of having to sit beside a persistent peanut-crusher at a play or an opera. All the passionate agony of tragedy and melodramas mingled and jugged with the cracking of peanut-balls, all the soft and tender sentences of love-scenes cracked into clatter and nonsense by the crunch, crunch, crunching of a peanut rind! All the rapt, enraptured strains of "O! Transience" or "Donna Anna!" mixed with the vile discords of a peanut-man's unwholesome jaws and teeth. I have endured martyrdom in some of the best seats, I have listened from the piteous den of the peanut-stall, and I now rise to protest. The police should march out by the car any man or woman caught eating peanuts in a first-class theatre or concert-hall.

I have many complaints of the inefficiency and unreliability of the district telegraph service in the city. Here is one out of the multitude of similar instances of the carelessness that is rendering it more or less worthless. A gentleman from a far distant portion of the country, but well known in St. Louis, sent a district telegram at the clock on Thursday afternoon, asking one of our most noted society leaders to go with him to the theatre. He went out to the office with party of friends, and waited half an hour for the telegraph office, at seven o'clock and did not there was no message for him. He got the guy operator to send another dispatch of inquiry as to why no answer had come. He waited

quaint, was but a—white in dressing, on a starched plush coat, with bright wings and shafted feathers that outlined the shades of her costume; but then her pretty eyes are not hard to suit, and there are more pretty marks than pretty girls.

I went the other day to Thomas's new bath-house, 117 Oliver Street, and was so pleased with everything about the establishment that I cannot refrain from commending it to those who have not yet visited it. While there is society in the world, where the Turkish and Russian baths are so much of a necessity to cleanliness and comfort as ours, St. Louis is lacking in such accommodations, and ladies especially have had little to be grateful for to the proprietors of public bath-houses, until the completion of this new establishment, owned by J. P. Thomas, of the Landell Hotel bath-houses.

My attention at the Turkish bath on Oliver Street, took me the other day that he used to serve in London, in the famous establishment of Duxter somebody, whose name I forget, where members of the royal family came to be shampooed like common people, and the other folks, for although they lay stretched on the slabs with no sight nor suggest beyond their flesh and blood, the poor attendant had to do homage to the royal can be scrubbed by looking across the slab, and genuflecting at every turn. It were utterly thank that American men are not so pleasing, and better looking than their English highnesses.

If you are an astronomical student, perhaps you can figure out the following:

It is upon the edge of the world.

"Oh, darling, 'ere I died, I want I leave my queen."

Oh, you are all the days of thy life.

If you will consent to be, persons, my wife."

"My darling, 'ere I died, I want I leave my queen."

Oh, you are all the days of thy life."

Oh, you are all the days of thy life."

Oh, you are all the days of thy life."

A novel idea for an entertainment, which as yet is but in germ, — in fact it will be but in germ when fully developed, — has been originated by a lady whose love of children and of light in bringing forward the sweet ways of these little blossoms of our race, is so to make it a success. She proposes giving a Kinder Symphany in which the little orchestra of angels will use only three-stringed instruments (an triangle, rattle, piano-wire (known as a rattle), a cuckoo-trumpet, &c. &c. Should the little mortals be dressed as warring angels in minnie-gowns, the sight as well as sound would be a pleasant experience, long remembered by those who hear this Kinder Symphany.

What a man! such people have for owning valuable diamonds. One would think that the virtues the ancients ascribed to precious stones, and above all to diamonds, was devoutly trusted in by the men and women of the nineteenth century, from the eagerness they manifested to possess the sparkling gems, and the pride they take in their suitors. Every woman claims for her diamonds some special quality of beauty beyond those of her acquaintance, and less fortunate women, who own no diamonds, are interested in admiring the superiority of their friends' suitors.

I saw a pair of saltire diamond earrings, of magnificent size and beauty, valued at \$1,000, which Mr. J. W. Lawrence purchased a few days ago for Mr. McLellan, his trade clerk.

Once in a while the presents to the old ladies and gentlemen who have reached fifty years of age, and who will hear nothing comparable with any of those bestowed on the more youthful ladies and gentlemen of today. I have seen nothing better in a long time than a case of solid gold table-spoons shown me last week by Mr. Davidson (Gold, at his new office in the Eastern Avenue building) which were intended as a gift to Judge and Mrs. J. H. Bunkley who celebrated their golden wedding last Monday, at Edinburgh, Ill.

In one of Mr. Davidson's windows there is a pair of cake plates displayed in a case of elegant brocade plush, lined with white satin shading from purple to cream, the hues paling toward the upper edge of the lid with a sunset effect, while the bottom or lid of the box is all of bronze silver, puffed into circles to form receptacles for the plates, which are truly an exquisite beauty. Their centres are carved into perfect pictures — apples of gold in pictures of silver — the gold of the fruits and flowers which make the embellishment being treated with acids to produce many varieties of coloring and shading. (One plate is depicted a cluster of growing strawberries, the large, ripe fruit and small, immature berries, and the pure white blossoms, set about with leaves and grasses variously tinted. The other plate shows in its centre a luscious-looking plum and a cluster of cherries, leaves, and grasses gracefully filling out the picture. The knives are the most unique feature of the elegant set. Their polished silver blades, shaped like a Turkish fish dagger, have oxidized handles, whose dark ground shows, in raised relief, quaint carvings that are judiciously heightened by touches of gold, — as, two men pitching quoits, the upper part of their bodies in red gold and the garments of the oxidized metal, too. They are golden wing, having about a golden apple, some golden-bell roses set in dark foliage; a standard illumined with gold. Each handle is different from all the others, and the entire workmanship is of the most artistic character.

I learn that Richard Watson Miller is to succeed the late Dr. Hollist as editor of *Seribner's Magazine*, of *The Century*, as it is now called. If his information is correct, the publishers of this popular magazine and the public are alike entitled to congratulation. Mr. Gilder has been the assistant editor of *Seribner's* since its foundation, and is manifestly anxious to be more so in the future, his versatile talent and his thorough knowledge of contemporary literature and literature, both in this country and abroad, than to any other country. He has also been a regular contributor to the magazine, but unlike most modern-day poets, he has not molested, and his contributions have, for the most part, appeared with commendable regularity in the little ship. He is a poet of acknowledged merit, nevertheless, and a little volume of his charming verses, under the title of "The New Day," has, within a short time, passed through two editions. The current number of *The Century* offers an excellent illustration of his talent and his style in the poem "The New Day," which is a tribute to the death, which also appears anonymously, and which are among the very best the great National University called forth. Mr. Gilder began his literary career on the *Newark N. J. Daily Advertiser*, which has turned out a number of well-known poets and Eastern journalists. His connection with Mr. Newton Crane, of the law firm of Pattison & Crane, of this city, and who at that time was associated with the *Newark Advertiser*, has established the *Newark Morning Register*. Shortly after embarking on this venture *Seribner's Magazine* was established, and he left the *Register*, which continued to be published as the *Newark Advertiser*, to take the position he has since continuously filled. Mr. Gilder is still a young man and full of energy, and his accession to the head of the magazine will give it a new impetus to still further growth, if possible.

Mr. Gilder's family is a remarkable one in a literary way. His father was a chaplain in the army, who died while in service, and in consequence of an act of pure heroism as one of the war. His mother is a successful woman journalist of the world. She began her career as a dramatic critic on the *Newark Register*, and afterwards was a regular reporter on the *New York Tribune*. She next passed to the *New York Herald*, upon whose staff she was regularly employed in various capacities, and which were intended as a gift to Judge and Mrs. J. H. Bunkley who celebrated their golden wedding last Monday, at Edinburgh, Ill.

Mr. Joseph Miller, resident in the business of the publication. Another brother, the W. H. Miller, who was a despatch staff officer during the war, and who was also connected with the *Newark Register*, has recently written a most entertaining book, which, under the title of "Schwarza's Story," gives the history of Henry Schwarza's expedition to the Arctic regions in search of St. John Franklin's record and relics, of which expedition Dr. Gilder was the second in command.

Seribner's Magazine, now *The Century*, was the first magazine in America to issue a foreign edition, and from a circulation of two thousand in England alone, it now numbers eleven thousand subscribers in that "right little island."

The Amlets, whose charming looks of (Holl) have been reviewed in another department of the *Spectator*, gave the following amusing sketch of a dinner-table in Moscow. It will be observed that the fastenings are unpleasantly suggestive of the toilet.

Chickens with pomatum,

(Done with cold cream.)

Fish with cosmetics.

Fivers, puddings, salads, vegetables, all with some efficient combination suggestive of the barber's shop.

Even fashionable ladies, it seems, are growing ambitious of excelling in athletics. A new game, much in vogue among ladies in the East, is that known as "Hare and Hounds." A costume, in which the ewe and a hugging female, left to be led to a minimum, and which affords ample breathing-room to the fair wearers, is chosen as the proper one in which to play this game. The colors of stockings, short skirts, and jerseys are brilliantly gay, and usually present striking contrasts in hue. As the game is played in the country, with one of the ladies representing a hare and running for dear life over ploughed fields, ditches, and fences, closely followed by a pack of shrieking hounds, the bright lines often light up the landscape wonderfully, and form a picturesque sight for some masculine observer.

A great deal of this sort of exercise may improve the wretchedly half-gait of many of our women, who waddle or mince along; and when it comes to running, prevent a slight so ridiculous as to deter away from making the attempt. Very few of our modern maidens, I fear, would make successful Albatrosses, but the general practice of "Hare and Hounds" might do much toward bringing about a better knowledge of the art of running.

One of the worst features of our modern society, "society," is its mediocrity. It is a mediocrity in the victories. A society lady of today will instruct her servant to say "Not at home," when she is quietly sitting within sound of her visitor's voice, with the same coolness and sangfroid, with which she orders her maid to bring a glass of water. Or if it will her to see her caller, she will step forward, her face revealed in smiles, and greet her with a kiss and emphasis "So glad to see you," while in her heart, probably, she harbors for her a feeling of dislike which even her false company manners can scarcely conceal. A really sincere person who chooses to be a witness to this sort of polite society, is struck with horror at the duplicity of one whom she probably considered a perfect woman. There is no occasion for this hypocritical deception, — the *harmlessness* of life do not require it, — but many mistaken notions of fashion have an idea that in this way only can they gain the reputation of society leaders.

The present popularity of those great broad-brimmed hats which the ladies, young and old, tall and short, persist in wearing, is a source of great annoyance to the habitual short-skirted. Any one who has worn himself, as I have, in one of these things, knows that it is a source of great annoyance to the short-skirted. Any one who has worn himself, as I have, in one of these things, knows that it is a source of great annoyance to the short-skirted. Any one who has worn himself, as I have, in one of these things, knows that it is a source of great annoyance to the short-skirted.

What in the midst of this mighty drama are girls and
or blind lameness? They are the sum of that good for
job men are fighting and enduring—the delicate
soul in which is borne onward through ages the
essence of life. — *Edna*

It became acquainted in youth with a great woman
whose all a man's power and gives him a thousand
cure. — *It is best.*

Conqueror's content to give up their lives for one loved.
The happiness is far beyond the misery. — *Edna*

For man, however the woman's a beggar,
Although the whole world be possessed,
And a beggar with a good wife.
With more than this world is blessed. — *Free the soul.*

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With more than this world is blessed. — *Free the soul.*

Not ever
In the heart of the Widow Malone,
Who lived in the town of Malton.
Alone,
Or, she was all the world to me.

He sneers at the girl,
O! I don't know, in whom we live
All that's bright and fair below

He finds —
"To meet by side, no matter how, his hands,
By blood or ink."

With the poet he cannot say,
But sweetest still thou dost, thus there, thus there,
To love and passionate love

No doubt Mister Charles Augustus has no Miss
Lee of whom he could write

And neither the angel in his — short,
Nor his dreams show under the sea,
Can ever discover any soul from the soul
Of the beautiful woman Lee.

And by his own confession, never hopes to whitest —
She is a human, were that.
This comes was wide a change.

"He never is crowned with immortality," who cannot
sing —
Lure him the camp, the gate, the grove,
And live a heaven and heaven to love.

"An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an
angel."

Someday, perhaps, Mister Charles Augustus may
have reason to feel for some one to secretly love.

I know not, I care not, I give it to him,
I can know that love there where thou art,
dormant, as he may lie, in wonder alone by the sympho-
nists sea, sadly missing.

How sweetly and I find the storm,
A way, a way, a way to him,
The cold, the cold, the cold, the cold,
The cold, the cold, the cold, the cold.

And rather at woman's constancy may be to
the look of whom she mourns.

My heart is broken, my heart is broken,
To all, except one image, my heart is broken,
To all, except one image, my heart is broken,
To all, except one image, my heart is broken.

And I must own never this last address,
And bear with life to love and pray for you

And he may never dream dreams and see visions of
one —

Who shines in her heart, he knows his eye,
The burning star of memory.

This would make even him exclaim
To me —
The chemical of my heart,

And in his wild dream, it is a woman, whom you
have I abandoned there —

He would find, and find, and find, and find,
In his heart —

Indeed, indeed, "and you'll believe it," Mr. Spens-
ter, as with Mister Charles Augustus, no more,
but all the good we one day hope for ourselves that
when with age and bettering steps, his gray hairs have
lost and his countenance weary to the full children of
the village, he comes, as the stars, white, forth and dis-
tinct from the sun in the churchyard where sleeps all
that is loved and dearest, as the night falls, and the
music altar around the head of the old, old man, he
may sit and sweetly, though sadly, sigh —

"Peace, peace, the cannot hear
The sound of music,
All my life's dream here,
Here, here, here, here."

Mr. LANCE, October 31, 1881.

never give a performance of "Virginia" on the
Oglethorpe at the Mississippi River Convention. Of Mr.
McCallough's attributes and qualities as an actor, suffi-
cient has been said here. He is recognized as preemi-
nent and unequalled in many characters of the legitimate
drama, especially those of a robust, vigorous man, and
while no others is attainable, that of an actor rarely reached
by other tragedians. The one blot on the performance
of our leading legitimate actors of the present day is the
inadequate support. The incompetency of the other ac-
tors in the cast detracts from the pleasure derived from
the performance, and completely obviates the illusion
produced by the incomparable art of the tragedian
gifted with genius. As the same time it is not always
the fault of the star that the members of his combi-
nation often fall below mediocrity. There is no longer
any school for the legitimate, and the actors who can
deliver blank verse with correctness, or feel at their
ease when decked with a Roman toga, are scarce.

Training is an essential qualification for the classic
drama. With the advent of the combination system
on the dramatic field the stock companies disappeared.
While, perhaps, the present method of dramatic
organization is better for the audience, it is not any
worse for the actor. With usually only one part to
present during the season he becomes lazy and care-
less. There is no inducement for him to study, or
opportunity for him to analyze and personate many
and varied characters. The training-school has been
abolished, and thus important roles in the legitimate
have to be entrusted to hands lacking in all the pre-
requisites necessary for a successful performance.

Mr. McCallough, like all other artists, has experienced
the greatest difficulty in securing competent talent.
He engaged an English actor whom he deemed
thoroughly competent, but the British devotee of the
stock and bunish failed. Perhaps his pricing of good,
legitimate actors may in a measure excuse the quality
of the support offered by our great tragedians, but it
can hardly be accepted as an answer. It is a sad
fact, but nevertheless true, that Mr. McCallough's
company is not on the same plane that it was years
ago.

Last season his combination comprised both
Fred Warde and Edmund Collier. This year the
former has moved, and his place has not been filled.
The gap thus occasioned in the ranks of his combina-
tion is a serious one. Warde was one of the very best
leading men on the stage, and it goes without saying
that his absence, without the addition of a recruit of
equal talent, is a serious weakening to McCallough's
forces. His best man is absent. Mr. Edmund Collier,
who is now the leading man, is a most excellent
actor. He has a splendid physique and his *belles*,
tragedies, *Comedies*, *Edna*, and *Thais*, were pure
and artistic performances. His elocution is impres-
sive, his enunciation clear and distinct, and his
belles *appreciate*. Mr. Collier is an actor who will
yet make his mark. All his work was well done,
and satisfied the most critical. His only fault is a phys-
ical defect which gives him the appearance of "mouth-
ing."

Some of Mr. Collier's efforts were beyond all
expectation, and he received due acknowledgment from
the audience in the way of enthusiastic applause. If
then, Mr. Collier is such an excellent actor, what su-
periority must the organization have had when it in-
cluded not only Collier, but likewise Fred, Warde.
The inferiority of talent this year, as compared to last,
is self-evident. Mr. John A. Lane is an experi-
enced actor, but during this enterprise he has been
forced into roles in which he does not excel, and thus
the weakening process was carried on. Mr. Harry
Langdon made a bluff *Went*, and a good *Desires*, but
in other characters was less satisfactory. And this
exhausts the roll of competent actors. Messrs. Frank
Lane, Shewell, Barrett, Little, Stephens, etc., are all
young men who will improve in their pro-
fession, and are intelligent and painstaking, but they
are not adequate to a satisfying interpretation of the
roles which fell to their lot. Mr. Frank Lane's
Edwina, in "King Lear," looked fine. It is
evident that these gentlemen, while doing their
best, are often cast for parts which are above them.
The result is that the performances are anything but
satisfactory. The same weakness is to be found in the

CHARLES AUGUSTUS, No. 1.

Edna of the Spectator.
You are, my dear, the inspiration of the poet,
and here, the incentive to noble deeds, the minis-
ter of angel at the bedside of sickness and sorrow, the
joy of the room, the charm of the lonely but on the
mountain side, Mister Charles Augustus to the coun-
try notwithstanding.

Whether you are a hero or a child at the pole,
If you are there, there is happiness to be.
But perhaps, Mister Charles Augustus has never
been so much or child, nor felt that —

There is a woman sweeter for
Than all other pleasures are.
With Nellie, perhaps he has never been able to say,
This is my only joy.

Does he know
What Adam says to Eve,
After Adam, "Get a vine?"

He probably has never felt —
How many a heavy tear would chill
An angry's cheek,
If women were not present still
Her word is speak.

He has nothing to say,
To see a ripe and a big yellow apple,
To see a sweet little man his hands for to grapple.

His heart has never beat to the southeast, —
In woman, in woman of sea,
Compass, not and hard to place,
But when misfortune wraps the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

Not Edna the sweet imprisonment, —
When the world is her art,
And freedom is her art,
The birds that liberty in their
Have no such liberty.

THE DRAMA.

JOHN McCALLOUGH'S COMPANY.

The second week of John McCallough's engagement
at the Grand Opera House has been even more suc-
cessful dramatically than the first. His repertoire con-
sisted of "The Civilization," "Virginia," "The Re-
surrection," and "The Civilization." The tragedy on Thursday

GEORGE.

The production of the latter play is not yet decided. It may be changed to "Le Jockey." In any case, Poppe's Theatre should be liberally patronized for such performances as seldom witnessed in St. Louis.

Mr. Charles Thorne is the best-dressed stock actor in the country. It is said he receives a salary of \$200 a week, and lives like a king on the road. Mr. Thorne is about forty-five years of age, and has been twice married. The present wife, who is with him in this city, is said to be quite wealthy.

"Wom at Last" will be produced at Poppe's on the Wednesday of the Union business engagement, by Steele Mackaye and his company. Poppe's Theatre has been engaged for a week, by Mr. E. J. Simmons, and the proceeds of the performances will be donated to St. Luke's Hospital.

This is a similar enterprise to the "Hazel Kicks" engagement last November, which proved to be so successful that people were turned away from the theatre at every performance. "Wom at Last" is said to be a greater play than "Hazel Kicks," and Mr. Simmons and his company consider it essential to pilot the engagement to a liberal financial success, while the reputation of Steele Mackaye and his company are no less a guarantee of an artistic treat.

Both "Daniel Rochat" and "French Flax" have been admitted to the French, by Mr. A. C. Cazemier. The former is by the celebrated French dramatist, Serlio; the latter is from the pen of M. Chivot. It is a very laughable comedy, and was a New York success.

Mr. Ernest Albert promises to surpass all his previous work in the scenery for "Wom at Last." It is perhaps an interior which he has himself designed. It is to be a beauty.

"Daniel Rochat" was first produced at the Theatre Francaise, Paris, on February 14, 1880.

Adella Parr sailed from Liverpool for New York, last Saturday, so that her engagement here this season is no longer a matter of doubt. Her agent has found the Mercantile Library Hall for Thursday and Friday, February 23rd and 24th. The Costa Rica will sing in two concerts here. Her debut in this country will be at Steeplechase Hall, New York. Astorlin, the tenor, accompanies her.

Mary Anderson next week will appear in two new roles. She will play *Galatea*, in Gilbert's "Pygmalion," and *Galatea* is a part created by Maggie Johnson, now Mrs. Kemball, the English actress, who was sister to Holman, the dramatist. The second character is that of *Bethel*, in "The Daughter of Bethel." The play is from a French source, and deals with the knights of chivalry in their prime days, which are referred to by the poet when he says:

Oh, for a knight that should burn
On mountains in whose bosom
That is King Charles' castle of Iron, where
When Holmed here, and there,
And every path and peer
In his castle had.

The play deals with supposed nobles growing out of the death of Holman, the favorite nephew and captain of Chatterhouse the Great, at Rouen castle.

I have been reminded of an article I recently saw in *Pan's* box, on mistakes to actors and actresses. The following was related of the stage-king of Dr. Hamillon:

Probably one of the meanest tricks that was ever played was played on Mary Anderson. It will be remembered that on the play of "Inez," *Porthos* and the antagonist have several long scenes, where they look on each other and tug some—that is, not too much tug, but just tug—tug—tug. *Inez* was wearing a long, jet gown, and Mr. Anderson, for something, one day he told his assistants that the muffs were going into it, and they did so, and he was seen about the muffs, and drive them out. The servant got some

more power, and then the lady of the gown of full of it, and she said the muffs of it, with some *Inez* more put it on just before he went on the stage, and thought it didn't matter just right, but he had no time to inquire into it. He had not got half into his position before *Porthos* came out on a high skip, and jump, and threw himself all over him. She got one lung full of sweet powder, and the other full of fern-seed, and as she said, "With always love me, *Inez*," she dropped her head over his shoulder and said in an aside, "For the love of heaven, what have you been drinking?" And she said a couple of times, "Inez," and he said he had just been drinking, and she said, "I will," and he said to her quickly, "Bump-bump what it is that stuffs so." They went on with the play between scenes, and when he was to drive down she told *Inez* to go on and shake himself, and he said, "It was natural, the next act *Inez* had a finer other act, and Mary must go away."

John T. Raymond is to be here on the 29th of November, with his new play of "Fredo, the American," and will stay two weeks.

It is surprising, but true, that the jokes indulged in by the second man of Haverly's Minstrels, at the Olympic this week, are mostly new.

The new People's Theatre is exerting a powerful influence over the neighborhood in which it is situated. The electricable places about there can't catch the electric light. There are signs when don't go to some place unless they are protected by the generous mantle of darkness.

It is good sign that the management of the People's Theatre is paying attention to its orchestra. A cyclotron system has been added to it, and further improvement and additions to the number of pieces are in contemplation. Mr. Richard Madden, of Poppe's, is still far excelled the best conductor in the city. Some of the solos and selections played by his orchestra are encored three times nightly, and the music of Poppe's is enjoyed as much as the performance.

SMITH & SONS.

ART.

The new edition of *Serlio's Magazine*, or rather the first number with the new name of *The Vestral* attached, is in many respects a remarkable production. Ten years ago it would have been impossible to have issued such a magazine. The corps of contributors, perhaps, are no older than the generation who preceded them, but the distinctive feature of *Serlio's*, as it took a leading position in current literature, has been the illustrations. While it has not been the organ of any particular clique of artists, those who have kept pace with art growth in America will recognize the fact that not only has it given full recognition to the younger American artists, but its wonderful popularity has led, in a great measure, to their illustrations. As well as its reading matter, I will venture the opinion that the unparalleled success which has attended its growth would have been impossible without the aid of just such artists as those who have given it the first rank and distinguished position in the world over. There is the same fellowship between the illustrations in *The Vestral* for November and those in the first volume of *Serlio's* that there is between the art of the young American painters and those who monopolized public attention ten years ago. Up to the time when *Serlio's* began issue from the traditions of the past, and engaged young men of talent, artists who could draw and engravers who could render the spirit of such drawings, woodcuts were generally superstitious, badly drawn, tame, and without merit. At the present time, I would rather have a portrait of great impressions of the world's best and most original artists, than a portrait of a man of the world's best and most original artists. The art features of the first number of the new *Vestral* are the illustrations by Robert Hunt, Alfred Brissac, and Stephen Parrish. Ten years ago Brissac was an apprentice in a lithographing establishment in Chatterhouse, and he was the first to give the public a glimpse of his own doing things after a fashion entirely his own. He

worked in the shop daytimes, and drew from his long models. Occasionally he would make some designs, which his employers were glad enough to give for their own benefit. Faintly as he was to their interests, he counted the minutes each day when he could escape from bondage and get to his drawing. He was punished from one position to another, but still he was not satisfied. Little by little he became a professional. He was a born artist. This he felt in every fibre of his body, and nothing else would satisfy him. Finally, he severed his connection with the lithographic establishment and went to New York. It took his first effort in search of employment was to find the publication house of *Serlio's* Monthly. There, gave him a manuscript to illustrate, and there has hardly been a number of the magazine published since which has not contained reproductions of his wonderful drawings. He received as much for the *Vestral*, as *March*, his many artists would gladly accept for his best pictures. The great secret was occupied that he could not give the artist regular sittings, so he was compelled to take his materials and go to the theatre and get him to pose between the scenes, sometimes having no more than five minutes at a time. His books at nature are as a mass of inert forms, but as though they were full of animated intelligence. The elements converse with him and he converses with their language, in his drawings are not merely plans, but are permeated with mysterious force. In conversation he will unconsciously speak of nature as though it were a person. In a letter received from him from Venice, day or two ago, headed with a charming sketch of the figures looking toward the Sazet Church, and the Grand Canal, he says: "The reader present would think as it has been pleasant for some time, it will, by contrast, give us the other side of the question, in order that we may appreciate our surroundings." Last Summer, while sketching on the Grand Canal in his gondola, a wind came from the Sazet Church, and the Grand Canal, he says: "The reader present would think as it has been pleasant for some time, it will, by contrast, give us the other side of the question, in order that we may appreciate our surroundings." Last Summer, while sketching on the Grand Canal in his gondola, a wind came from the Sazet Church, and the Grand Canal, he says: "The reader present would think as it has been pleasant for some time, it will, by contrast, give us the other side of the question, in order that we may appreciate our surroundings."

He said, "The wind came rushing around the bend in the Canal, under the Ballo, making things dark, and he looking to the drowsy Venetians that he had escaped from the Adriatic for a frolic, and proposed to shake things up in Venice." He was a grand fellow, and was so delighted with the fact that it put him from his bed and went sailing through the air. It happened about looking at me, first over one shoulder, then over the other, laughing all the time in the fullest manner. Occasionally it would come down close to the water, and Poppe, my gondolier, would almost catch it, but away it would go like a butterfly, gliding all the while in the most tantalizing way. At last old I was sent sailing off toward the Sazet Church, leaving my poor hat in the drift for itself, when it fell flat into the water and lay there looking helplessly up. I fished it out all limp and wet, looking helplessly ashamed of myself for the trick it had turned me.

Bliss's talent is not confined to drawings for illustrations. He paints expertly both in water-color and oil. When I left Venice in August he had already finished a picture of the Casbah, the most beautiful palace on the Grand Canal, and it had more of the feeling of Vermeer than any drawing work I have ever seen. There was no more of the careful, systematic vermin of Zorn, the ex-lithographer and extremely good reflections of Casamiro, nor the metallic glare of some of Bliss's Venetian subjects, but it was full of softening light and tender, truthful color.

Brissac, the illustration of the Greek play at Harvard, is a young man, and a member of the Society of American Artists. I was shown the original designs for this article in the art department of *Serlio's*, while in New York a few weeks ago. Strong as the reproductions are in the engraving, I cannot but feel that they have lost something by the engraving. The drawings were probably the fairest of the series of the engravings. The "Polipus in the Sea" is certainly a grand conception. The horror and despair of shipwreck on learning that he has killed his father and married his own mother is given with a greater dramatic power. The "Polipus in the Sea" is certainly a grand conception. The horror and despair of shipwreck on learning that he has killed his father and married his own mother is given with a greater dramatic power. The "Polipus in the Sea" is certainly a grand conception. The horror and despair of shipwreck on learning that he has killed his father and married his own mother is given with a greater dramatic power. The "Polipus in the Sea" is certainly a grand conception. The horror and despair of shipwreck on learning that he has killed his father and married his own mother is given with a greater dramatic power. The "Polipus in the Sea" is certainly a grand conception. The horror and despair of shipwreck on learning that he has killed his father and married his own mother is given with a greater dramatic power.



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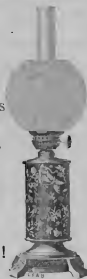
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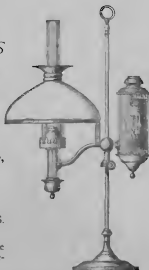
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The Spectator.

Published weekly, except on Sundays, at the office of the Spectator, No. 101 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo., at the residence of the writer.

ST. LOUIS, NOVEMBER 5, 1881.

We desire to call your especial attention to the work of the Humane Society of this city. Since its reorganization last Spring, there have been two hundred and fifty-three official warnings given to persons who were mistreating animals, eighty-one animals taken from work and sent home, seven suffering animals killed, twenty-five arrests for cruelty, and nineteen convictions in court. Here is something done—a real work accomplished—but it is not all revealed in these figures. The moral influence of the Society has been greater than can be easily estimated. The very fact that we have an organized body in this community with the stern law in its hands is a constant menace to the torturers of innocent and helpless animals. The Humane Society has also turned its attention to the milk dairies of the city. The positions of poison milk have been exposed, and people made to realize what kind of nourishment goes down the throats of thousands of the infants and children of St. Louis. The Society can take hold of these infamous past establishments, and break them up in their business of furnishing bad milk and torturing cows, if it is sustained. And now this is just the point we desire to make here: Still the Humane Society be maintained or not? It not only needs kind words, but it needs dollar-and-dime. No organization in this city gives promise of doing so much to relieve suffering, save infant lives, and build a healthy moral influence over all classes. We wish every reader would endeavor here hence in clear mind it is worth to him or her to have this work continued, which has so auspiciously and vigorously begun.

THE TOWN TALKER.

I have to go on with you that the parties to a quiet wedding on Third Street, one evening this week, were not altogether strangers to a wedding ceremony, having before now pronounced over themselves in profound secrecy early last Summer. It appears that the bride's parents were much opposed to the match, and at one time forbade the marriage altogether. The lady was very young, having only come out last Winter, but had a determined way about her, and resolved to marry in secret if she could not marry in any other way. The youthful pair are said to have first applied to a Catholic priest, who declined to solemnize the union if it were to be kept from their parents. They then went to a Protestant clergyman, who consented to perform the ceremony. Immediately afterwards the lady went to White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, and there spent the Summer. Exactly why the wedding rites were resented I am unable to say; probably, though, it was to please the parents of the bride.

The very pretty curls are caused for the silver wedding of Governor and Mrs. Crittenden, which is to be celebrated at the Executive Mansion in Jefferson City, the evening of the 14th inst.

Mr. Alex. Meyer, of the house of Meyer, Bismarck & Co., of this city, is to be married to Miss Blanche Heyman, of Philadelphia, on the 16th instant. The newly wedded couple will live at the Southern.

Babies are making themselves more conspicuous than formerly. I always thought it was a baby's place to stay in the house and say as little as possible. But what do you think? I actually received a baby's card the other day. It was a very young baby, not more than two or three days old, in order that you may more fully understand, I will explain. I have the acquaintance of a very estimable lady and gentleman, who married some time last fall. So far as I know, quite nice lived at their house but themselves and a servant, and I did not know of but one or two other people by their name in the city. My surprise, therefore, was considerable when I received a card of a gentleman of the same name as the couple above referred to, with their given names combined initials, with a number on his card the same as that on theirs, and with the date, "October 15, 1881," down in one corner. Raising myself, I thought, "it real live American I could almost see a smile on the imaginary chubby face that looked out from the face of the card. Really this is a most convenient and delightful way to identify one with another, as that they have come to New-England. It saves questions and explanations, and puts the new comers on the proper basis at once. Oh, the gay young creatures! what next? You saw a girl and you came out on the day you are born, can ride, swim, fling, you sleep in beds all by yourselves, and some of you take to a little more readily. I suppose we may next expect to see you step out in dress suits, with canes in your hands and a frown at your heels. All at once of this day and age wants to run according to his ambitious designs.

The pluckery may have been very uncomfortable to the horses, but it was not without its honors to the spirit part of creation. The bright little lady in North St. Louis, who had not been reading the papers, dropped down to the laundry last week to learn why her husband's collar had not been sent home. "And just think," said she that evening, detailing her adventures, "the riddleless creature told me that his horse had pink eyes, and he couldn't drive him in the wagon. I told him I didn't care what color eyes his horse had, if he thought we were going to wait for those collars till he got a steed with eyes that would suit his fastidious taste for tints, he was mistaken. I told him I was proud, but not particular, and would just as soon have a horse with no eyes at all, or green, black, or blue optics. Didn't care it to him!"

It has circulated out that there is serious trouble in one of the foremost churches of the city, all caused by the super-enthusiasm of a pastor upon whose shoulders the Episcopal purple may fall at any time, and who is known throughout Catholic circles as one of the most prominent clergymen in the diocese of St. Louis. Father F. has been for many years curate at St. B. Church, where Father W.—is rector. Lately he has been assigned to a parish by the Bishop, and at the ten o'clock, said Father W.—announced that a service would be held in the vestry that afternoon to get up a testimonial to Father F.—on his departure. The pillars of the church all assembled, and Mr. Joseph D.—was called to the chair. A motion was made to take up a subscription by paper, whereupon Mr. Michael McE.—objected, and said that there were many persons who might give "due" or "ten dollars" if a hat were put around him, but who would not give anything if the amount were to be taken down on paper. This displeased Father W.—extremely, and he denounced Mr. McE.—in unmeasured terms, accusing him of being a stumbling block in the parish, a counterpane of the Bishop and a greater pest, and a blind devotee of the Jesuits.

The good pastor became so very abusive that Mr. D.—again and again called him to order, but the different gentleman refused to be altered, and his flood of silver eloquence was continued until he was prevailed to leave the assembly-room. Mr. D.—was more indignant than Mr. McE.—, although the latter gentleman is the possessor of a reasonably peppy temper, too, and it was no surprise to the people who had been at the meeting to hear that Mr. D.—has resigned the presidency of the St. B. Church of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Father F.—wrote a letter to Mr. D.—, informing him that he would not have a testimonial at all, much less a handful of copper in a hat. Father W.—has since apologized to Mr. D.—, but he has not yet got around to Mr. McE.—. The whole affair was hushed up, but all is not quiet in North St., in any way. The fires of indignation smolder, but have not entirely gone out, and it is possible that they may blaze up at any time.

The prevalent disease just now is stiff neck, and almost as many people know what is good for stiff neck as to the numerous who do folks anxious to cure his fever. To emphasize this evil, I would propose a new placard to be worn at an angle in the hat.

NOTES.
The next man who tells me
I will be crushed on the ear
will be crushed on the ear

The capture of the Maxwell boys was one of the most remarkable features of journalistic enterprise which has occurred for years in St. Louis. The Post-Dispatch worked for the arrest of the alleged desperadoes with a vivid particularity which spoke volumes for its interest in the case. The next day it had three lines announcing that the boys, the alleged Maxwell boys, were released today.

Nobody will know how many people in St. Louis and its environs have lost money speculating on the recent fluctuating markets. A great many of the people who were taken to the fever had about as much idea of the course of trade as a cow has of the quarter-master's calculus. One of the most prominent men lost quite a little bit of money, called on a crisis attorney and asked him for advice in the premises.

"What did you say?" asked the lawyer.
"Dick."
"What kind of pork?"
"Don't know."
"Did you buy hams or spare-ribs?"
"Don't know what I bought. I just gave the money to my brother and he invested it for me."
"Then you don't know whether he put it in Palmed Chims or pig fat ribs— you are not certain whether you owned pig's feet or hog's-head cheese?"
"No."
"Did you see the pork?"
"No."
"Well, I'll tell you: you don't want a lawyer's advice; you want to go home and soak your head. A man who could put up his money without knowing anything more of what was done with it than you do, ought to have a guarantee appointed."
And this gentleman is not an unfair specimen of the speculating class.

Look out for the Royal Tycoon hunters and numbers along Fifth Street, near the Grand Hotel, this afternoon. If it is a good day they will look like an army with banners.

DEAR SIR: To discountenance, will you please inform, in your to-morrow's issue, when the play "Wan at Last" was on the boards here? I remember having seen it about three years ago, with Blanche Media as leading lady. You will oblige greatly.

FORNIA ET AL.

"Wun at Last" is to be presented here for the first time next week. It is a comparatively new play, and has only been given in New York and one or two other places.

"Sarah's Young Man" and "The Honeymoon" are to be given at the Pickwick Theatre next Tuesday evening, by the Booth Dramatic Club.

The time for the first dress rehearsal and concert of the St. Louis Musical Union is now only about two weeks off. The dress rehearsal will take place in the Mercantile Library Hall on Wednesday morning, November 10, at 10 o'clock. The concert will follow at 8 o'clock. Management has been obliged to take this hall, as there is none other large enough in the city to accommodate the subscribers. They issue 1000 tickets and there are 1200 seats in the lobby of the hall, so that will be sure of a good result. The dress rehearsal will be a very interesting affair, as these rehearsals in the morning, and are going to attend them generally, and I am glad of it; for if they do, the concert the following evening will be appreciated. I am sure you can judge of my great compensation by merely looking at the list of subscribers, giving the ladies and other children of subscribers a chance of studying the music in the rehearsals. It will be a great educator, and have a tendency to elevate the musical taste of the community. The director is equally good. The orchestra has been rehearsing faithfully since it was already laid out and expected to move to new quarters. Miss Crandall, of Cincinnati, who sang so acceptably at the opening of the Art Hall, will probably sing some of the songs. There will be a number of well-known, born and educated ladies, Mr. Philip Franklin, will sing a piece composed expressly for this occasion by one of our talented young musicians, Mr. A. F. Roloff. He also arranged it for orchestra. Miss Crandall, who has been singing for some time, for the last two years, and has played with great success in concert pieces, will play a concerto for piano and orchestra. I have heard the orchestral pieces at rehearsals, and predict they will give general satisfaction, and I am sure will be well received. I have been delighted to find, we have such an orchestra here. Nearly all the subscribers have had their tickets sent to them. The style in which they are gotten up is certainly very nice, and cannot be too admired. Now, it seems to me as well to say a few words to the ladies, and to the young men, by the very best people of our city, that they should be made full dress gowns. Every gentleman, and especially the young gentlemen, should appear in full evening costume. There is no use making any suggestion as to the dress of the ladies, as they will know what to do. I direct them in this matter better than anybody else.

In reply to a number of inquiries about night classes at the Art School at Washington University, the following circular, which has just been issued, is presented:

Applications for admission to the classes of the night school will be received in Room N-1, 1st floor, University Building, across St. Andrews and Washington Streets, from 7:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Persons expecting to attend are urged to come or send in their names on that evening, as the number allocated will be limited to one hundred. The first class will start on Monday, November 1, and continue on Tuesday and Saturday evenings for thirteen weeks, outlining the requirements for the diploma. Each student must be supplied with materials as follows: A drawing board of well-seasoned pine, 30x24 inches, paper, 20 sheets, eraser, Indian charcoal, Indian pencil, 12 sticks, Indian ink, 12 bottles, and 12 brushes with the owner's name. Instruction will be given in free-hand drawing from objects, elementary antique, and architectural drawing. A special class will be formed in architectural and mechanical drawing. For further information, apply to H. H. Dyer, at the University.

It seems hardly credible that intelligent and reputable members of the School Board can tolerate for a

The advance sheets of the annual report of President Hudson, of the School Board, present a very satisfactory exhibit of the financial condition of the Board, showing that during the past three years the current expenses of the schools have been reduced some \$6,000, while the average attendance of children has increased some 2,000, and that at the beginning of the present school year there was a surplus of nearly \$100,000, available for general expenses of schools. The document is a very interesting one, and should be read by every parent and taxpayer.

At the inauguration of the St. Charles Opera House, Saturday, November 12th, the following ladies and gentlemen will assist: Mrs. J. R. Scott, Misses Sarah Strong, Laura E. Fisher, Messrs. A. Waldner, Dobbin Carr, Epstein Brothers, Tom L. Sloan. A rich literary and musical treat is in store for our friends in St. Charles, and we assure them that their new Opera House will be opened in a highly artistic and enjoyable manner.

The *Spectator* is really proud of having brought about in this city a change in the general tone of dramatic criticism. A year ago it stood alone among all papers, weakly and timid, as it always has been, in its attitude toward the stage. It is now the only paper to give adverse notices of theatrical performances seen by the fashion. Miss Mary Anderson has been very thoughtfully handled this year, in both the *Water-Demon* and *Richard-Tempest*. The *Spectator* has been so enthusiastic over her as usual. When she was *here* a year ago, the *Spectator* called down unnumbered malcontents, because it came out squarely with the statement that she was not a great actress. Now, in the *Richard-Tempest*, in speaking of her in his issue of November 22, 1890, used these comforting words:

Miss Mary Anderson appeared last night as *Isolinda*, for a full scene. The actress was extraordinarily good, and the scene was one of the most attractive as ever. Time has not faded a drop of many of the qualities which have made her so popular. What she attempted and accomplished last night constituted important work. *Isolinda* is one of the most difficult parts in the repertoire of an actress. I think it her greatest part. She played the character with a perfect understanding of the nature of the work of sentiment and passion in proper expression, and making an artistic and charmingly founded effort to

In its issue of last Tuesday, it spoke of the young lady in this wise:

Each new performance this season of Miss Anderson serves to emphasize the already noted fact that the most valuable years of her life have gone unimproved, and that today she is as far from being mistress of her profession as she was when she first shone forth as a sort of juvenile prodigy, and achieved sudden popularity by virtue of her pretty face, melodious voice, and tall, though childish and not ungraceful figure.

Really, this is quite a breezy and entertaining change. The lady will undoubtedly be puzzled to know what is the matter. The same gentleman as at the head of the *Anti-Democrat* who was there last year, and it is none other than strange that he should instruct his young son to write nothing for one way at all. I am sure that the *Anti-Democrat* is a very different paper, and that Mr. McCullough has taken it from the *Spectator*. When this paper dared to raise its voice last year against Mrs. Mary Anderson's monstrous, misanthropic, and non-progressive style of writing, it was accused of all sorts of disreputable motives, and that it was persecuting a brilliant actress and an innocent young girl. That the *Spectator* was honest in what it said will probably now be admitted, since it is sustained this year by both the *Anti-Democrat* and the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*. The lady is judged in these columns like every other actor or actress who comes here, *judge her on merits* at all.

Mr. J. W. Bush, whose works, "Heroes of the Plains" and "Border Outlaws," have had and are having the largest sale ever known in book publishing in the West, leaves to-morrow (Sunday) for the East, to begin the preparation of a new book. The work he now has in hand will deal with the various phases of anthropological life, taking in the mysteries of New York, social corruptions of Washington City, the Chinese customs in San Francisco, inside life of Mormonism at Salt Lake, and the mysteries of Condemned life in New Orleans. Mr. Bush will leave New York for San Francisco about December 1st, going by water, and will visit all the places about which he proposes to write. The book will be large and superbly illustrated volume, and will be brought out about the 1st of March next by that enterprising and popular publisher, W. S. Bryan, who handles so successfully Mr. Bush's present works.

The application of the electric light to photography is about to have a new illustration in St. Louis. Mr. John A. Scholten, the famous photographic artist, has been so pressed with orders this season that the limited and irregular daylight of winter would hardly enable him to meet the demands of his customers—at least that has been his experience in recent winters. In order to meet the difficulty and insure promptness and dispatch, Mr. Scholten determined to call into requisition the electric light, which has been shown to be even more effective in finishing photographs than the light of the winter sun. Through the kindness of Wm. Barr & Co. and Englebert Jansard & Co., who have each permitted Mr. Scholten to make use afterwards to the machinery which generates the lights in their respective stores, he has been enabled to put his plans into practice, and the result will be that from and about next week the presence or absence of the sun will be of no consequence in finishing photographs in the studio of Mr. Scholten.

Mr. J. H. Carter (Commodore Rollington) is going East Sunday evening to make final preparations for the publication of his Almanac for 1882. It will be the largest, best, and by far the most expensive that has ever been issued.

Nobody could believe the opportunities for ransoming money effectually, which are in the hands of the Chief of Police of this city. If he were disposed to do them, he was taking upon this subject to Chief Bennett, the other day, and he asked me how much I supposed he could make if he were disposed to utilize his position. "Say six hundred a year over your salary," I guessed. He laughed. "If I wanted to," he said, "I could increase my bank account at least \$50,000 this year, and no one would be one whit the wiser—it would be absolutely impossible to find it out."

"But how?"

"Well, for instance, take a man like this Muncie Barker, who was killed the other day. He could easily afford to pay \$100 a week to be let alone—neglected, you understand. Well, I had a man come into this office, only a week ago, and ask me to send him to town. I told him he could not. He said in a most arrogant tone that it would be easily worth a hundred dollars a week to him to be let stay here, and he knew of twenty other men in the same fix. Two thousand dollars a week, you understand, is \$10,000 a year."

"But there would be some risk?"

"Not a bit of risk. These fellows do not bargain for immunity from arrest, they take their chances on being caught. All they want to have the Chief tell the detectives that such a man says he is going to square it, and that he wants to give him a chance. If he is up to anything, arrest him at once."

"What did you say to the fellow?"

"I ordered him out of the office, of course, and he left then that night saying he was going where the police were more liberal."

And this is only one of the temptations. There are the exiles, and the heavy charges, the fakery, and the great mass of the indolent, criminal, anxious to pay a toll, not for immunity from arrest, but simply from being worried by the police on account of their

former reputation. There would be an immense fortune in this tactful industry, and the Police Board would look for a long time before they could find a man as certain to resist such influences as Chief Bennett.

From the frequent efforts made to found new secret societies, not alone in St. Louis, but everywhere throughout the country, it is quite evident that very few of the existing lodges are at all satisfying to their initiates. A new initiation is great fun, but how a lot of men can sit round and see new men put through the same old grime week after week isn't so convicting. The experiment in this line is a new order, just imported from Philadelphia into this city, called "The Brotherhood of the Republic." The initiation is said to be a most gorgeous affair, and I happen to know that the paraphernalia bought by the one lodge now open in St. Louis, cost \$400. This society is a semi-political one, and our equities with very long papers can afford to belong to it.

Secret societies can hardly thrive, anyhow, in America, unless there is some very good reason for their being. People do not care to get mixed up with orders of which they know nothing. There is an air of mystery about some of the orders which frightens away steady, middle-aged America. In fact, nearly two per cent of the secrecy in all the lodges is mere clap-trap, any how. Unless one is going into a serious political conspiracy, there is no sense in being sworn never to tell anybody know that, by dropping three sentences here and there, and having a bit of polite, brotherly talk, you will know that you act by the card. In this month's *Contemporary*, an article on Dr. Karl Marx calls attention to the fact that even the International Society failed to spread among either the English or American proletariats. It is a fact that the Anglo-Saxon would sooner play at being in secret societies than really join them.

The great need of this country is a five-cent cigar that will look and smell like a two-for-a-quarter cigar.

There will soon be some important changes made in the Washington Avenue Railroad. More bells are to be put on, and also more of the double-enders. Mr. Maxton told me that after long study of the situation, he had come to the conclusion that there was no economy in a hotel where people were allowed to stand up, as the percentage of annual fares was great enough to destroy the profits; the hotel is the cheapest car where all the fares are collected. He is going to make a strong effort to have all the standing up done in the large cars.

I am told, by the way, that the real reason for Mr. Wells' sale of his interest in the Missouri Valley Company is that he has grown out of the elevated railway scheme, and the money which he got for his stock will soon be put again into city passenger-carrying on the new plan.

Not only don't anybody who has a lot of money to lose, start a cable street-car here, a great deal of capital is being put into that enterprise in Chicago. The cars, of course, are not yet running there, but the track is built. It looks just like an ordinary track, with a long track running along the centre for the conductor to slip through. The cable runs in a tunnel under the road-bed, and each car has a clutch which takes the cable into the slot and catches the cable. The two rope wheel stops, and the cars are controlled simply by opening the clutch so that the cable can slip through, and then applying the brake.

Women sometimes like to have their own way. I was never more amusingly impressed with the truth of this fact than on the occasion of a fashionable wedding last week, where the right gentlemanly ushers, whose duty it was to keep the aisles clear for the brides procession, were driven almost to the verge of distraction by the obstinacy of a number of ladies whom the wedding occasion had called out. With the quick feminine eye for an advantageous position to obtain a

good view of the bridal party, they ran off themselves along the wall at the back of the church, between which and the last pews the wedding party would have to pass on their way to the altar. No sooner had they pressed themselves comfortably and exchanged a glance of satisfaction with each other, than another stepped up and politely informed them that they could not stand there, that he would find seats somewhere, or they might stand at the farther side. But not an inch would they budge. Smilingly thanking him, they assured him they would prefer standing there. "But, ladies," he expostulated, "we must positively keep this aisle clear." Pressing somewhat closer to the wall and pushing back their dresses, they informed him there was plenty of room to pass. At his wife's end, the gentleman-in-waiting, with a muttered imprecation that sounded suspiciously like "confound the women," hurried back to his comrade, with whom he held a short consultation. Then another envoy was sent forth, but with no better success, still smiling, the anxious lord the fort, while the masculine invaders ground their teeth in helpless rage. No could they do more than compromise the matter finally, by allowing the female brigade to stand a little further toward the rear of the space was somewhat wider and the view equally good.

Our local policemen can testify to the absurd regularity with which a drunken woman will seat herself obstinately upon the ground and refuse to sit down or look, preferring to be dragged to the cabstand rather than walk there, although knowing perfectly well that the inevitable goal must be reached, if not in one way, then in another. There seems to be a latent sense in the female mind that she is not in any way amenable to the laws, either to those upon the statute book or to those innumerable moral ones which stand at once to vex and to protect the varied elements of society. One determined female even uttered a smoking-car the other morning and plucked into the tremendous whiffs which a certain unwholesome individual liberally puffed under her very nose from the strongest kind of a cigar. But she was having her way, and was doubtless happy in the consciousness thereof.

An enthusiastic kindergarten teacher not long since instructed her little ones to bring her every kind of feather that they could find, whereupon she was the recipient of innumerable pen-and-ink adornments from chickens, pigeons, etc., each little lot giving the correct reply to the usual question, "Where did this grow?" Finally one of the juvenile trimphantly presented quite a fair ostrich plume, and to the teacher's smiling reply, stand where did this grow, "Xanth!" The innocent answer was, "on sister's hat!" Another somewhat "clumsy" exhibited a peacock feather which "grew on the fly-trap."

The great post-humous has produced a new poem in his declining years which evinces pronounced equal to the best work of his early prime. It will be gladly welcomed by the host of Thompson's admirers, whose hearts have been drawn to him through years of constant communion with his music, and who will be rejoiced to know that his old has left nothing in his old age unworthy the great name which has genius has immortalized.

The realisation-point of our great city is already demonstrating the new club scheme, and if their influence could be sought to check its growth, the project will be brought to an untimely end. Women are the arch-enemy of clubs. They seem to behold in these fraternal associations a real social danger, the danger of the club, of unaccountable jealousy, or the inevitable "man" whose behaviour is continually meeting down one, and upon whom hypothetical bias is heaped all the blame of innumerable derelictions in the way of broken domestic appointments and waiting duties.


It is absolutely impossible for the most able and elegant of men to convince a woman of the necessity and utility of a club. She is not to vary argument;

thrust, came together as a diamond-bellied pair of
mosses. A pine in the back of her hair. The ellipse
she wore was formed entirely by the dust of her lace, and
over all fell the misty folds of the long tube veil,
giving a bewitchingly ethereal look to the slender,
graceful figure of the bride. A spray of orange blossoms
beamed the veil close to the shapely head, whose
golden-amber tresses lost none of their beauty under
its filmy folds. Diamond solitaire flashed in her ears,
and a great India stone scintillated like a star as a pine
in her hair. This robe was a poem, and Taid,

When I've left in morning for a drive,

never dreamed of one better than this.

The costumes of the broadmasks were of uniform beauty, and nothing could have been in better taste. They were all of cream-white chandah cloth and sarabhai, made with round waists and surplice collars, and each fitting half-length sleeves met by long-wristed "Director's" gloves. The draperies of all the dresses were arranged with very brilliant effect, and the high-crowned monomaterial hats of cream-white plush, adorned with masses of floating feathers, were not only characteristically picturesque, but exceedingly becoming to the fresh faces they surmounted. Of course there were details of lace and ribbons and jewels that made the differing points of prettiness in these costumes, but did not destroy their pleasing uniformity.

In the bouquets carried by each young lady consisted their distinctive badges, three bear flag bunches of three-
 syne roses with long pink streamers, and three-
 Jacquemont roses tied with orchid ribbons. And I
 must say here, that I think these huge, great bouquets
 are one of the unusual fashions of this pathetic
 period. Better carry one  like Oscar Wilde, or two
 hollyhocks, even, than the fashionable club or flowers,
 not one of which can show their beauty for being so
 compressed to suit the forms of fashion. Three or
 four perfect flowers on their natural stems impart a
 touch of their own grace to the lady who has the taste
 to carry them.

[illegible]

The bride's paternal grandmother was present, her beautiful white hair and widow's dress setting off her aristocratic features, and tall, erect figure.

Mrs. Frost, wife of the groom's father, Gen. Frost, wore a charming costume of pale blue brocade, much trimmed with point d'Alençon lace, and brightened by bouquets of cardinal roses. A white velvet hat with pink plumes, and very handsome diamonds, enhanced the brilliancy of her fine brunette complexion.

Many beautiful toilettes, as picturesque as the fashions of the times and the taste of the wearer could contrive, were worn by lady guests. One especially noteworthy for its artistic beauty, worn by a matron whose blonde face is brightened by a wealth of naturally

golden curls, was a combination of wine-bred velvet and satin tulle, illuminated with lavish touches of jeweled lentil passementerie. The surprise element was outlined by a wide Medici collar, embellishing with the jeweled trimming, and overlaid with creamy Spanish point lace, which was held together low on the corsege by a cluster of shirled pink roses. The de Medici gloves were enriched with falls of the rose-point lace, met by long rose-white gloves. A final lady list of wine-red velvet, unmounted by a sweep of curling pink ostrich plumes, completed the charmingly picturesque costume.

A lady whose bright brown eyes and lithe and graceful figure make the thick silvery waves of her gray hair a constant surprise, enlarming, however, the sparkle of her expressive eyes, and bringing out the healthful glow of her olive complexion, was a charming picture in her black satin robe, softened by pearls at old point lace at throat and wrists, and daintily capped by a French capote of white plush with pink plumes.

A costume of fascinating beauty was a combination of *moiré* and satin of the most delicate bluish-green, a reproduction of that poetic gown of

Extended silk from foreign loom

Where, like a shooting star, the lovely lines

Played into green, and chucker down the front

With jewels than the swart with drops of dew

A foam of lace fell within the Directorate collar that framed the opium-cut corsage, and drooped from the Hosiery sleeves about the rounded arms, while sparkling gems clung to the rosy ears and encircled the white throat.

The most elaborate, and without doubt the most costly dress worn by any lady at this wedding, was a princely robe of lavender-tinted muslin, trimmed with bouffes of point d'Alençon, one deeply bordering the long court train. The open corsage was almost covered by a Valenciennes collar of point lace, and the slashed sleeves, whose openings were filled with tulle, were finished by ruffles of the elegant lace. An elaborate embroidery of pearl beads in various sizes further embellished this dress, and the diamonds that blazed on the lady's neck and arms, and in her coiffure, scarcely made an earl's armchair

Hosts of fair women and courtly men, and among the latter many silver-crowned heads of representative St. Louis families, paid their debts to the graceful bride and her grand-looking husband, chatted and laughed, and refreshed themselves with the tempting viands, said "it is nice," and went their several ways, many of them to meet again a few hours later at the Levee wedding, in the Lafayette Park neighborhood.

At seven o'clock the same evening, Miss Kate Orr, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Orr, was married to Mr. Charles Lee, of Colorado, an adopted son of Mr. Wendell Barker, of this city.

At this wedding the bridesmaids, six in number, were all dressed in different colors—pink, cream, blue, lavender, white, and even green. There were six groomsmen also, but they adhered to the conventional "dress suit." The attendants were Misses Belle Orr, Jessie Linscott, Mollie Tansley, Cora Stannard, Helen Durker, and Miss Campbell, with Messrs. Allen, Williams, Broadfield, Brooks, Dimmore, and Willard, as groomsmen. The bride's dress was very handsome, of pearl-white satin, whose straps were all trimmed with point duchesse lace headed by crystal passementerie. The dorsal garniture was entirely of pearl lilies of the valley, and the train, composed of tulle, was

The marriage was performed privately, but the reception which followed was very largely attended, especially by the *jeunesse dorée* for the bride and groom, the houses when dancing always may be expected, the young people never cease to regale. They were there in force that brilliant, moonlight night, and although the hours of the reception were limited, they passed themselves into the arms of the guests for one or two suppers, and as they can only serve on a *carte blanche* order and for which the guests generally contrive to pick up *carte blanche* appetites.

"The best of the wedding" are you well-remembering to the "Society" columns? No, indeed. The very next day there were two more — one at the residence of Mrs. H. G. Brookings on Dayton Street, where Miss

May Bequith, sister of Mrs. Brookings, married Mr. Robert Montgomery, son of Dr. Montgomery, at another away up on Pine Street, at the home of Mr. Bradford, whose only daughter, Miss Carrie Bradford, a debutante of last winter, married a Mr. Alfred Ryan, said to be a very handsome man. The bride is wealthy, and her wedding-dress was very rich, but there were only two or three guests invited—no bridesmaids, and it is whispered, not much merriment.

Churchyard met Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Cook gave a reception from eight to twelve o'clock, which was a very successful affair. The house, a beautiful one, has its treasures of bric-a-brac and rich furnishings arranged with such taste as Mrs. Cook's culture and ample means and ability achieve, and the enjoyment of the guests was the inevitable result of the genial hospitality of Mr. Cook, and the social gifts of tact and agreeable manners for which Mrs. Cook is noted in her circle. Entrancing music, the lights, the flowers, the gay dress of so beautiful women, and a feast whose artistic arrangement officers had made in keeping with the beauty of the room where it was served, were the bright concomitants of a charming entertainment.

Great

A lady's black beaded silk mantle was taken by mistake from the dressing-room, at the Frost-Harriet wedding. The lady who lost it will much oblige the owner by returning it to Mrs. Sowerington's house, and receiving her own, left in its place.

LETTER-BOX

²³ 本制法與本表係根據 1951 年 1 月 1 日之工資。關於此點詳見說明書。

Editor of the Spectator.

"The *Journal of the Spectator*, and with the violence of malignant passions against my recent letter in the *Spectator*.
 "Justina," "Don Quixote," "Juno," and "Venus,"
 are terribly in earnest about my sportive diction,
 and catalogued the shames as a joke, — not to rid the
 women, but to show what foolish things men, from
 Gallimere to Clara Webb, have said about them. "Jag-
 gins," especially, displays a rare combination of talent
 and such beauty of diction is seldom united with such
 a sense of the ludicrous. "The Spectator" is a "man-
 of letters" and a "sagacious individual," "a narrow, distorted
 selfish, and egotistical," "a foolish young man," "a
 considerable minority," "the control," and "the great
 old teacher," have been "travels pilled," and are
 an infernal repetition on general principles.
 "Would it not have been more in consonance with
 the benignant character these letters claim for them-
 selves, to disprove the harsh things that have been said
 about them, by a more judicious and temperate use
 they struck a pseudonym, or should be a *non de plume*.
 "They say the moon," "how temper is a fiction, cast
 venom at a man's, but clarity at a man's

There, stripped, his rhetoric languished on the ground,
And shameful tellingspate bet robe & shewn.

But in other proceedings, I'll suppose of "Your Quaint
note." He says he is married and has a "sweet, young
and cheery, chaste, and loving wife." Of course he shows
her his letter before it went to press. That's what I
call "taffy." But I forgive you, Don. You have
often-strained truth worse to keep peace in the family.
You are one of the curtailed forces. I cannot be per-
suaded by such as you. Naught that you can do will
capture me, I am not that kind of a wind-mill

Now, my lovely antagonists, I'm sure you are of
 beautiful persons. The doctrine of compensation
 demands some recompense for faulty intellect, but

Figure 1: A simple example
of a condition

by thinking that your other me

You get the idea.

...and with some being described in those pitiful vagaries of your delight in Man may become an anachronism, and still do deeds or leave a name at which the world is always proud, "but when women forewear the world, the sum total of their life work is largely shadowed forth in the misspelled now." Most men marry through pity, to save some hapless damsel from the fate of an "old maid." Ah! what a dreary fate it is!

devoted of all its finest productions of emotion which surround and constitute the charm of those special parts of the country. The second half-drama was a slightly stilted, rather less than accompanied by below, deep, but beautiful tones, which in the pleadingly nature scenes become almost too continued musical melody, which in the country scenes become almost too much on its higher register, with a false bass line, and a companion, so to speak. The scene with the soldier Europa, as he returns with the hat he has slain, was a sample of heavy tragic expression where a lighter, more delicate expression of horror and terror should have been given. It has attempted faithfully to express Miss Anderson's feelings. There was absolutely nothing in it but tricks of the voice, some picturesque attitudes, and a splendid "make-up." The scenes of Wilbur was not forgettable. Miss Anderson's failure in the part was denied and pronounced. "She would certainly drop the comedy from her repertoire, for it displays the limitations and imperfections of her method in a most palpable manner." On Tuesday night, "Romance and Telling" was produced. Miss Anderson's Juliet is still a crude, immature, over-acted performance, with here and there a few brilliant flashes of her strong dramatic talent. As Juliet, she is in England. The actress was very good. After *Endeavor*, this is her strongest role, and the one in which she shows to most advantage. Her Juliet is "The Hunchback," is just another disappointing rendition. As the Countess, in "Love," her ability finds a field more suited to its requirements. The plain truth is that Miss Anderson is seen in the most favorable light in these characters.

"SCOTT'S NOVICE."

The second week's engagement of the Union Square Company was even a greater triumph than the first, on Monday Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, Victorien Sardou's play, "Daniel Rochat," as adapted by Mr. A. C. Conant, was the most successful French play ever played here, and naturally so. "Daniel Rochat." He believed at first his masterpiece, and all Paris was in the way of it with curiosity to witness its first production these last few years. But to the surprise of all, it was a failure. Mr. A. C. Conant, however, nothing that it secured from the distinguished French dramatist the right to production in this country, and Mr. Conant attended to the work of adaptation. In New York the play found favor with the critics, and was a decided artistic success. Financially, however, the performance was not large, and after a brief season it was withdrawn. It can easily be understood why "Daniel Rochat" failed to secure a popular success. It is purely an intellectual play. There is no action, no stirring incidents, and rapid dramatic action. But those who had a delight in accuracy, to what appears to the intellect more than to the heart, were amply repaid for these deficiencies. I consider "Daniel Rochat" the most interesting of modern plays. It is an attempt to delineate on the stage one of the greatest struggles now taking place in republican France. It illustrates the combat of belief against infidelity, of religion against atheism. Daniel Rochat is a faithful philosopher and a student of faith and revelation, who is a worker in the world of theory and a devotee to the realm of reason. He meets and falls in love with *Les Hindenburg*, a young American lady. While being near them and backing in the state of his belief, Rochat is summoned to Paris to take part in a great debate on behalf of the cause for which he is striving. Entering to support without taking *Les* his wife, a heavy marriage is decided upon. The ceremony is first performed by a notary, according to the civil law. Rochat believes all is settled, and wishes to go to prepare for their journey, when she replies that the minister is present and ready to unite them in the church. To this second ceremony Rochat is deeply averse, and upon this point the interest of the play turns. He is an avowed atheist, a disbeliever in church and God, and believes that he cannot, without violating the principles he professes, submit to have their union blessed by God. He is persistent, he does not regard the civil contract as binding until he has obtained the consent of their union. She pleads with her lover to

yield, but he refuses, prompted by *Les Hindenburg*, a staunch old atheist, his friend and adviser, who combats him to the hilt. This religious nature of *Les* is outraged by this refusal of Rochat, and as neither will bow to the other's will, they separate. There is another meeting in *Les*'s bedroom in the evening in which the pleadings of each are repeated, but *Les*, much as she loves him, is steadfast. At last Rochat says he will go to the church alone with her, on condition that some one was there and the priest are informed of it. This offer *Les* spurns. She will be married openly by the minister. After the pair separate. In the last act, Rochat's false converts his atheistical wife, and he consents, but too late. *Les* only was unshapely in store for each, about either sacrifice what they hold to be a vital principle, to the other. A paper is prepared, and she with her black heart signs the document which discovers the trick marriage. To the cultured audience "Daniel Rochat" must afford little pleasure. Some of the dialogue, too, is in Sardou's best vein, and the work of adaptation has been cleverly done. The character of Daniel Rochat was taken by Mr. Charles Tinsme, and it was a magnificent piece of acting. It was, without apparent effort or exertion, the natural representation of a polished philosopher. There was dignity and manly. There was no sentimental gasp or minor exclamation. Mr. Thorne always conveys the idea of an immense reserve force upon which he can draw minutely, and yet which he rarely needs to use. Miss Sara Jewett, as *Les Hindenburg*, was even more artistic, if that were possible, than *Les*. In "The Banker's Daughter," her portrayal of the American girl was a stirring exhibition of dramatic art. Its beauties were manifold, and Miss Jewett has won a place in the affections of St. Louis play-goers which will never be lost. Miss Rena Harrison, as *Emma Hindenburg*, *Les*'s sister, was delightfully demure, and her scenes with Rochat, especially the one in which she, the luck-drawn girl, was easily interpreted by Mrs. E. L. Phillips. Miss Estelle Clayton and Miss Nella Thorne were vivid, "flighty" cousins. The *Countess* of Mr. F. H. Belleville does not rank with his *Caroline*. It is not, however, a finished performance. It should present a perfect gem of character acting as Dr. Belleville's *Belleville* did. It was a delightful sketch, evincing much skill. As *William Piquet*, the ideal match friend of Rochat, Mr. John Parole was all that could be required. Mr. Wenden Baussey as *Camille Piquet*, played with genuine comedy power, although he fairly exhausted the possibilities of the role. Mr. Julius Magnus, as *Dr. Sébastien Charles*, and Mr. Owen Patrick, as *Notary Montgomery*, were eminently satisfactory. Mr. H. W. Montgomery's make-up and acting as *Les* was a decided advance on his *Brown*, and his *Les* was far greater attraction. To find fault with the performance of *Les* is to find fault with the Union Square Company would be hypercritical. It is decidedly the smoothest, most finished performance that has been seen here for years. It beats the Union Square stamp, which is the grade-mark of superiority. A word of praise must be bestowed on the admirable scenery, which is the work of Mr. Richard Alexander. The conduct of *Les* was an admirable gem of an interior, and all the set-scenes were up to the same high standard of excellence. It is to be hoped that Mr. Palmer's splendid company will pay us more frequent visits. His company is an oasis in the Sahara of stilted comedies.

"THE MASQUETTE."

At the Olympia Theatre André's opera, "The Masquette," has been produced by another company, the fourth which has presented this work here. "The Masquette," however, has lost its drawing power, and the audiences have been slim in numbers. This time it is the Wilbur Company which has taken it to the "Masquette" Company. The scenery of this edition is a little modified, but there is no doubt about the fact that it is not the "great original cast." Many who were members of the company when it was first organized have left it, and others have been engaged to take their place. This is the case with the following names, who personate the *Masquette*. The Wilbur Com-

pany mount the piece prettily and costuming it elegantly, but its performance is not to our liking. The tempo of much of the music seemed to us too slow, lacked animation, and the same fault was discernible with the artists. The Wilbur Company affect to present the opera in a different manner from other companies, but this claim is scarcely well founded. There are no startling innovations, either in the dramatic business of such a nature as to change the character of the representation. It is after all the same "Masquette" that we have seen before, and we must admit some forms in a much better manner. Miss Louise Scott's *Belleville* is insignificant. She seems to have no idea of the role she is interpreting, and introduces little bits of business totally at variance with the character. She wore a bracelet, too, in the first act as the poor turkey-bender, which seems to indicate she does not know how to dress it. Her singing is good, but her method of rendering the glibbie gumble refrain I did not admire. Miss Lily West, as *Princess Pamela*, was lively and vivacious, and she sang well. The *Loraine* of Harry Brown was evidently intended to be the feature of the performance. He indulged in many facetious quips; his make-up was good, and he delivered the dialogue with a dry humor which was effective. It was a very enjoyable performance. Mr. J. E. Conly's *Frederic* was fair. His voice is thin, but sweet. The Pippo of Mr. John Brand was played with much vigor and dash, and his vocal numbers were well rendered. Mr. Ed. Chapman's *Farmer Rocco* was satisfactory. Although the Wilbur was the original company, there is a something lacking in the performance which renders not very attractive. But "The Masquette" has had its day in this city, as a good drawing card.

"FRENCH PLAYS."

On Thursday evening the Union Square Company at Pope's produced "French Plays," an adaptation from M. A. C. Conant, which was the most successful of the season. The place is worthy of the ability of the company, and the excellent acting only made the play endurable. "French Plays" is a series of almost separate scenes occurring on the different floors of M. Hunsbach's house, strung together on a very slim thread. The comedy lacks all thought and interest in the dialogue and acting, and is rather of the order of humor. The new acting of the Union Square Company could not make a success of the piece. It has absolutely no intrinsic merit. It is not here, however, as a vehicle for displaying the versatility of the actors. Mr. Preselle, as *Monsieur Hunsbach*, was a remarkable contrast to *Les Hindenburg*. He was a character sketch well drawn. Mr. Simola's *Monsieur Hunsbach* was played in this actor's peculiar dry style. Mr. F. H. Belleville, as *Baronnet*, was most excellent. Mr. Julius Magnus, as *Dr. Piquet*, Mr. Frederick, as *Belleville*, and Mr. Wenden Baussey, as *Belleville*, were each exceedingly successful in their respective roles. Miss Rena Harrison, Miss Estelle Clayton, and Miss Nella Thorne were more than satisfactory. Miss Eleanor Carey made the role of the *Baronnet's* *St. Annette* as interesting as the part would allow. "French Plays" is a waste of talent, for it was evident that the best acting will not secure interest in the performance.

"CATHODE."

THE MAN IN THE PARQUETTE.

The Union Square Theatre Company will be succeeded at Pope's, by Stevie Mackay's "Man in the Parquette," a production in which the author will appear as *John Fleming*. Mr. Mackay is the author of "Blissful Airs," and the production of "Man in the Parquette" is expected to create as great a furore as did the first "Blissful Airs" last season. The company also includes Miss Louise Scott, who has a splendid comedy part in *Mrs. Hunter*, a kind of French *Black Sheep*. Miss Sylvia was at one time a member of the stock company at De la's old theatre. Mr. Mark Henderson, an excellent actor, will take the part of *Mark Henderson*, the *Curator*. Mr. John Parole will play the part of *Dr. Sébastien Charles*, and Mr. F. Mackay, as *Prof. Thorne*. Miss Belle Archer is *Grace Fleming*, and Miss Helen Maria

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ST. LOUIS, NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

Mapleson will come to Pope's this year. The agreement was completed this week. It is a very black eye for Mr. Spaulding, of the Olympic. Mapleson comes in February.

"What is Last?" is the result at Pope's another week, and the proceeds are to go to St. Luke's Hospital. The charity is a most worthy one, and one that the St. Louis public has long been fond of contributing to. Next week there will not only be an opportunity of helping St. Luke's Hospital, but many people will be enabled to see a most successful play, who have been unable to get some this week. "What is Last?" grows on the audience, and finally proves to be most absorbing. Some of the situations in it are exceedingly strong and leave a lasting impression. Doubtless the people who have seen the play this week will go back home to repeat its worth, and will enjoy it more the second time than the first. A fair and candid criticism of the company as given in the regular dramatic department of the Spectator. Mr. Mackay is an excellent actor, but he is a study after all, for the very reason that he is all known that is a dramatic actor of the first order. The audience that have seen "What is Last" this week have been not only very large, but very brilliant ones. The theatre has been fully every evening, and there was even a fine audience present at the Wednesday matinee, which is not generally well attended. The week's business has perhaps been the largest ever done at Pope's, and the week has been a glorious for society people. The advance sale of seats for next week is large, and it now looks down that the great show will be kept up. If so the engagement will rank with the most successful ever played in St. Louis. For the sake of a really great play, set in the finest scenery ever constructed here, and for the sake, above all, of St. Luke's Hospital, may there be no falling off in next week's attendance.

Mr. Mackay ought to pay a little more attention to the proprieties of dress. In the second act of "What is Last" he appears in a Prince Albert coat and black and white checked pantaloons. The coat is not of the fashionable cut, and the pantaloons look like bags. In the act he is supposed to be dressed in the style of a gentleman of humor and taste. Mr. Mackay ought to know that pantaloons with huge legs are not tolerated by stylish gentlemen of this time. He ought to take a lesson in dress from Charles R. Thorne.

The young lady who plays the part of the laughing girl in "What is Last," Miss Mary, I believe, ought to either wear clean hose or longer dresses. To do the former would be altogether more attractive.

Another illustration of the fact that babies are becoming more conspicuous was furnished in the "What is Last" matinee last Wednesday. It was in the middle of the third act, when Mr. Mackay was talking about the baby clothes. He had just held up a little garment that would fit a tenpounder, and had asked who it was for when an enterprising "brat" in the middle of the parquette rose a most unobtrusively. The youngster was so apparent to be without in silence, and both actors and audience gave way to convulsions of laughter.

In answer to an inquiry last week, I said "What is Last" had never, before the present engagement, been given in St. Louis. It was an error, and one made upon the authority of one of our dramatic managers. The play was given here two or three years ago by the Blanche Media Combination, with Goodluck in the cast.

The parents of the average modern young girl who allows her heart to stray through paths of love, and finally to choose a flower of meadow for her mate, regardless of his interest in the national legislation that is always going on in the country, or of his credit at the bank or among his fellow-citizens, are still the same inexorable and exacting guardians that the play-writes of old wrote tragedies and comedies around, and even today as zealous in the matter of preventing matrimony as older people are in promoting it. I have indulged in this reflection because it is timely. I have a story to tell that fits on the cogitative indulgence like a ready made suit fits a seven-year-old boy when he first gets it on. There is nothing harmful in the story, and there is no intemperance in telling it. It is to do other than make manifest to the community at large one of the many queer romances, and to some extent very funny occurrences that people are disposed to talk about forever, but never care to see in print. A broad hint was given concerning the affair in last week's Spectator, and as many persons have made known their desire to hear the story in full, in order that all may understand that there was nothing more to it than a parental ruse, such as occasionally ruffles the surface of the smooth-running currents of love, I here give what I have been able to learn about it. Miss Carrie Bradford was a bride of St. Louis society. She made her debut last Winter, just after returning from boarding-school. She was young, pretty, and the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bradford, whose magnificent stone-front mansion, with its spacious lawns, massive stone steps, and stone wall, adorns the northwest corner of Thirty-ninth and Pine Streets. She is a brunette, with glossy jet hair that falls, and when parted on the sides makes her look and very unlike Loni Byron. I believe she has been photographed in this Byronic way. Miss Bradford became acquainted with Mr. Alfred Ryan, son of Thomas Ryan, of 2110 Locust Street, fell in love with him, and accepted him as her intended husband. Mr. Ryan is a popular young man in the city. He has a host of friends, all of whom speak well of him, and beyond the fact that he was not a millionaire, and had no alarmingly venereal occupation, there was no objection that the Bradfords could urge against him. He is gifted naturally, and besides being very vocal, he is a member of a quartet of a crowd when any vocal effort was called for, was also an accomplished and nothing whistler. The fact is recorded to with pride by Mr. Ryan's friends, that when he sits down to a piano and whistles "The Mocking Bird" as an artistic harmonical accompaniment, the combination of his melody is sweet and unobtrusively enough to lift the listener out of the realm of brick, mortar and gum-wad government into an ethereal realm of mocking-bird songs mingled in soft and entrancing union with the rustling of leaves and the rustic patter of sunbeams upon vibrating carpets of flowers. Perhaps Mr. Ryan captured Miss Bradford with his mellifluous whistle. "Who knows?" He won her heart, at any rate, and her hand was following the cardinal of tribulation, who's her parents objected—said the young man was not the husband of their choice, and their daughter should never wed with him at all.

The happy, cruel decree, but they paid little heed to it. Miss Bradford continued to hear and to be loved by Mr. Ryan, and both devoted their mutual devotion and blood, and for each other. It was a new version of the old, old story of Pyramus and Thisbe, that Tennyson tells so admirably in his glowing verses.

Pyramus killed and Thisbe a mother
But cannot think of losing neither; neither,
Remembered to keep them in one room each other.

The Bradfords and their daughter should see Mr. Ryan no more. They didn't build a high brick wall as Thisbe's folks did, but they went their daughter away from home, hoping that a change of scene might effect a change of heart in the young lady, and that by starving her to brush her grief away with the other butterflies who flutter for a brief season around the dancing-places, she might forget and forgive Mr. Ryan. They chose White Sulphur Springs as the place of her abode, and the 20th of June, just as the date of her departure. By no strange coincidence, the young couple chose the same date to seal themselves, one to the other forever, in wedlock. In this respect, too, they followed the illustrious example of Pyramus and Thisbe, who, when opposed in their desire by cruel parents, resolved to go off and get married in spite of the old folks. For—

Whereas heard of a marriage deferred,
By accident
By accident, or by very good luck
As settling the day and saying the "I's"

Right and early on the 24th of June, Miss Bradford sought her friend, another society belle, Miss Ethel Rex, and proceeded to her residence in Rev. John A. Wilson, of the First United Presbyterian Church, at No. 811 North Twelfth Street. Mr. Ryan reached the same place about the same time, accompanied for a personal friend, Mr. E. L. Bevington. In less than a jiffy the clerkman had his prayer-book out, and in the presence of Mrs. Rex and Mr. Bevington as witnesses, Mr. Alf. Ryan and Miss Carrie Bradford were solemnly and bravely married. All right, said. Not a word was said about the marriage to any body. That night Miss Bradford left for White Sulphur Springs. She remained at the Virginia resort until October 23, when she returned home. Mr. Ryan called at the Bradford residence to see his bride, who had been compelled to spend her honeymoon alone. He was refused admittance. There was no getting into the doors of the house, had been ordered irrevocably barred against him. In a last desperate effort he demanded that he be allowed to see his wife. This was an assurance for the Bradfords. If a hand grenade had been thrown into their midst and exploded at their bedside the affair could not have caused a sicker thrill of surprise than did Mr. Ryan's demand. They consulted together, the doors were opened, and their son-in-law was reluctantly but gratefully received. After assessing the situation, it was agreed to have a seven-minute performance, and as a result, on Wednesday evening, November 24, Mr. Ryan and Mrs. Ryan were remarried by Rev. Geo. A. Lofton, of the Second Baptist Church, at the residence of the bride's parents, in the presence of several of the friends. The newspapers had an account of the wedding next day, and the young couple happily made their home, where it is said, in the Bradford mansion, at 2501 Pine Street. They have received the hearty congratulations of all their friends, and if they meet with only one-half the good fortune that has been wished them through life, they will never lack happiness, and their lot will always be amid the sunshine and the dawning of a new day. There is no shadow in the story. It is the ever glowing, but unobscured tale of true and honest love, with the waters that have been drizzled, but not quenched the flame.

The performance of "The Masquerade," by the Epitome amateur company at the Grand Opera House last Sunday evening, was a highly successful affair. Miss Keiser especially distinguished herself, and at the close of the performance, and Miss Steinberger were rewarded by handsome diamond crosses, the gifts of their great generous and appreciating gentlemen, Mr. M. A. Rosenblatt. The Epitome friends have reason to congratulate themselves on their very successful efforts at the position of this party given by purely amateur house talent.

The election of Mr. Johnson to the Presidency of the School Board was a proper recognition of his valuable services and a rebuke to the political log-rolling scheme of Judge Daily. Mr. Johnson is an intelligent and industrious gentleman, against whom there has never been suspicion of anything doing in his official capacity, and who has taken an unusual interest in our public schools. He represents the sound and healthful element in the Board, and the very fact that he was elected by so large a majority proves that the *Spectator* has been right in maintaining that the School Board is not an ad body after all so the newspapers would make it out to be.

Mr. Charles Green is putting himself to a great deal of trouble and expense to be re-elected President of the St. Louis Fair Association. He wants to be "vindicated." There is also a suspicion that he would like to draw \$5,000 a year salary for doing a great deal less than Mr. Seelye, who has been paid for the same amount. Mr. Green will never be "vindicated" by being re-elected. That would be the worst fate that could befall both him and the Fair Association. It is just such a calamity that the good people of this city wish to see avoided. If Mr. Green should, by some freak of providence, be allowed to continue in the office of his own body, he would eventually ruin the Fair, and in so doing he would ruin himself for further inquiry. Hence, I say that the way for Mr. Green to be "vindicated" is not to be re-elected. For the first time in the history of our Fair as we behold a man desperately struggling to hold the Presidency. Hereafter that office has been bestowed on an honest and a true, and practically unanimous gift. But now we have a man working far in after the style of a small politician striving for a re-election. It is really humiliating, but it would be more humiliating still if Mr. Green should be successful. He is no way fit for the office. He has done the Fair a positive injury by alienating from it many of its warmest friends, and many more will fall away if he continues to hold the office he again occupies. To a man who is so busy as many people in a city as Mr. Green can, it is not fit to be President of the Fair Association, or any other public institution. The St. Louis Fair should at least have a President who is personally well acquainted with the management of a gentleman. Mr. Green is a civilized religion of the most malignant type. The fact that he got as drunk as a paid-off deck-hand, during the last month, and tried to run his buggy over a well-known gentleman of this city, is pretty good evidence of his inherent disposition. That such a man should ask to be made President of the Fair Association is a piece of the most disgusting effrontery. This paper is not for Mr. Green.

It is to be hoped that the fight between Mr. Charles P. Johnson and the Police Board will result in a thorough ventilation of the much talked of gambling secrets. For years and years we have heard of this sort of thing, but the gamblers have paid to be let alone. Now, we would like to know how much money they have actually paid and who has got it. Let us have the entire tale out and the inside revealed. This is for a moment believe that anything indicating in the bribery scheme the members of the present Police Board will be discovered. Those gentlemen are all above even a suspicion of this kind. But let us ascertain where the trouble lies. It is undoubtedly some where. The Johnson law was designed to suppress gambling. Its provisions are plain and simple. But gambling has not been suppressed. Somebody is to blame. Who is it? That is just what everybody

hopes to learn from the present struggle. On the one hand, the present Board can have no interest in suppressing those of law and order; and their past record warrants the assertion that they run the Police Board business for their own pleasure. On the other hand, the discreditable feature of Chief Keiser's part in the affair is the very last character of some of the evidence he is seeking to bring to bear. An affidavit by either his back or his hand against the same could hardly inspire the standing of that gentleman, in the eyes of very much "quicker" men, and the attempt to bring a most disreputable woman into the case is a very small piece of business.

The new paper, *The News*, presents a good appearance and seems to be starting with great favor. Those gentlemen who have so far supported have been highly creditable to St. Louis journalism. The best feature of the paper are especially to be praised. The news is well gathered and well arranged. The *Spectator* offers its congratulations.

Another new paper is a monthly called *The Legion*, published in the highest of the St. Louis Legion of Honor. It is beautifully printed, having been turned out from the press of G. F. Jones & Co., and is well edited. It has a fine lot of advertisements, and looks as though it were in good hands. The proprietors are Messrs. Jones and Manning. The former has editorial charge, and is well known as one of the brilliant young men of the Post-Dispatch.

I had the pleasure of making a visit, last Saturday, to the fishing and hunting camp of ex-Chief of Police McDonough, on Black River, Arkansas. It is near the Iron Mountain Railroad, and in the heart of a wide wilderness, as wild almost as when Ponce de Leon made his famous expedition through the Southwest. The "Chief" is accompanied by "Daddy" Long, of the Four Courts, Mr. Prosser, Mack, Hickey, a well-known trapper and hunter, a colored cook, and a young man who goes by the name of "Tip"; the latter adding in the capacity of the "Chief's" bodyguard. The camp is in a dense forest, immediately on the banks of the Black River, and consists of a number of tents, a log fire, and smoky barrels and boxes. It is highly picturesque in character, and when a man goes there from the city he feels like he had fallen in with a modern forest home. Black River is a beautiful stream, swift, clear, with picturesque banks. It is the finest fishing ground in the vicinity of St. Louis, and as the water comes directly from the Ozark Mountains, the clearest there are of the local quality. The "Chief" has a complete lake, with a large lot of black bass and croppie, and had secured one splendid deer, a fine turkey, and any number of squirrels. "Daddy" Long is the prince of fishermen. He is the best shot in the city, and he is a very good hunter. He has a hawk in his mansion there, and he is a competitor immediately between the fish as to which will take it first. He drew out thirty-eight fish fellows in a single afternoon one spot. The fishing is all done in boats, and the "Chief" looked quite picturesque as he was rowed about by "Tip." He was dressed in blue flannel pantaloons, red shirt, and a cloth cap decorated with a squirrel's tail. All this, done on a boat, and a small amount of human flesh, the man in the "Chief" carries, would be attractive and new. I am sorry to relate, however, that the "Chief" came very near having to be sent home on ice. One day, while fishing about a mile from camp, he was attempting to get out of one boat into another, near the middle of the stream, when he fell into the water head foremost, with a frightful splash. Mr. Mack, who was near him, was terrified at seeing him go clear out of sight, but was relieved the next moment when he saw the old gentleman about up like a rubber ball, and strike out unaided to the shore. But the shore was steep, and it was with some difficulty that a landing was made. A very plucky escape for a man sixty-four years old, and so well known to the "Chief" he is the only actual damage done was the severe fright given Mr. Mack and the others who saw it, and the wetting of the "Chief's" clothes.

Miss Sara Jewett did not escape from St. Louis without a number of unpleasant adventures and annoyances. In a card to the *Republican* she poured out her grief at having been "interviewed" by a reporter of the *Post-Dispatch* without having been asked by the "interviewer." This will come interview was in the midst of Saturday, and was pronounced a exceedingly bad of feeling. Miss Jewett ought to have been glad to have her interview put forth to the intelligent public. It appears that the *Post-Dispatch* reporter was in detail to use the fair actress, and that he was made to do after a number of ineffectual efforts, counted to take his revenge by "making up" the interview. This was not all, and the reporter was not all to the taste of Miss Jewett. The next time, she ought to do her own talking. As already said in the *Spectator*, Miss Jewett is not only well-bred and accomplished, but she is esthetic and truly a walk to the pleasure in a good deal higher than that anybody else can get up to. The *Tribe Democrat* wanted to "interview" her, and sent a young man to the Southern repeatedly for that purpose, but she was always "out," or something of that sort. On Saturday afternoon, before she left the city, the reporter accidentally learned she was the prize, and rushed up to her. Being "interviewed," she seemed to drop the remark that to be "interviewed" was a thing, and that she was not of the class of cheap society actresses and such, and as for her part, she had taught to say. The reporter was left to his imagination, which he drew as the extent of half a dozen, and the reporter of the *Tribe Democrat* was not to be left to his office, the city editor for indignantly rejected it. Hence the *Post-Dispatch* had that afternoon published a week longer and later than it was intended to. Really, this was very funny, and when the actress and Sara Jewett, read the account of it, she ought to relax her dignity enough to laugh quite heartily. When she comes back to St. Louis she should be a little tamer, and not fight as she has hitherto. Sara Jewett only at a late of the exact quality.

The other day I received a small-sized box, with the name "Rebelle" written diagonally across it. Inside I found twenty-six big cigars, and this card:

Compliments
of
Frey Bickel,
Manufacturers, N. Y.

There were several recognizable figures of Rebelle, a body of this city who has aspirations for the historic profession, on the inside and the outside of the box, and a long list of names, and a list of names. Frey Bickels. However that may be, the Town Talker extends his sincere thanks for the cigars, although he does not smoke, and will have to look up his friends for an appreciative opinion as to their quality.

In commenting on the new fad of hobnobbing up to women, the editor of *Post's* San mentions burgery as one of the occupations in which she might succeed admirably, and thus vindicate her ability to be more than a long-winded woman on an empty stomach. Mr. Tick says if a man were to wake up in the night and find a female burglar going through his house he would not feel like arresting her without an injunction. "If he speaks to her familiarity she would be justified in being indignant, and saying, 'Mr. I do not remember that we have ever met before,' and very likely she would turn her back upon him, and say she was innocent. Places, a man of gallantry in every embarrassing situation, and a woman on an empty stomach, because he would be no gentleman if he did not offer to see her safe home. No true gentleman would risk to see a female burglar go home alone at three or four o'clock in the morning, and why she might feel the loss of her property, it would be the courtesy for her to offer to see her home, and help carry the swag. Take it all around, if the woman becomes burglars there is going to be more or less innocuous."

The programme of this entertainment is one of those rare ones in which every individual taking part seems to have had the "best place." In other words, the selections were so arranged as to set each other off to the best advantage. To display any one would be to lessen its favorable surroundings, hence I am not wrong in saying that everybody had the "best place." It was executed by Prof. Bowman and his well-known choir (Fechter, Cozzens, Cronin, Dierkes, assisted by Mrs. J. B. Scott in two admirable recitations. Mr. Hubney Carr, in an elaborate solo, and Louis Hammerstein, one of the most talented of our younger artists.

The readers of the *Spectator* will deeply regret to learn that Mrs. Georgia Lee Cunningham, the popular soprano, is lying dangerously ill at her residence, No. 2123 Chestnut Street. The interest of her watchful and anxious friends is daily, almost hourly, vibrating between hope and fear, her case being pronounced by her physicians as extremely critical. The loss of Mrs. Cunningham from the social and musical circles which she has so much adorned would be to St. Louis a public calamity; and everybody will strongly hope for a speedily favorable termination of her present illness.

The *Merits Review* is the name of a weekly journal devoted to interests that its name indicates, recently started here by Messrs. McClelland, Winter & McClelland. It is the most attractive in appearance as well as the best in arrangement of all the grain journals yet seen in this country. It certainly ought to be well sustained, and the fact that such a paper is even attempted here proves that our grain trade is gaining great proportions.

A pretty thing in the windows of Newcomb Bros' decorating establishment on Fifth Street, is a piece of hand painting that is to go in the vestibule of one of the new residences recently erected on Voadreventer Place. It is about four feet long and eighteen inches wide, the ground of beaten silver and the painting representing a climbing cluster of wild roses. The leaves as well as the roses are represented with wonderful fidelity, and the piece is a triumph in decorative art.

To make assurance doubly sure, Prof. Woodward has been asked to go over Col. Vind's calculations on the gas compromise. A more competent man could not have been selected. Prof. Woodward has no excellent reputation for thoroughness and accuracy in all his work. His figures, too, will be above the suspicion of fraud. The man who could ruthlessly and in cold blood cut down our population to 150,000 below that of Chicago can be trusted to figure correctly on the gas question.

Would you have believed that there are grown-up people religious to perforce—not once in awhile, but every three or four times a week? Who, as soon as the doors of the supper-room are thrown wide, make a rush for the table and begin to tear down and demolish its elegant decorations that they may carry off to their homes the prettiest bannibon, the handsomest sugar statuettes, and the most delicious fruits? These fair heretics—what else are they?—are rich women who can afford to buy such things, at a cost less than their politeness; but there are many rich women who like to keep their dignity and eat other people's bannibons.

There are two or three dames of high degree to "society," who are noted for their promptitude in securing all the treasures of the feast, making a regular swoop upon the elegant tables of their husbands and before the other people are helped, or even see the beauty of the table intact, these elegant chamberlains (*) have gathered in their trophies, and about their plates are heaped goodies enough to feast a luncheon party at home next day.

How those matrons in velvet and lace galore manage to carry off their spoils is a matter that only the ladies themselves understand: but then they are

chaperones, and rich, and the young men are willing to be lackeys to such; and some of them have winning ways — yes, very winning, indeed.

Ladies, Thanksgiving day approaches, and games and gifts, and merry-making. I wonder who of you will get as a gift a pair of these beautiful new garters—no blushes! for we all know that *bon soit qui mal y pense* is twined about the knighted garter—that have just come from France.

These are painted with roses and forget-me-nots with pansies — "that's for thought" — and with buttercups, and violets, and painted under the golden clasp with scent sachets, as fragrant as the natural flowers these painted blossoms copy.

A penny for your thoughts I'd give, fair dame, when
you have got those garters, and two pennies if you'd
sell
"Who's his name and who's his name?"
But that will never do.

Ohi! girls, you needn't pucker up your mouths to whistle, nor furrow your pretty foreheads under your bangs with thought, nor pout with petulance and jealousy, for you will not get a gift of garters from your lovers. These are presents for married women only.

Bargain-hunters who like to be in style should see some of the superb plush and moiré cash ribbons in ombre styles that are displayed on Crawford's ribbon counters, which are sold for \$1.35 and \$1.50 a yard, that command the wide difference in price of \$1.50 and \$1.50 on Fourth Street.

I have found at Crawford's those stylish chamois-glove which, the ladies, following the mania of the fair Bostonians, endorse as the most stylish shopping glove this season. St. Louis ladies have been sending to New York for these gloves, but their price at Crawford's is just as low, and then one can have the satisfaction of having them fitted to the hand.

The dirtier these gloves get the more intense their style; but then the wearer has the satisfaction of knowing that she can cleanse them with soap and water, just as she washes her hands in her wash-bowl.

SOCIETY.

I hear of a social club about forming that intends introducing costume—not uniform—as one of the features of its assemblies. The same costumes are not to be invariably worn at these meetings, but each occasion is to be signified by a different one, and a costume is to be worn by all the members of the club, so that each meeting of the club will be easily recognized as the night of the period of Queen Elizabeth, or the night of the period of France 1, or as Charles V., etc. of course, for the success of these parties, historical facts, a study of the poets and painters, the character of the period, the manners and customs, and the costumes of those finer details of part and character which will reproduce the semblance of the personages of the periods they represent, will be necessary. But the high bent of the artistic taste of the present time will avail itself of all these things, and there is no reason to suppose that the undertaker can assist in the arrangements of the evening should he be inquiring into this, with the state of the dresses worn, and this of itself they will lead to a variety most pleasing, one might suppose after the long monotony of dancing the same dances, and making and receiving your compliments in the same way, and the same words, and the same politeness on the dance programmes (that Mr. Knapp, with his erudition and skill as master of the polite art, can vary gracefully bring about), some quaint games, some old-new music, and even some very old, and therefore very charming, ballads, and songs, and a few of the old songs of Watteau prettified, for which a single night would prove sufficient, or a night

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THE DRAMA.

"WON AT LAST."

The mere announcement that Steele Mackaye was to appear at Pope's in his play of "Won at Last," aroused unusual curiosity. This arose in part from the reputation which had been won by Mackaye as an author or adapter of "Hiss Kicks," and as the originator of the Madison Square Theatre, New York, with its remarkable improvements both in the stage and audience. "Won at Last" is an excellent play, replete with dramatic incidents, strong situations, and presenting that equal admixture of laughter and tears which belongs to the real *comédie humaine*. The story of the drama is interesting. A young man, already blind and satiated with the world's pleasures, marries. On his wedding-day the wife overheard him confess that he does not love her, but simply married her for her good qualities. She refuses to leave her home and accompany her husband, but is finally induced to consent. Husband and wife lead an estranged life under the same roof, he gradually learning to love her for many noble attributes, and his heart is awakened to a better life. A misunderstanding is caused by a revengeful French adventuress with whom the husband was acquainted before his marriage, and a strong scene results, where the husband intercepts his wife as she is about to yield to the entreaties of her cousin, who seduces her, and fly from her husband's roof. In the last act the wife herself is lured again to her cousin's happy home, the cloud which separated her from her husband is finally and happily cleared up, and the curtain drops upon a scene of joy. Such, in brief, is an outline of the plot. A part of the plot has been taken by Mr. Steele Mackaye, and I must confess I was somewhat disappointed. Mr. Mackaye is an awkward, angular, and rigid actor, with many unpleasant mannerisms. He is devoid of both fire and magnetism, and the impression he produces is far from favorable. In the latter scenes of the piece he was seen to better advantage than in the earlier acts, where his acting was exceedingly unnatural. Mr. Mackaye evidently does not know how to play. He is quite comic in fact, and that he is careless in his work is illustrated by the fact that he stops in his dialogue in the middle of the stage, and throws his lighted tapers with a lurch into the wings, thus completely destroying the illusion of the play. Mr. Mackaye's pronunciation is low. His delivery published was finished, and looks artistic completeness, occasionally there were flashes of power, but very seldom. The tone and style is adopted in the first act almost a caricature. Such a man could never have gained "Hiss Kicks." The constant upturning of the eye which was, as it were, taking the audience into his confidence, and so to speak, confidentially winking at them and telling them, "You see how I succeed," was irritating. It evinced a want of ability to express boredom and *laissez-vous* by manner and demeanor. No man would get the ceiling so out-

rightly as Mackaye did. He offended against some of the cardinal canons of dramatic art. Mr. B. K. Graham, in 1891 *Troy*, was perhaps fair, but he was overweighed with the part. His actions were awkward and rapid; loud delivery was his substitute for force. The *Meat Dealer* Mr. Harry Costello was an eccentric comedy sketch, well drawn, of a most impossible personage. As *Oliver Twist* *Meat Dealer*, Mr. Herbert Irving was satisfactory, but was without fire. The same must be said of Mr. Donald Robertson, whose *Dr. Stirling* was a very mediocre performance. Mr. Robertson does not know how to hold his hat in his hand, and is somewhat constrained in his movements. The *Ten Rungs* of Mr. Frank Desmond was simply a burlesque. The character of Prof. Terry told by Mr. Frank F. Mackay, whose work was meritorious and conscientious, but who was nevertheless very far from giving full prominence to his part. Miss Belle Arthur, who played the part of Grace Fleming, the heroine, is crude and undeveloped. The *Life-Size* with her husband in the bandstand was falsely interpreted. She then looked the picture of a happy bride, but with clouds overshadowing the sunshine of her happiness. Miss Archer, however, has outdone. Miss Louise Sylvester, as *Mrs. Butler*, the French adventuress, developed her knowledge of French, but played her part without shading or coloring. The facial expression, the continuous puckering up of the face and closing of the eyes—a term of expression decidedly uninvited to Miss Sylvester's countenance—was the only evidence of mobility of expression she gave, and it was repeated so frequently that it was almost annoying.

The real artistic touches which would make of such a character a magnificent personage, were wanting, and Miss Sylvester's *Mrs. Butler* was only rank as of mediocre value. Miss Helen Mack's *Stony Passage* proved that the lady had acquired the conventional stage exclamation: "Won at Last" is an interesting play. Not a single character, however, in the play is acted to the full extent of its possibilities. The performance is everywhere up to the average merit of the travelling combinations, and that is all that can be said in its favor. The trouble is we have expected more from Steele Mackaye. One would here about the stage setting. The scenery was very fine, especially the first act. But the gown was the boudoir scene. It was designed and painted by Mr. Ernest Albert, and equals any of Maubert's interiors which were seen during the Union Square engagement. It is a simple treat, without exaggeration, and that this is the finest scene work ever done in St. Louis. Mr. Albert must be congratulated on his achievement. The exquisite harmony of the colors, no less than the delicate arrangement of the furniture and the display of panel pictures, are evidence that Mr. Albert possesses the true artist's eye. Mr. Steele Mackaye will remain another week. Although any criticism is rather severe, "Won at Last" is well worth seeing. The lady judged Mr. Mackaye by a high standard, but notwithstanding the manifold defects in the performance, "Won at Last" will gain many parts.

MAGNUS MITCHELL.

Magnus Mitchell, the popular favorite, has been appearing in a round of her finest characters at the Grand Opera House. Miss Mitchell's many admirers who love the pliant, peculiar flavor she imparts to all her interpretations, have patronized her liberally. The actress' peculiarities and excellences are well known, and need no mention at this time.

"MY DEARLIE."

"My Dearlie," Bartley Campbell's first drama, now being produced at the Olympia, is a poor play. The truth is that Bartley Campbell has only written one really successful drama, viz., "My Dearlie." His other pieces, while containing many excellent lines, lack something or other which prevents their becoming popular or making an impression on the public. "My Dearlie" is no exception to this rule. It is performed at the Olympia in a comparatively nothing more than average style. It has done a very poor business, but no worse than the play and company deserved.

CARLETON.

THE MAN IN THE PARQUETTE.

The Grand Adams-Foreman Humphy Dump, Combination is announced for the People's, as well as George J. Jones, who takes the part of the villain, is the best in the line, and is the real grand. The company is headed by Foreman, the wealthy showman, and is an excellent one.

What tubercule in their four identical managers to be hired, or none at all, to exert themselves in St. Louis? In the third act of "Won at Last," as given at Pope's, there is the most artistic interior ever painted in St. Louis—a scene which would do honor to any New York or London stage. What recognition does the scenic artist get for his work? Some applause, but not enthusiastic enough to call him before the curtain. What does the press say about the stage setting of the next morning? Well, neither the *Illustrated* nor *Republican* had a word of approbation for this genuinely artistic scene. Again is queried, what is the incentive to manager and artist?

"Michael Strogoff," or *Chas. Corvair*, is announced at Pope's for November 20th. This is a grand spectacle play founded upon Jules Verne's novel. It will be presented by the "Brothers" Company of William Knapton, a brother of him of *Henry*, B. and White House Lane, will take the part of the courier.

The Brothers Curtis are not happy. M. B. and Frank have made out with "Sant'Al. Brown," M. B. is the commercial dramatist and Frank as the main actor. The brothers, however, are now divided in their course, and the outcome of the quarrel and contemplated law proceedings may be a separation. Frank Curtis is joined with Charles A. Mendham as manager of Anna Dickinson during her starring season on the stage.

Catherine Lewis will be here next week, and the *princess* does well flock to see her. Her *Odette* could the popular favor more than anything she has seen, and her responsiveness will be hailed with delight.

Margie Mitchell commenced starring when she was fourteen years old, and has starred continuously ever since. She at one time played *Juliet*, *Portia*, *Pygmalion*, *Wifedones*, and other leading lady roles, but finally settled herself to the character of a dancer, and special qualities. Margie Mitchell holds a warm place in the affections of the public, and she deserves it. She is an ornament to the stage, and as a woman her reputation has never been affected by any scandal. She and her husband, Mr. Henry Haddock, are a truly happy couple.

The company for "Michael Strogoff" includes Mrs. Haggard, George Edwards, Allen Thomas, Miss Ella Wilson, Albi Nelson, and Mrs. J. L. Carhart. Miss Haggard is *prima donna* of the ballet, and Arnold Kivali, grotesque dancer. The scenery was painted by Mazzoni, of La Salle, Milan.

The Salvator Troubadours will shortly appear at Pope's Theatre, and will present their new play, "The Fawn of the Glen."

Steele Mackaye is known as a Delmarian actor. As caricatures by their clever comedians, Henry Dixie, the Delmarian method is to omit the action to the word. Delmarie formulated, in a certain degree, the laws of gesture and of dramatic expression, and his disciples pretend that his system has a grammar like that of a language. It is a system of gesture and of dramatic expression seems to be to produce a mechanical style of acting, and Mackaye himself is an example of this tendency. Mr. Mackaye, it would, was a pupil of Delmarie.

Delmarie was a descendant from the old Italian painter, Delmarie. Francois Delmarie, the father of the Delmarian system, was born in 1811, at Solesme, in the

north of France. His father was a physician. When a boy he came to Paris, studied at the Conservatoire, appeared for a short time in opera, but soon retired to private life. In his retirement he discovered music is called the highest system of dramatic expression. He began to teach his system, and had for pupils actors, orators, and singers, among them Thomas, Montg, Lacourville, Lantennas, P. Monnier, Valler, and Huetel. He enjoyed the friendship and consideration of many great personages, among whom was Louis Philippe. He received the title of Baron of Honor that was given under the second empire, on the proposition of Minister Rieuville, Ministre des Beaux Arts. He died July 29, 1871, leaving a wife, two daughters, and a son. His literary remains were only a few fragments of manuscript essays, among them a long chapter of a work called "Episodes-revelation."

The following, from an interview with Adeline Patti, may prove interesting.

"I don't mean to sing Wagner's music until the last year of my public career. It is severe on the voice when one sings it constantly, and I must save my voice. When I appear in Wagner's opera I shall enjoy doing so, because I like the music; but they will be my last public roles."

"Like those of the man who sings and dies?"

"Very much."

"It has been said, Mme. Patti, that in your concerts you will sing whole scenes from your operatic repertoire, and occasionally do so in costume, therefore your concerts have been called operatic."

"You may say that from now. They will simply be concerts as ordinarily conducted, and not in costume."

At her first concert at Sullivan Hall, last week, Patti sang the cavatina from "La Traviata," and the "Hilich" duet from Wagner's opera. During the evening she sang, besides the "Hilich" duet, with Signor Nicolini. As a result Patti sang "Home, Sweet Home."

Rebecca Genster will make her first appearance this evening at a concert next Wednesday, in Boston.

Madame Russell's London engagement, during which she will play in England, will begin at Drury Lane Theatre, in July next. It is probable that later in the season she will visit America.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

ART.

While the attendance at the Museum of the School of Fine Arts has not been all that could have been desired, there is very much to encourage the friends of art in this city in the history of the past few months. Since the formal opening of the Museum last spring, no effort whatever has been made, by way of advertising, to increase the attendance. During the Summer very many of those who were to visit such an institution have been absent from the city. There has been no special attraction beyond the collection of casts, and the pictures left there by their owners, and of what little belongs to the Museum. Speaking with Prof. Ives in regard to it the other day, he said the desire and power to attract precisely few much of a kind the Museum had left the people of the city.

Every one knew the Museum was there, and that it contained reproductions of a very large number of the finest pieces of sculpture in existence, besides a respectable collection of pictures; and if the people of St. Louis really cared for art they would go and see it. If they refused or neglected to do so, of course the inference would be that the Museum had come in balance of its time. But this was not the case. During the first five months from the time the Museum was opened, over ten thousand people visited the building and viewed the collections. It has always been closed on Sundays—very wisely, as the writer thinks—and an admission fee has always been required. This result must be gratifying to Prof. Ives and those who have cooperated with him, and more

than any one, to the venerable gentleman in whose museum the people of St. Louis see the extensive of this beautiful line of art. Some of the great collections in Europe are housed in buildings immeasurably inferior to this. The Musée d'Art et d'Industrie—the best gallery in Holland—is an old, ramshackle part of a building, badly lighted, and entirely unimproved against fire. In this is Rembrandt's masterpiece, the "Night Watch," has "Syndes," besides a superb collection of Dutch pictures of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Museum at Amsterdam built two hundred years ago by Prince John Maurice of Nassau, for another purpose, but has since been adapted to the uses of art. The one at Antwerp is in the church of an old Franciscan Monastery changed into a picture gallery. If they did but realize it, the people of St. Louis have reason to be proud of their beautiful Museum, and within its walls are to find sculptures which would require a tour of Europe to find the originals. That they are not ungrateful of its value is evident from the number who go daily to study the masterpieces which have been preserved to us from a remote period in the time of the decadence in art, in a short time the extensive collection of autographs and etchings heretofore stored in the University building will be placed upon the walls of the Museum, so that reproductions of the best paintings may be seen, as well as works in plastic art. The latest addition to the picture collection is a work by Verelst, presented by Mr. W. S. Stuyvesant. The art school opened this Fall with the most encouraging prospects. No publication has been made through the daily press. A postal card was sent to former students, giving the necessary particulars and copies into the columns of the *Spectator*, and this was done without solicitation. Beyond all exciting has been done to attract students. Nevertheless the attendance is larger than ever before, and in the classes will be found those from several States. Next week the evening classes will commence, and on Friday night next the life-class will be opened.

On the 17th of this month, I understood, the local artist in need of them—will have a sale almost the only work that I have seen which will be included in the sale is Hurney's "Weeping Girl," an etching of which appeared in the last number of *Art and Music*. As the work is not entirely finished, a criticism at this time would be unjust both to artist and critic; but from present indications the public will find it in it worth commending. Unless all auguries fail, Hurney has in this work something which will be a long way in advance of anything heretofore produced by him, and one of the best figure pieces painted in this city.

After reflection it was found that the time set for the inauguration reception at the Sketch Club came on Thanksgiving night, so it has been postponed to the first Thursday in December. The full dress and fancy costume portion of the programme has been abandoned. As no notice would be present to admit the members in their gorgeous tawdry. It was voted that to artists and critics; but from present indications the public will find it in it worth commending. Unless all auguries fail, Hurney has in this work something which will be a long way in advance of anything heretofore produced by him, and one of the best figure pieces painted in this city.

The twenty-fourth number of the *American Art Review* has been received. It is unusually good, both as regards text and illustrations. The editor and publisher have set before us a delicious intellectual banquet, and almost spoiled the enjoyment of the feast by the announcement that this was their last. It was with genuine regret that I learned of the determination to abandon the enterprise. If in a population of some one hundred million there are as people as there are in the United States to support a high standard art journal like the *Review*, the outlook is not altogether encouraging. It was not a wonder to me when *Appelton's Art Journal* was transferred to other hands, and it would have been no surprise if it had been altogether discontinued, as a certainly thoughtless and imprudent act. Beyond the state where a reprint of an English publication, with the old worn steel plates of stupid English pictures, with an American dressing attached, would be longer tolerated. The *Review* is distinctively an American journal, and occupied

a field certainly about enough to have any genuine art appeal. It was a magazine which was worth more than the staff of writers included in it by the editors. Mr. Knapp, Mr. Schuyler, Van Rensselaer, Mr. T. F. Barrett, John T. Hart, Prof. C. E. Norton, and a score of others of equal reputation, certainly ought to have made the journal a success, without the pictorial attractions. The *Review* has done much to stimulate that which was dead in American art. It brought America ethereal before the world, and during the short two years of its existence it gave them a medium of communication with the public which would not have been otherwise possible, and the result is the etchings of our countrymen will compare favorably with those of any nation. While the *Review*, as a journal, has ceased to exist, the talent which made it useful and attractive remains. Mr. Koehler, in his capacity of editor, has manifested such rare ability, such profound knowledge of art in all its relations, that there certainly will be a demand for his services in other connections, so that we shall not lose the benefit to be derived from his utterances. Of the other contributors the same may be said. He whose brain produces something of value, something worth preserving, has little trouble in finding an audience. The editor and publishers have made a brave effort to fill a place which the retail shows did not exist. Thousands of people talk glibly of art, and affect an interest they do not feel. They buy pictures in the same way they buy wallpaper, prompted by the same motive. The contributors of the *Art Review* deserve our thanks, not only for the noble attempt they have made to do a good work, but for demonstrating clearly and unambiguously how few there are who are able to do so for art's own sake.

W. L. H.

LETTER-BOX.

TO "CHARLES AUGUSTUS."

Augustus lived a happy life
Without that random thing, a wife,
Free as the breeze that blows about,
Was his strong soul that knew not fear:
But who can say a fairer life came,
The mistress of a lover's burning flame,
And Charles a better husband than,
GENTLY.

TO "CHARLES AUGUSTUS" AND "BERNARDIN."

Editor of the *Spectator*.

This is not a weak article by which "Charles Augustus" attempts to escape the consequences of his rash attack upon women in the columns of your paper, and when next he favors the public with a communication of a facetious nature, please remind him to label it "a joke," as his life is such a happy one, and so very much to be desired, it is impossible for the "tasty intellect" of woman to distinguish it from prosaical literature. It is certainly smacked of that, Mr. Editor. But perhaps "Charles Augustus" is right, and it was owing to a deficiency in the quantity and quality of the female brain that "Bernardin," "John," and myself failed to perceive the humorous irony underlying the gentleman's direct and unqualified language, and answered him seriously out of the fulness of indignant hearts. He is an ingenious youth, this "Charles Augustus," and understands the art of "putting things" for his own advantage. Witness how in his own case strong language is only a "sensitive device," while in that of "Bernardin" it is "volubility of intelligence." He is nearly a fair antagonist who thrusts with equal sword himself, and yet demands that his opponent shall use the foil. If he will point out in my letter of last week our sentence which is exactly as much of the fabric as that of his in which he draws the portrait of an "old maid," I will retract all that I have said derogatory to the nobility of his nature, and pronounce him in comparison of his sex. He asks why we do not disprove the harsh things that have been said of him, and makes

pretension on attacking a pseudo-sage, etc. I find that we have sufficiently disproved the charges by proving the bad characters of our accusers, and by the accumulated pile of testimony in favor of the defendants. And as far as the charge of "travelling the music," the one may be very true, but the logic is poor,—"I presume," Charles Augustus's acknowledgments personally before the music which he assigned. It is that personally, say, sketched forth by himself, that is the music. It is a matter of no consequence by what name he may have been christened—"by any other name he'd smell as sweet."

Besides, there is no possibility, my dear girls, of my son being able to mingle with you, into your sets, and what does it matter what the real name may be? He is too wary a folk for any of your insignificant angers to catch—much too rare and superior an article to be sacrificed to you. What! that superior intellect, that gigantic brain, that outcome of the learning of the world, that waking eye-quells of wisdom, to be used and so to such miserably ignorant, ignorant creatures as you? Away with the preposterous idea! Do you not see? Charles Augustus's words were this: "He'll 'some of you.' Are you pretty? He's afraid of you. Your virtue won't stand the test of admiration. I shouldn't wonder if it wouldn't," with "Charles Augustus" as a mate, one must have something to anchor one's faith in, and with so poor a pretence of support as such a doubtful bark would prove, the strongest virtue might be apt to go adrift. Are you hungry? Away with you. You are a "disagreeable blunder." You offend the sight of this young beauty. Of course I presuppose him an Adams, else why should he clutter the earth? He would never be so unjust as to render the homely girls to extermination, and perill as ugly men to defile God's earth. But upon my word I should not wonder if the philosophy took no cognizance of physical defect in man: a man is his own excuse for being—the world needs him. It would doubtless cease to move should "Charles Augustus" drop out of life. Alas! you poor girls, pretty, rich, and good, you cannot capture him. There he not positively assure you that he'll not batter his "culture, refinement, and brains" for your filthy faces? Flout not your well-filled purses in his face—such brazen young men are not to be bought, veil your lovely faces—like penetrating eye pierces the beautiful mask and gazes upon the weak soul beyond; make no further pretence of goodness—his all-pervasive understanding gauges the depths of your deceit and exposes your saintly fronts. "Still I am not hard to please," he says. This remark, doubtless, he intends for another "joke." It is not excessively funny, but still I detect a slight trace of irony in it, and there, content, be a possibility of doubt, that the peculiar sort of humor which "Charles Augustus" displays throughout his correspondence is meant to find its highest expression in this original poetic effort:

Not too young, and not too old,
Not too tender, and not too tough,
But just young, and tender enough.

It certainly is rather a funny idea for a man to choose his life as one selects a fowl for the Sunday dinner, in which the respective qualities of tenderness and toughness, and the delicate question of years, are the main considerations. From such high grounds of election to such a level of selection, "what a fall is there, my countrymen!"

"Heapskins" comes to the rescue of his friend and brother right manfully, and I honor him for it. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and "Charles Augustus" certainly stood in dire need of assistance. But in his enthusiastic zeal for the cause, he draws a very illogical conclusion in regard to the character of his kinsmen. He forgets that the immediate family of a kinsman are usually the last to hear of any little piece of dilution on his part—that the word usually signifies as much kindness as to be loath to whisper the wrong-doings of father or brother into the ear of daughter or sister. Hence if our respected father—who had been, I trust, a saint in heaven for the last twenty years—or any one of my numerous brothers was, or is, the terrible being which my too judgment pen painted in my letter of last week, and to which the zealous and

diffident "Benjamin" takes such serious exception, I beg leave to inform the said "Benjamin" that I am ignorant of my relatives' moral laxity, and have never been surrounded, from my youth up, by male protectors of the most unscrupulous and prohibitory kind. So far as I know, my opinion of these dear kinsmen, as well as my communication of last week, is mainly the well digested result of observation, hearsay, historical reading, both biblical and secular, and well authenticated biographical sketches of men of all ages and climes, and fanned in every department of human skill and learning. Such an idea as slandering "Benjamin's" paternal ancestor never entered my head. That his father is a most honorable and upright gentleman I have not the slightest doubt he must be to have so faithful and upright a son. Duffless men nowadays spring from no common stock. They are as rare as asparagus at Christmas-tide. Neither "Benjamin" nor his worthy progeny is included in the category of ruthless individuals whose unbridled passions have wrought ruin and devastation upon the fair face of mother earth. They are a pair of those luminous exceptions which prove the rule.

JESUSA.

DON QUIXOTE'S SECOND LETTER.

Editor of the Spectator:

So "Charles Augustus" collated "the slanders (on women)" as jokes,—not to ridicule women, but to show what foolish, things men, from Homer to Oscar Wilde, have said about them."

"Twas a sorry joke.

He is a parasite of his mother's name,
And with an impudent hand mangles her fame,
That wrangles the gentle woman's name,
Lies on his lips, and with loud loud requests
His mother they first ask.
Here was the nobler birth,
For the from man was made—a man lost of earth—
The son of dust.

Every true man holds woman—

As a thing exalted and sainted.

"Tis all well enough to talk about the realities of every-day life, and never at anything like devotion to woman. I defy any man who is not that fast outgrowth of sin and false sentiment, 'a man of the world,' whose honest life and contempt of woman," to lay his hand upon his heart and say that in the hardest lives there are not intervals of pure happiness and sweet content—the fruit of some good woman's presence and soul-truth. Then talk not to me of maligning, even by proxy, woman.

It was—

Not she with tawdry hair her hairer string;
Nor she dressed thus with costly longings,
She, while guests drank could scarce be seen—
Last of the crowd and earliest at its leave.

Ah, no! "twas I—proud, boastful man; and manlike, instead of bowing and revering the being who, without number, has proved herself faithful into death, he seeks to make if by a byword and a jest.

Think less of self, O man, for "of all the vices which degrade the human character, selfishness is the most odious and contemptible. An entire line of self leads to the most heinous crimes, and occasions the greatest misfortunes." And most of all, it induces man to neglect marriage, and causes him to forget the amenities of domestic life.

Blest is the man who is in a situation to acknowledge that—

Woman is warm, that man be cold,
And the night will follow his day,
Till the heart, which once was warm and old,
Can rise on the morning ray.

To its work in the morning ray.
Prate not of woman's inconstancy. "History proves and experience testifies that her faithful heart is as proud of its worth to the one beloved as though no other human being existed upon God's footstool. Loyalty is her nature, and happy proof is it that she runs smoothly, unless jolted into any such social convulsion, for which she is in no wise to blame, but, alas! is

generally the one to suffer. In spite, in devotion, in allegiance to the king of her self, and, no more to herself, not conditions after her."

Now "Charles Augustus," I did not take you for a schoolmist, I took you for a witling; and I am sure you pour forth in your letters prove an error mistaken.

You "dissolve" of me in a paragraph, by assuming me of "wisdom," and "foster me among the 'carnal forces.' Now, I'll be snafed with you, Charles, and say, that were I disposed to compare the incoherent blunder to a quadrangle, 't would be to the rule, not only difference between the four-legged animal and the biped being that the rule cannot better his condition, while the bachelor, if he use the gifts God gave him, can.

You are evidently a young man, Charles, and even more confused than the literary youth, who, if you allow enough to imagine himself a lord of creation because he wears pantaloons, and can talk in a naive voice.

But I warn you, you know a leap more a few years from now. A pleasant and profitable experience will teach you to exclaim:

"I woman, lovely woman, native made thee
Temper me, all I have, leaves without you.
I'm sure I am glad, to look like thee, and
There's to you, all that we believe of Adam—
Among husbands, fathers, and truth.
And pray, and everlasting love."

And—

"I woman, born first to delight us,
Yea, first, first, first, first to beget us,
Born first to lacerate and then to cure us,
Yea, first to regret and regret us,
First then, in our lives, to beget us,
I do, that when the Nuptial knot
O woman, 'tis beautiful woman,
But then first in the Kingdom of God."

Yes, Charles, with the poet Swailier, you will say:

"Blessed be woman, she beams on the sight
Graced and fair, like a figure of light,
Destiny sends her where'er she appears,
Beams of bliss she on ours covers ways;
Beams of Paradise, sent from above,
But then first in the Kingdom of God."

And the answer, my boy, you begin to acquire the necessary education, the better for you. But if you aspire to be a man, in all that the name implies, and I warn you, in all "side speculations."

DON QUIXOTE.

St. Louis, Mo., November 8, 1881.

A NEW REHIMOND IN THE FIELD.

Editor of the Spectator:

For your permission I will venture a few remarks in the case of "Charles Augustus."

I am a young unmarried man, and I do not agree with C. A. His idea is this: The Lord created the world, after which he made Adam, and then created Eve, thus reserving for the last His most glorious and perfect work, which he pronounced good.

If Eve had been any nearer perfection she would not have been a mere woman, but an angel. Now for "Charles Augustus." Shakespeare must have changed his mind since Charles looked for his quotations, at least this looks so though he had no small opinion of the first creatures:

Take but this present age
I dare thee to breathe upon any life.

If I remember aright, Byron said a few complimentary things of women. For instance:

She was a form of life and light,
That once became a just and true
And rose, where'er I turned my eye,
The moving star of memory.

By the way, Lord Byron is quoted to say of a dear charmer:

The only cure you gentle breast should know—
The important business of your life is love.

Now, here is a quotation from Cowdington (it seems that he believed in women).

There is no fault to be found in a goddess,
There are all beauty, or all kindness in it.

Now I have only one more thing to say, and then I will stop. "Charles Augustus," read this:

A woman's woman, thou art not in dress
The least of vestries, in choice of care,
And charn, continue by thy loveliness,
Gird as the eastern, in the morning fair,
If but thy low fall in a waltz, or dance,
Flower, spring, and shot their carmine blossoms there,
Shedding the perfume from thy pathway rise,
And entering over the face of Paradise.

And so on, ad infinitum.

As for women, though we cannot find them out,
We may live with, and thus we learn without 'em.

Very truly yours,

ALGERNON

St. Louis, November 8, 1881.

TABLE GOSSIP.

Somebody writing of Voltaire's fondness for wild fowls, has told this story:

"A favorite dish on the tables of the wealthy a century ago was the rare of the wild boar, eaten with a highly spiced sauce called *à la française*. La Harpe and Voltaire were both excessively fond of that delicacy, and to induce them to accept an invitation, it was sufficient to say that there would be wild boar's ears on the full of fowls. Voltaire's passion for the dish equalled that which he felt for asparagus. The two writers were once invited by Mme. de Saint-John to a dinner *en ville*, after which they were to sup on wild boar's ears, without exception, and as an additional attraction to this party, Voltaire was to read the tragedy of 'Tancrède.' It was an event in Paris fashionable circles, and since the saint-John was besieged with supplicants, he invited to it. Voltaire, on being presented by his mistress of the house, was received with great applause, and began to read his work. Mme. de Saint-John was seated next to the sumner, but much absorbed by the supper that was to be consumed *en table*, and appearing to pay more attention to the movements of her servants than to the tragedy. Presently a racket came in quality, no trifling, to stir the fire, and as the doorman took the lady whispered to him, 'Have you got the boar's ears?' 'Yes, madame, the coach from Aix-la-Chapelle which arrived this morning brought a pair from near Courmayer.' 'Ah,' rejoined the mistress, 'now my mind is at ease; then, on finding the sign of an entrance made by Voltaire, she added in a low tone, but loud enough to be heard, 'Don't forget to tell the cook to serve him in *sauce drais*, and not to split the mustard and now when the sauce?'"

On hearing these words, stopped short in his reading, and turning to Madame de St. John, said, 'Michoud, madame—unexcused and new wine? What precisely?' 'Yes, sir, sir, returned; they are delicious in *sauce drais* with that sauce.' 'Not in my taste, answered, exclaimed Voltaire, exasperated, then, making a low bow to the lady of the house, and closing his manuscript, he walked magnificently from the room without deigning his remembrance, and with the house, not even waiting for its carriage. With the moment of arrest caused by this outburst had passed, every one asked what was the meaning of it. 'Only this,' said La Harpe; 'Voltaire likes boar's ears with a sauce of his own, and he has a horror of mustard.'"

The cook of the noble society was a kindly person, and his capacity, a long service, was also used as a means of punishment. Balthazar Savatelli tells this story: "An Italian prince, who had a Sicilian cook of great excellence—the cooks of Sicily were famous even in the days of ancient Rome—was once travelling to his provincial estates, taking with him his entire *infanterie de cuisine* and his *Sicilian* cook. At a point where the narrow path along the precipice turned the angle of a projecting rock, the prince, at the head of his long column, heard a shriek and the splash of a body falling into the torrent far below. With a face white with terror, he pulled up, and looking back, exclaimed, 'The cook! the cook!' Holy Virgin, the cook! 'No, your excellency,' cried a voice from the rear, 'it is Don Balthazar!' The prince heaved a sigh of profound relief. 'Ah! only the Chaplain!' said he. 'Heaven be thanked!'"

RIEFS OF PARS FOR THE WEEK.

<i>Sunday.</i>	
Baked soup.	
Fishes of veal.	Casson of potatoes.
Pheasant as a crime.	Tomato sauce.
	Scrapulous.
Coffee and whipped cream.	
<i>Monday.</i>	
Sago soup.	
Veal and oyster pie.	Baked potatoes.
Cold chicken.	Sauce of celery.
	Dessert of fruit and nuts.
<i>Tuesday.</i>	
Strong soup.	
Beefsteak.	Tomatoes with potatoes.
Mashed potatoes.	French potatoes.
Lemon puffs.	
<i>Wednesday.</i>	
Veal with white sauce.	Squid sauce.
Roasted chickens.	Herbs and sprouts.
Macaroni on grain.	
	English spinach pudding.
<i>Thursday.</i>	
Mutton soup.	
	Cheese custards.
Roast mutton.	Lima beans.
Shaved corn.	
	Cocoa pudding.
<i>Friday.</i>	
Milk soup.	
Harriet of duck.	Canned green peas.
Mashed potatoes.	Hot salad.
	Sponge gingerbread with chocolate.
<i>Saturday.</i>	
Faust soup.	
Silly soup.	Baked potatoes.
Roast sweet potatoes.	Sliced carrots.
	Roasted pudding.

Killarney Stee.—Three pounds of lean mutton (for your soup), eight sliced potatoes, one sliced onion, salt, pepper, and chopped parsley. Put on the mutton (cut into small pieces) with the sliced onion and enough cold water to cover, and stew very slowly two hours, or until tender; strain the gravy into a bowl and set in cold water to throw up the fat. Put a layer of potatoes (sliced thin) in the bottom of a sauce-pan, cover with meat (peppered and salted), sprinkle with parsley, then more potatoes and more meat till all are in. Take all the fat from the top of the gravy and strain it over the meat. Cover closely and simmer until the potatoes are broken to pieces—half an hour after the boil begins should suffice.

Irish Timbale.—Drain the superfluous juice from a can of tomatoes late your boiling soup. Lay the tomatoes in a buttered tin dish, season with pepper, salt, butter and sugar, strew bread crumbs over the top, add a little gravy, cover and bake half an hour, then brown.

Fried Stew Potatoes.—Boil, with cold scrape off the skins, slice lengthwise and fry to a light brown in butter or else dripping; drain, salt, pepper, and serve hot.

Stewed Carrots.—Scrape and boil (whole) forty-five minutes. Drain and cut into round slices a quarter of an inch thick. Put in a cupful of weak broth (a little of your soup will do) and cook gently half an hour, then add three or four tablespoonsful of milk, a lump of butter rolled in flour, with seasoning to taste. Boil up and dish.

SUBURBAN JOYS.

This is one of the most delightful seasons of the year in this latitude. However much we may all brag on St. Louis, it certainly has a terrible climate. It has bitter summers, colder winters, more streets with more mud to the square foot, than any city on the continent, and the dust—well we won't confess on such a point. To avoid all this one should live in the country. There they have blue skies, fragrant lawns, many scented flowers, and at this time in Autumn, the maple leaves are crimson and there is an after-glow in the woods, a hectic blush, like the burning coal which creeps up the side of Mount Blanc after the sun has set, and all the surrounding Alps are in the cool shade of the mountains of evening.

Theoretically one can live in the suburbs and combine all of the comforts of an urban and country home. One can have his delightful cottage, with ample garden

where, in the joyous Spring, he may plant the delicate pines, the succulent cabbage, the prolific potato, the juicy tomato, and the cooling cucumber, and may by and by watch their growth from four or five seedlings to harvest plants. As the summer days lengthen, and the cold chafincher heralds the rose-ringed dawn at three o'clock in the morning, he can rise and go into the dewy garden, brushing the crystal drops from the thorny weeds, and fill in the time between that and breakfast by smoking from four or five cigars, and the salmon-colored larvae on the under side of the leaves.

The country is the birthplace of love, and the burial-place of retirement. But if one thing above another makes life in the country a continual bliss, it is children. And if you have children of their existence, you Salazar, our dearest, homeless, orphaned child, without a single grown-up head of house and promise, and they have a coat. I am now speaking from the experience of a friend, a good, pious man, patient as Job, sweet-tempered as Naomi, and one who never, under the most perplexing and trying circumstances, indulges in language stronger than that prescribed for the most elegant drawing-room. Where others might forget themselves, and even argue that there were times and occasions when the ordinary polite language of polite society were entirely inadequate to convey the faintest impression of one's feelings, my friend will bear all with heroic fortitude, uttering no more than a mildly phrased protest. Well, this friend lives in the country, and has much to be thankful for. His place is delightful. It is handy to the railway, he has a charming wife, sweet-tempered children, and he has one, but no longer possesses, a goat. My friend had his neighbor, a thrifty, provident man. Everything about his place was tidy. No words seemed to grow there.

His lawns were neatly trimmed, his trees were adorned each year with a beautiful frigate; his children were the inheritors of their father's virtues. He was frugal and saving-minded, and his son, a boy of nine, was a model Sunday-school scholar. Following the virtuous footsteps of his father, he was inclined to trade among his fellows. First he had a jack-knife; this he exchanged with a colored boy for a harmonium; this in time was traded for an accordion, and so on until the summit of his ambition was reached, when out of the humble two-bladed jack-knife he bequeathed a goat, with new and shining harness and linen-new wagon. How that boy's eyes glided with pride and delight when in the cool and delightful evenings of summer he would drive to the station and meet the proud look of his happy father, as he would sight after a hard day's work in the hot and dusty city. He was the envy of all the boys in the neighborhood. If there was one thing above another that each and every one of them looked after, it was the hard patch for the coil springs of Lebanon. It was for a goat, harness, and wagon. The son of my friend was among the number. He was a good, bright boy, full of the buoyancy of early youth, delighting in manly sports and healthful exercise. If there was any one thing in this lower mundane state which he coveted, it was the delectable, pure, and healthy goat, wagon, and harness. So eloquently did he plead his cause, with such suppressed enthusiasm did he picture the satisfaction, deep and solid, which he would experience in driving down to the evening town to meet his paternal progenitor behind that particular goat, that his father, in a burst of filial affection, bought the entire outfit. No jack-knife, no accordion, no harmonium, or even a goat, his crisp and new treasury notes. Late at night his treasure was secured, and at early dawn as he ran to catch the train, he thought with pleasure of the happiness which so small an expenditure would bring to his little son. Often during the day his mind turned toward Lebanon, and his imagination he could see his happy boy taking in the beautiful frigate from behind his horned steed. At night, on arriving at station, there he was seated in the bright, the new vehicle, with glistering eyes. His impatience could not brook the slow crawling gait of his father, his father, and any he went with the speed of the wind. In answer to his be the father of his son, the wagon, and goat, but in a disarranged condition. Each was an object separate unto itself, and not

Hiramdo Cortez, and the Jesuits. They go over the ground of northern discoveries, of Humboldt's travels, and other important and instructive matter, and all in such an easy, genial, natural way that the reader readily enters into the spirit of it with the same zest and enthusiasm that the imaginary Blanche, Toni, and Lucie Fritz display. The book is not so much a reprint of these old stories as a means of showing young people how to find out interesting historical narratives for themselves, where to look for details, what to believe and what to reject of the great mass of printed

Miss Egan's musical abilities are too well known here to require extended comment. She sang well, but her voice was better than she has had late. At Miss Abbott's playing two things cannot be said in praise. She is a master of the piano. Such dexterity with clearness and firmness of touch is very rare. She seems to have grown wonderfully in her appreciation of music within the last year. I have already commented at the almost perfecting of her technique, but last time her playing seemed to me unimpaired, now it is full of meaning.

A large number of the audience showed their interest in the Union by appearing in full as sufficient to make the matinee a success. It is sufficient to make the matter, far as possible, and I know that they highly appreciate the attention of those who braved Thursday night's storm. As has been frequently remarked in the *Spectator*, a well-dressed audience very greatly adds to the pleasure and success of public entertainments; and while the Musical Union's concerts give promise of being very satisfactory under any circumstances of climate or weather, every one will derive much greater pleasure from them by according to the wishes of the managers.

I cannot refrain from again calling attention to the success which attends a few practical business management in musical affairs. Therefore almost without exception efforts to establish musical organizations have been systematic and regular, and on what might be called a strictly business plan. The *Massachusetts Chorus* series of subscription concerts last year was, so far as I know, the first really business-like attempt to run a department of music. The public responded at once, and confidence in the methods employed was established. The season was a success, and the financial success, and all that is now required to make its success permanent is diligent rehearsal, a wise selection of music, and a care not to undertake to do too much. We want good music well rendered, and if we hear the Tannhäuser overture two or three times during the season we will not object to it. The *Chorus*, Messrs. Carr and Waldner are a powerful "team" in rare quality in musical powers, and I am confident their management will be wise.

Here is an extract from the *Post-Herald's* account of the address delivered at the Mercantile Library Hall, last Tuesday morning, by St. Luke's Musical Union:

The programme began with the Tannhäuser overture by the orchestra, which was rendered in an excellent and noble way. It was followed by the singing of a hymn, and then a splendid vocalist, followed with the *Post-Herald's* "Hymns," and charmed everybody with the sweetness of his voice and an admirable manner in which he used it. The grand orchestra gave themselves a seventh symphony, and Miss Lina Anton followed in a brilliant solo with orchestral accompaniment, selecting "People," "Romance and Rondo," in *Le moulin*, which was well received. The chorus gave in "William Tell," "Gott erhalte, Gott erhalte," the tenor, sang "Farewell, if you, Farewell, if you," Schuler's favorite, "Musical Romance" was given to the orchestra in a manner that created the greatest delight. Miss Emma Cranch sang again, and the orchestra closed the concert with Meyerbeer's "Siegfried March." The Union committee promise to prove the most gratifying musical success of recent years.

It could be more easily known where the "critic" who wrote the above was during the performance. He got through slightly moved, and he was possibly intoxicated by the music or something else. Miss Emma Cranch did not arrive and did not sing; neither did Mrs. Adams sing a solo. Miss Cranch was in Cincinnati, and Miss Anton gave a very good piano recital. Miss Anton does not sing solos.

The *Star*, in its short notice of the rehearsal, has this:

Besides the orchestral numbers, an aria from the "Burgomasters" will be sung by Miss Emma Cranch. Miss Lina Anton will render a romance and rondo from Chopin. Mr. and Mrs. Carr will sing "Farewell, if you, Farewell, if you," by Dick.

Mr. Tom Dean will be interested in knowing that

there is a Mrs. Dean, and he will be surprised to know that "Farewell, if you, Farewell, if you," was sung.

On Thursday evening, December 1st, there will be a Tannhäuser entertainment given at the Parkway, for the benefit of Calvary Church. A number of society ladies and gentlemen will take part. The ladies having the entertainment are Mrs. Alice, Cowman, Miss Quinlan, and Mrs. Perry Harbison. These names are a sufficient guarantee of the character of the performance.

A very fine concert will be given in Mercantile Library Hall on the evening of Thanksgiving day. The first of next week, under the direction of Mr. A. C. Bolin, himself a host in whatever capacity he appears in the concert-room. Mr. Bolin will have the assistance of Geo. Heerich with his violin and cello, and of those recognized favorites, the Strauss, Miss Glegg, and Mr. D. P. Caffery, constituting a vocal band of the highest surpassing quality. Miss Thomson's glorious voice was never more beautiful than it is now in its ripe affluence of melody and volume. Mr. Phil Branson's tenor, fortunately for himself and this community, which debilitates itself so much with its singing, was marred by the recent illness, and is as resonant and beautiful as ever. Miss Glegg is known as one of our sweetest and most pleasing voices, and Mr. Caffery, richly endowed, scholarly and painstaking, is among the few singers who, having assumed an unexplored position (position in the musical world), has acquired a reputation with time. His music was not retrograde, the community confining the validity of the contract. The beneficiaries of this entertainment to be the Memorial Home, a most worthy charity, in whose aid some of the best people in St. Louis are freely giving time, energy and money. The public of St. Louis have thus an opportunity suitably and so heartily to express their thanks in the Thanksgiving annual. After they have attended the concert they will be doubly thankful for the cheapest opportunity of Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. George L. Vandenberg, who has been so very ill, is so much better as now to be pronounced by her physicians out of danger.

The presents to Geo. and Mrs. Critchfield at their silver wedding were unusually elegant, and of a beauty claiming admiration from all lovers of the artistic. The skill of the silver-smith's art offering an opportunity for the finest display of taste in the articles that have so improved upon their usefulness as to make beauty its most prized attribute. I saw nothing so exquisite in all the class collection at the recent Mercantile Fair, a case whose square corners were rounded away into the jagged-shaped mound having a slight flare, just sufficient for symmetry. The surface was all of the beautiful satin finish, and for all ornamentation there was a tall paper of jet stones, and the entire surface was caped with the scales of its petals, applied in alloverness. It purred, just ready to drop its leaves, was a shimmer of white frosted silver, and its leaves were purple and gold, and golden-brown, rising from an earth-bank where grasses fell in a tangled mass, and all so perfect in their shape and life that nature could have given them no higher grace.

Mr. Steele Markay closes his two weeks' engagement in "Won at Last" at Poplar Theatre this evening. The second week has not been nearly so successful as the first. This is to be accounted for by two reasons: first, because the gratitude in charge of St. Luke's Hospital paid a great many tickets for the first week through private channels; and second, because Mr. Markay disappointed the gentlemen who engaged him to perform as well as the public. The first was the intention and desire of the proprietors of those St. Luke's Hospital dramatic entertainments, that they should be of the very highest order. Last year "Hazel Kitchie" with a superb company, was secured. The audiences were large and enthusiastic, and the box-office took over \$2,000 on a single week's engagement. This year the audiences were large the first

week, but not enthusiastic, and the Hospital can not get half of what it did last year. In fact, it is doubtful if next little more than expenses will be realized by the enterprising managers. Mr. Markay brought to us a good play with a bad company, and he himself is about the most disagreeable feature of the cast. Pleased he may be, intelligent he certainly is, but that he is pleasing, no competent judge will hardly dare to assert. As to himself, Mr. Markay, must not be to blame, for there are many people in the world who are not under delusions about themselves, but he certainly ought to have known better than to bring out here such a herd of incompetents to support him. There is not a single member of the cast who deserves the recognition of his role, and if Mr. Markay's company is to depend upon its merits and if it exists in trying to play "Won at Last," it will hardly get through the season. It may appear unkind to talk this way, but in doing so I am only giving voice to a sentiment that is almost universal. It is just as well to be plain about it now as to avoid a similar mistake next year. The *Spectator* is the warm and devoted friend of St. Luke's Hospital, as it is to every other charitable institution in St. Louis, and the raising of a fund every year by a dramatic entertainment is an excellent plan. But if it prove permanent and successful the entertainment afforded must be of the highest order, for it is the most educated people of the city that the patronage is expected of.

I am surprised that the manager of the *Olympic Theatre*, who is a fair-seeing and long-headed business man, should permit such an open and flagrant insult to the respectable patrons of his house as was obviously thrust upon them Wednesday and Thursday evenings. On both occasions the theatre held three audiences, and on each occasion the same spectacle was displayed. It was nothing more or less than a gorgeous and superlatively talented advertisement for a notoriously disreputable establishment of the town. On Wednesday night the stage-box on the left was occupied by two flimsily dressed women, whose male companions—a couple of jaybirds in evening dress—were seated at the foot of the curtain. At the back of the box, while they themselves, with extravagant hair and dresses of illuminated crimson and black velvet of the prevailing striped pattern that advertised their hapless avocation as wholly and promiscuously as if they were arrayed in crimson robes with faces that letters ran up and down through the shining colors, sat prominently forward and devoted their attention to the male portion of the parquette in a more perceptible degree than they did to the proceedings on the stage. The "jays" were so situated that they could see over the heads of the men, and they kept peering their eyes out at one another when they were not gazing with their bare optic. Every body in the house saw and made note of them, and those who understood the situation gave the management the benefit of the hope that the disreputable parties in question were in displacing themselves through some mistake of oversight on the part of the people in the box-office. But on Thursday night the same women in the same identical gorgeously as before were there again—this time in the stage-box on the right—escorted by the same jaybird-colored jaybirds as before. There was a time when disreputable characters were entirely forbidden to mingle in the audiences at first-class theatres, but those days have long ago departed. Now they treat patronize the managers, and at unkind and kindred shows may be found the same kind of people as were in a rip-off of slaves. Soberly, however, do they gain access to the boxes, and do opportunity make themselves obnoxious to outrage as did the two women in illuminated velvet and extravagant millinery who displayed themselves on the notorious box designated. I hope Manager Vandenberg will take it in this matter that he will be careful to guard against in future.

The *Olympic Theatre* has done a poor business so far this season. It has not made a single week's profit. Mr. Spaulding has no account, except on two weeks, since the season opened. The Grand Opera House,

ness is not particularly excellent. It is too hard and unyielding, the lines are spoken without shading, except unnecessary loudness, and the whole effect is very unnatural. The other characters are fairly played. "Sam'l of Power" seems destined to prolonged popularity.

F. V. C.

THE MAN in the PARQUETTE.

The pursuit of the Curtis brothers has been expected upon considerably in the daily press. Frank Curtis, the manager, owns the play, and his brother, M. R., the actor, is under contract to him. Frank Curtis found the money or backers—the same thing—necessary to put the piece upon the road. When properly came the brothers began to sport. M. R. showed that he had created the part, etc., he should be consulted more, etc., and in short gave rest to under the contract. Whether it was and in a final rupture is not yet known. Mr. Frank Curtis left on Monday for the East.

Mr. Frank Curtis, who owns the play, did not seem to have the money. M. R. Curtis claimed that he had installed it. To prevent all complications, and to be on the safe side, Mr. Sweet, who is the agent of the company and proprietor of one-fourth interest, which he purchased from Mr. Frank Curtis, decided to have the play reported telegraphically and written out. So last Monday night the private box to the right of the auditorium was occupied by two gentlemen. They were Mr. Wetherell, of the *Vanilla*, and Mr. Henry W. Moore, city editor of the *Post-Dispatch*. The curtains were not drawn back, and the audience must have marvelled what the managers of the box were doing. The mystery, however, was easily unravelled. Mr. Moore was busy reporting the play telegraphically as it was spoken, and thus the management guarded against all possibilities of a lost manuscript.

At the People's Theatre the flow & battle continuation is announced in the powerful drama, "A Child of the State." This play is first produced in St. Louis last season at the Grand Opera House, and was favorably criticised. This year the company is much strengthened by the addition of several new actors, chief among them being Sigismund Majors, who will be remembered for her graphic impersonation of the sweetest Zerkow, in "Diplomacy." "A Child of the State" is a most excellent drama and it should receive a liberal patronage, especially as it is presented by a thoroughly competent company. The company is said to be one of the very best that has taken the road this season. The People's Theatre is having special scenery painted for the production of the play, and it is to be put on in the very best style.

As business manager of the "World," which is produced under the management of Messrs. Brooks & Johnson, Mr. James Morrissey, who is known as the most successful of all theatrical agents in the press, and much of her success is to be ascribed to his efforts. Morrissey is a most fascinating fellow, and few newspaper men are able to escape his wiles. He is a thoroughly courteous, honorable gentleman, however, with all his success. Emma Abbott, it is said, regrets almost that she consented to lose "Morrissey," whose "unfathomable" honest little Emma," when too late, is ready to recognize.

Miss Emma Walsh, the *manager* of the Comely Barton troupe, has appeared in this city in the "Miracles of Pezanne" and "Billie Taylor." She is far better suited to that class of opera than those of the *Olympic* school.

Mr. F. H. Frier has a host of friends in this city. He appeared two seasons ago at Frier's City, with the "New York Party." Afterwards he went with the "Nashua Company," which collapsed at St. Paul. Frier was in bad straits for some time, but never com-

plained. He made quite a reputation with his *Comely Barton* in New England and Canada. Mr. Frier deserves success in his profession, and if hard, consecutive work goes for anything, will achieve it. His *Comely Barton* is the best yet seen in St. Louis.

This Saturday evening the Comely-Barton Company will appear in the comedy opera of "Madame Favart." This opera was given here a few weeks ago by the Melville company, and it will be interesting to compare Catherine Lewis's *Madame Favart* with Emil Marshall's. It will test Miss Lewis's ability. Mr. John Henson will make a splendid *Monsieur de Pausanias*, and Mr. Fred Leslie ought to be in excellent *Cherley Favier*.

At Pope's Theatre, "Win at Last" is to be succeeded by the great spectacular play of "Michael Strouff," at the Comely of the *City's* produced under the direction of the Kiraly Brothers. The scenery and stage accessories are all furnished by the Kiraly's. Of course the ballet is a feature of the representation. Six hours are brought upon the stage at one time, and as a spectacle, "Michael Strouff" is said to be exceedingly successful. William Keen takes the part of *Michael Strouff*. The play is founded upon Jules Verne's novel.

"Win at Last" has not done such a good business during the second week of the engagement. There was a decided falling off in patronage. Steve Mack Kaye and his company are only fair.

The People's Theatre is the only place of amusement in the city that provides a correct gentleman ("in liver") to attend to the wants of patrons of the theatre. He is a well-to-do, gentlemanly, and is of great assistance to ladies who go to the matinee with little children. And then, too, he is wonderfully expert in leading a lady from a carriage or in putting her into one.

The Adams Humpty Dumpty Company has done an immense business as the People's Theatre this week, in the best costume of its kind that I have ever seen. The traces are not of the state old regulation kind that we see in humpty-dumpty shows, but they are new and interesting. George Adams is a fine clown, in fact, he is unapproached in this country. The specialty features of the entertainment are very good. The crowd last Sunday evening was the largest ever in the theatre, and there have been full houses all the week.

"The Child of the State" does not open the People's till Monday evening, and the engagement closes with the performance Saturday night. This is one of the few dramatic companies that does not play on Sunday night. Messrs. Henry & Harris, the proprietors, are in the present not only a great play, but they aim to present it in the most artistic and melodramatic manner. "The Child of the State" ought to draw full houses of the most intelligent people next week.

In the announcements of "Madame Favart" by the Comely-Barton Company it is stated that the opera will be done here in English for the first time this Saturday evening. This is not true, the Emile Melville Company having done it at Pope's some weeks since.

John Henson, of the Comely-Barton Company, is a real fellow in the character of *Le Morisier*. He is well to do and attracted to the first time, and the audience during this engagement of the Comely-Barton Company have expressed themselves. Henson is an Englishman, and first came to St. Louis some six years since with Alice Jones. He was a member of that famous company she had here in 1874. A notable actor as well as a member of a famous and graceful gentleman who presented the trail Alice with a beautiful coral necklace.

Marie Jensen, who was such an attractive feature in the Comely-Barton in 1874, last season, is not long this time. She is in New York, and is not in good health. Those she will soon be well again, for she is one of the prettiest and most modest little women on the stage.

Catherine Lewis has not improved since she was here last year, in fact, she is not so attractive as she was. I do not forget a weariness that she had tried to hide. In the famous farcical at the close of the second act of "Olympe," she gets only two or three encores this year, whereas last year she got five or six. She perhaps throws her hands a little higher than she did last year, but I do not know that there is to be particularly commended, as she threw them high enough before. Wednesday night she looked out so vigorously in the farcical that she threw off one of her supporters, and sent it flying out in the air, over the heads of the audience in the orchestra. The audience screamed and yelled, and Catherine really looked embarrassed as she stood there with her mouth open, and in one fine.

"Strenght" will be followed at Pope's by the Salisbury Translations in their new play, which has taken the place of "The Book" in their repertoire. Then Steve Mack Kaye and his company play a comic engagement next week, producing "The Fool's Errand," a dramatization of Judge Trenchard's famous novel of the same name.

SMITHSON.

THE LATEST PARIS WIT.

A young good-looking fellow has gone so far as to propose marriage to an heiress.

The girl finds her suit charming, but papa says he must make inquiries, before he can give his consent.

"In that case, I break off the affair," says the young man.

"But why?"

"Since you will not only break off all advances, I prefer to be free, it is more worthy of a man of honor."

A dancer, to whom some one has just said that he has a horror of the mud.

"Oh, I don't mind it a bit less, when I see the mud coming, I run away, and I am always kept well ahead of it."

Between two Marshalls.

"Really, it's quite marvellous how quick they are about their work when plain. Finny, the other day I go to pay a call on my father." The silence is just beginning. Two hours later, he is in the ends!"

"Aunt place," said the other, indignantly, "the wine gets into the cask by itself."

At Bordeaux.

A young fellow dined at the house of M. R. Every body has an excellent appetite. After the second course, a dish of *non-humans* is brought in, and everybody makes ready to attack them.

"You must not eat these *non-humans*," cries the host, enthusiastically.

"My mother-in-law sent them here."

"Immediately all forks are dropped, and the guests look each other in the face with an air of consternation."

A joke, perhaps not strictly new, but worth a second reading.

A lady Pole told a wicker by a friend.

"Come now, what do you do with your tea?"

"First in the morning, when I wake up, I ring my bell."

"What do you keep a servant?"

"Oh, yes—but I have a bell!"

Somebody asks a "modern" young man.

"When do you like best, your little dolls or your big little dolls?"

The young man, with a scornful shrug, replies:

"My little dolls are, of course, he is much the older!"

Macielvilly says it was recorded in the old histories of Florence that a certain decent person who was living in great veneration there for the sanctity of his life, being one day at prayer in his chapel, had a vision, in which he saw numbers of souls descending into hell, the much greater part of whom complained that it was owing to their wives that they were sent thither. At hearing this the chief devils were much astonished; so they held a council before Plato to consider its truth. It was concluded to send one of the devils to earth to marry, and thus test the matter. So a devil could be found in hell who would volunteer to undertake the venture, and the chance was made by lot and fell to Delphigore. He came to the earth, courted, married, repented, regretted, and then involuntarily fell back to hell, choosing rather to dwell there for ease and comfort than endure the tribulation of matrimony, in which he had experienced such torment and so many heart-breaking sorrows.

As Rosalind says, "I think God has not a woman to be touched with so many guilty offences."

Marriage at best brings sorrow. There is truth as well as beauty in Edwin Arnold's lines:

Sweet a fond life, but funeral flames must live.

The angels watch pillow and bed, the sleeping.

And his other lines are equally applicable to this miserable condition of humanity:

It is ready as Love and Life, and Death and Pain

The sluttish of his hour.

Beaumont and Fletcher put fearful wording in the mouth of Falstaff:

How better is it your eyes, than in your hands.

Most foul than hell has, but your tongue like a weapon,

Both steel and poison, how your thoughts are woven

With thousand changes of unwholesome words.

And come in to you, how this foolish man

That beats the body of a woman's love

And makes her face his best horse.

But enough! I must continue of *adultery*. I will conclude with the acknowledged aphorism of sociology, *the consequences of general apostasy from a moral system are disastrous and humiliating defeat.*

— CHARLES AUGUSTUS.

EVERETT'S WORKS.

Editor of the Spectator:
Your review of the 5th list, contains the query, "Has anybody a set of Everett's works?"

Coupled with the fact that a penitentiary demand was recently made upon the local libraries for the "works" of the great statesman, this question becomes all the more important, especially as the impression prevails that no demand could be supplied. The reason is very simple. Such a thing as Edward Everett's "works" is not in existence. The only library remains known are his orations, which embody everything upon which his fame as orator and scholar rests. Of these the Public Library has two copies, as well as the larger portion of his miscellaneous production, all of which appear on the subsequent list. The only volume we lack is one containing speeches, published in 1868. Our efforts to secure this were unsuccessful. It may be that the special information sought for could have been supplied by this volume.

I send only that the list enclosed was sent to William Everett, Esq., of Quincy, Massachusetts, son of the author, for revision, and the missing volume of speeches above mentioned was the only one to be recommended to the library to obtain in order to be well supplied with his father's writings. Hoping that this may have a proper effect in correcting an erroneous idea, I have the honor to be,

Yours, respectfully,

RICHARD STAFFER,

Read Assistant Librarian.

COL. POWAN IN MEXICO.

SAN ANTONIO, MEXICO, Nov. 6, 1881.

I have just seen Mexico, because in every essential but government and flag, old and new Mexico are the same. What we now call New Mexico and Arizona was all a part of Old Mexico, until its cession to the United States in 1848; and country, climate, people,

products, manners, customs, and religion are still almost identical. It is all Mexican yet. Land of romance and adventure; land of the Teotihuacan and the Aztecs; land of the fallen Montezumas, with their magnificent of old Mexico, with their silver-shod horses and gold-plated armor of human sacrifice. Clergy, which we now call Santa Fe, was their northern capital, its Southern capital, now the City of Mexico, was their southern seat of empire. Land of Cortez and Alvarado, of heroism, civility, energy and fascinating land of guerrillas, revolutions, bloodshed, and feuds; land of splendid societies and gay cavaliers of music and dancing, flirtation and assassination; land of earthquakes and volcanoes, of gold and silver and jewels, of moonshine, orange-groves, coffee-plantations and cornfields; land of paradise-like beauty and fertility, of beautiful rivers and water enchantments; land of infinite forest, and microcosm of the world, and human life, such is Mexico, now and old. And we must feel United States have been marvellously and tactlessly ignorant of it and its people.

Few, even of our most intelligent St. Louis people, have ever known, or cared to know, that separated from the hundreds of miles by a narrow strip of land, lies a grand federal republic, modeled after our own, comprising twenty-eight States and territories, with nearly a million square miles of domain and ten millions of people, that for seventy long years have been struggling against all conceivable obstacles and besetments toward independence, liberty, and freedom; that they have had countless heroes and sages, soldiers, orators, historians and poets worthy of a place in the world's noblest annals; and that they, too, have had their Alvarado Alvarado, the great Hidalgo who at one blow struck the shackles from a million servile souls. They have slowly but surely dethroned the idols of despotism, ignorance and superstition, and walked through a bloody tury of blood and fire in liberty, peace and good order. They have one of the richest countries on the globe, teeming with every variety of agricultural, pastoral and mineral wealth, yielding in the very profusion of abundant crops, all the products of every climate. The landscape is tropical, the high table-lands temperate, and the mountain-top clad with perpetual snow, so that, with an inclined railroad, one could run in an hour's time from coffee, cotton and sugar plantations, and orange, lemon, fig and magnolia groves in the valleys, through wheat, rice and cornfields, meadows of grass and clover, and orchards of apples, pears, cherries and plums, midway upon the mountain-sides, into everlasting ice and snow upon the high peaks. And every hill and mountain-side is ridged with gold and silver ore. All this grand realm, with its millions of people and its multitude of resources, will soon be tributary to St. Louis. The great railways that are now pressing onward to the "Halls of the Montezumas" will, in less than two years, throw upon the doors of Mexico to our merchants, and it is about time they were studying Addison, Pope and Santa Fe, and Mexican Central Railway geographies, and learning both to walk and talk Spanish.

Sooner, where this letter is dated, is the centre of what, from all indications, is destined to be one of the most famous mining districts on the globe. It is not generally known, but was the less true, that in ending what is now New Mexico and Arizona to the United States, the United States yielded a vast area of the richest mining territory. Here we were, it will be recalled, of those far-famed old Aztec and Spanish mines which three centuries or so ago made Spain the envy of the world. The old shafts and dump-piles of hundreds of years ago are scattered all through these mountains, which everywhere reveal their treasures above the clouds; and the ruins of ancient furnaces and the fragments of iron picks and hammers, and drills tell tales of the arduous life, generations ago, filled those wild ranges and valleys with the flower of Spanish chivalry. Here, in the Sierra de Guadalupe, the Magdalena, the San Juan, the Cucaracha, the Minimes and Oscuras, are the very mines which the desperate Pecos filled up, as they supposed never to be reopened, when the cruelty of their ruthless task-

masters from over the sea drove them into the bloody and terrible insurrection of 1690. Those mines are just being re-discovered and re-proposed to work, after their two hundred years of darkness and silence. In the Cerro (pronounced *Serpente*, with the accent on the second syllable) Mountains, about twenty-five miles from Santa Fe, the Tiffays of New York are opening up the once famous turquoise mine from which the magnificent turquoise in the Russian crown-jewel collection was taken nearly three hundred years ago. All around Socorro these old mines of gold, silver, copper and pewee abound. We may mine them in which the stone stairways of the inclined shafts, where the hapless Pecos toiled up for their wicked-baskets of ore on their shoulders centuries ago, still remain plainly visible.

Many changes have taken place in this old town since I saw here in 1878. Hosts of mining men, speculators, capitalists, sharp and flat, have swarmed in from every region under the sun. Many new buildings in modern American style have gone up. Two big ore mills and smelters will soon be running, and the whole place begins to wear a look of life and activity. Beyond the "Sierras" and strikes-work in almost daily from the mountains, and some remarkable cases of instantaneous fortune-making have occurred.

Reuben S. Charles, a Deadwood newspaper carrier, landed here without a nickel and almost starved. He went to the use of the Socorro men, told his story, and appealed to their generosity. From among them he never goes back on a brother in distress. The old boys gave him a quarter to get something to eat, and that afternoon he went to work at a case as a "sag." He struck it all right for five dollars ahead. He intended this in a nick and some cash and iron, and struck out into the mountains. In six weeks he had located a claim, sold out for \$15,000, and was in a train bound for his old home in Kentucky, declaring he had all the money he wanted.

"Old John Kinback," of the Black Hills, was a rugged, gray-haired Scotch prospector, who used to warn himself occasionally that my stay in Deadwood two winters ago. I advised him to come to this region, and he did so without a dollar in the world. Within the past month his partner, George A. Kimball, formerly freight hauler on the plains of Dakota, has sold one of the old man's claims, in Chicago, for \$200,000, and he has refunded \$200,000 cash from a New York company for another. These lie over the Arizona border.

More easy, and I am through. Jim Berry was a well-known Black Hills miner and prospector. He got "the broke" in Deadwood about three years ago, and last winter kept a little restaurant in Chicago. I used to drop in and talk mine with him, and urged him to come down into this Mexican country. About the 15th of last August I went found with him to the fifth and introduced him to the miners and prospector brethren. He was then a stranger, and a living exemplification of the old doggerel of "the man 'sore-sick." Last month he sold out less than a tenth of his interest for \$50,000 cash; so that, if no strike strikes, he may be set down as having made at least a half million dollars, on nothing as a capital, between the middle of August and the middle of October. That would be doing pretty well for the affluent and influential editor of a first-class "society" paper, would it not?

And that reminds me that I began this sacred merrily to give you a sketch of the social and landscape features of this strange region, but find myself switched off on an entirely different track. I shall have to postpone all I had to say this time, until next time; but I cannot give you any farther than this, and I will end this to the unsparingly, rapidly, and restlessly transparent atmosphere which lends an added glory to every grand and beautiful scene. I might as well try to describe the rainbow to a blind man as to give you any very clear idea of the clearest thing in all the universe. It is as pure, clear, and crystalline as its ownness. I can stand in the plaza of Socorro and distinguish the pine trees on the Magdalena Mountains, thirty-five miles away, and in the splendor

The Spectator.

VOL. II. No. 63.]

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1881.

[PRICE 5 CENTS.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF SILVERWARE IN THE SOUTH AND WEST.

A. S. MERMOD,
C. F. MATHIEY.

MERMOD, JACCARD & CO. D. C. JACCARD.
GOODMAN KING.

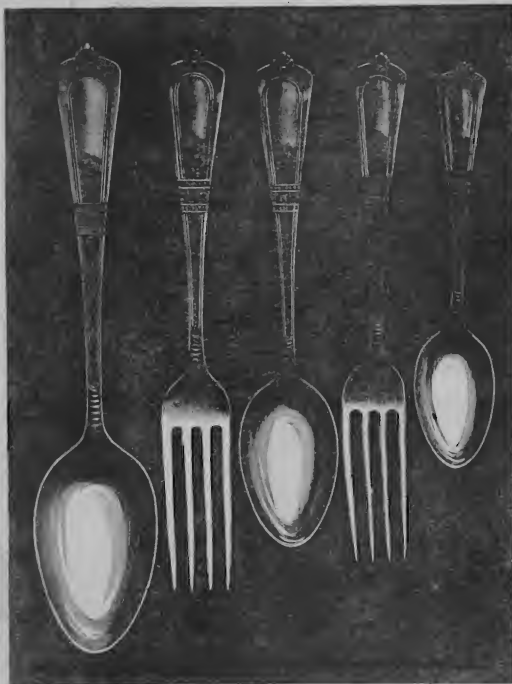
The GORHAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S Solid Silverware is the most elegant in design and finish, and the purest in quality made in the world. Our Silverware is almost exclusively of this celebrated make. We have a complete line of the most desirable styles, and sell at factory prices, without adding freight.

Cups of Spoon, Fork Ware, and Tea Services, specially designed for

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PRESENTS.

To presentation services of Plate we devote the most careful attention, and committees will find that our stock, conditions and price will be particularly attractive to them.



TEA SETS,
URNS,
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SETS,
KETTLES,
DESSERT COFFEE POTS,
SALT CELLARS,
PEPPER CRUETS,
BERRY BOWLS,
CAKE STANDS,
EPERGNES,
PITCHERS,
WAITERS,
GOBLETS,
CARD TRAYS,
SOAP BOXES,
TOBACCO
BOXES,
CARD CASES,
PURSES,
SNUFF BOXES,
PICKLESTANDS,
OLIVE FORKS,
ICE CREAM
CUTTERS,
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SPOONS,
OYSTER SETS,
BELLS,
VASES,
SPOONS, all styles
FORKS,
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All Goods marked in Plain Figures. But one Price, and that the Very Lowest.

Silks and Dress Goods Lower than Ever!

THE GREATEST

BARGAINS OF THE SEASON.

Late Importations in Silks and Dress Goods Bought at Auction. Largest Stock of SILKS, VELVETS, PLUSHES, SATINS and DRESS GOODS in the City.

PRICES AWAY BELOW ALL COMPETITION!

D CRAWFORD & COMPANY'S

ALWAYS THE CROWDED STORE OF ST. LOUIS!

READ THE FOLLOWING:

The great demand for Black Rhinoceros and Mercedines at D. CRAWFORD & CO.'S during the past two weeks has necessitated further purchases in every grade of these popular and much admired makes of black Silks. They have just received two cases of Rhinoceros, 45 inches wide, at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00. Mercedines at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00. Black Satins, 45 inch, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00. These goods still hold their world-wide reputation for wear and richness of color.

Rhinoceros Black Silks at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00. This silk has always held a high reputation, and is much admired by the patrons of D. C. & CO.

Black Cashmere Silks, "Venus, Wild, Vici," 45 inches wide, in a beauty and merit with increasing sale. Prices in this beautiful silk run \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00.

Just arrived, the balance of a large importation under the name of Minie Striped Silks. Prices run \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00.

Black Satins at D. C. & CO.'S are the best values shown in America. Prices now \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00.

Colored Trimming Satins, in every conceivable shade, 45, 70, 90, 110, 130, 150, 170, 190, 210, 230, 250, 270, 290, 310, 330, 350, 370, 390, 410, 430, 450, 470, 490, 510, 530, 550, 570, 590, 610, 630, 650, 670, 690, 710, 730, 750, 770, 790, 810, 830, 850, 870, 890, 910, 930, 950, 970, 990, 1010, 1030, 1050, 1070, 1090, 1110, 1130, 1150, 1170, 1190, 1210, 1230, 1250, 1270, 1290, 1310, 1330, 1350, 1370, 1390, 1410, 1430, 1450, 1470, 1490, 1510, 1530, 1550, 1570, 1590, 1610, 1630, 1650, 1670, 1690, 1710, 1730, 1750, 1770, 1790, 1810, 1830, 1850, 1870, 1890, 1910, 1930, 1950, 1970, 1990, 2010, 2030, 2050, 2070, 2090, 2110, 2130, 2150, 2170, 2190, 2210, 2230, 2250, 2270, 2290, 2310, 2330, 2350, 2370, 2390, 2410, 2430, 2450, 2470, 2490, 2510, 2530, 2550, 2570, 2590, 2610, 2630, 2650, 2670, 2690, 2710, 2730, 2750, 2770, 2790, 2810, 2830, 2850, 2870, 2890, 2910, 2930, 2950, 2970, 2990, 3010, 3030, 3050, 3070, 3090, 3110, 3130, 3150, 3170, 3190, 3210, 3230, 3250, 3270, 3290, 3310, 3330, 3350, 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OUR PRESENT SALESROOMS

Being altogether too small for our largely growing business, we have taken a lease of the whole building, Nos. 113 to 123 Fifth and 505-510 Four (we now occupy only the lower part) and after January 1 shall make extensive improvements, taking on entire West wall, remodeling Fifth Street front, putting in elevator, making Second Floor an elegant Boy's and Children's Department. In short, transforming the whole building into one of the most attractive Clothing Houses in America. NOW, while making these improvements, we shall be cramped for space to show our goods. We propose to make room by

Closing out Large Lots at Once,

AND WE HAVE REDUCED

100 Cheviot Suits from \$15 to \$12

(These are made from the celebrated *Mores* Cheviot Cheviots, and are cut cheap at \$16.50.)

THEN SOME BIG LOTS

Scott's Plaid Suits from	\$20.00 to \$18.00
Fancy Cheviot Suits from	20.00 to 18.00
Fine Blue Check Suits from	22.00 to 20.00
Elegant Customer Suits from	25.00 to 22.00
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Boys' Ulsterettes from	12.00 to 10.00
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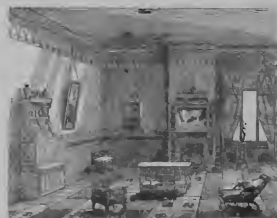
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ST. LOUIS, NOVEMBER 26, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER

The *Post-Dispatch* of last Saturday gave publicity to a social scandal of the gravest import, affecting a prominent family, whose apparently heartless treatment of one of its members has, as the facts have become known, awakened in no small degree the indignation of the community. Not many weeks previously the same bright newspaper published what was at first thought to be an exaggerated, but was afterwards shown to be, in the main, a faithful account of an episode in the career of a society young lady, the natural effect of which certainly was not to advance that young lady's position among right-thinking people. The question arises, "What fault, in respect to such matters, ought newspapers to observe?" There are not a few, mainly unreflecting persons, who denounce every such publication as a trespass upon private rights; but they often fail to discriminate between what is truly to be regarded as of private and secret, or public and open concern. No newspaper has anything to do with what affects the relations of the family or the home so long as those relations are confined to the family and the home. But when an amiable and lovely young girl is cruelly thrust out from her father's house, the public has an interest in such an act, and the newspaper is justified in making the widest revelation of all ascertained facts that relate thereto. When a young woman goes up a duration with a strolling actor, that is perhaps an indiscretion in which the newspaper has no office; but when the young woman's chosen champion puns and the actor for consenting to such duration and telling his friends about it, the last thing in the world to be complained of is that the community is put in possession of such facts as enable it to correct its previous estimate of all the parties. This may not be the highest style of information that can be conveyed or acquired, as the treatment of a citizen is not the most inspiring occupation of surgery. But one may leave healthful and necessary to the social as is the other to the physical body. A large part of social life is a masquerade—a good deal of it innocent, to be sure, with not a note that is hideous and painful; and the newspaper that assists in the unmasking where the circumstances call for it, is doing for the community a substantial benefit.

Miss Lina Union, whose recent playing of one of Chopin's Concertos, in the Musical Union concert, was so much enjoyed, will play in a series of six concerts in New York, with the "Pillsbury Quintette," of which she is the pianist.

A very general request has been made to Mr. Director Waldman, that a quiet and beautiful "Foinor-esque" which was so brightly set in the programme of the Musical Union's last concert may be repeated in the next one for the pleasure of those who were detained at home by the storm on that first brilliant night.

Rev. H. D. Gause, the eloquent pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, will lecture from his pulpit next Sunday evening upon the timely topic, "Gambling its relations to private and public morality." Mr. Gause's well-known incisive and thorough method of his subjects always touches what make his discourse upon this suggestive theme a matter of wide public interest.

I have lately noticed that a great many newspapers were rushing into the theatrical business, going ahead of and along with shows. Mr. O'Grady, editor of the *Chicagoan*, Mr. J. Frank Farrell, of the *New Orleans Times*, and others of English lineage, have recently deserted one section of Irish Bohemia for another whose ways are paved with glowing honors and whose toll is less exacting and more true-like than that the plodding and life-wasting business of hunting down news items. Theatrical managers are anxious to get hold of a good newspaper man, and the manager who is fortunate enough to include a *homo diei* journalist on his staff may almost rest assured of retaining at peace with the public, and getting the fullest recognition for this attraction. Some of the young men of this city are talking of taking to the road, theatrically, and one or two have already had handsome offers, but they still stick to scribbling, which pays poorly. I would not be surprised, though, to hear of a journalistic vacancy or two in a short time, on this account.

Mr. Thos. L. Jones, a gentleman of this city of recognized mechanical genius, has invented a libretto to be used in lectures where plays or operas are to be given in a language with which the audience is wholly or in part ignorant. It is quite novel and interesting, though very simple in its construction. Its prominent feature is a movable transparency bearing the words or symbols in question, and illuminated by a light in the rear. The transparency moves just as speaking which is between the audience and the light, the movement being timed to bring the words, as they are uttered, just the opening. Suitable motive mechanism is employed to move the transparency, and at any desired rate,—that is, the movement can be hastened, slowed, or stopped, according to the requirements of the occasion. The device can be a portable one or a fixture. In some theatres a very desirable place is at the sides of the proscenium, just under the proscenium boxes. It can, however, be arranged in front of the centre of the stage, just in the rear of the orchestra leader. In either case the light need not interfere with the action of the stage light. When arranged at the sides of the proscenium it can be adapted as a prompter. Two librettos can be used, one at each side of the stage, enabling persons in any part of the house to readily see the words. The words upon the transparency can be printed, or arranged by hand, or by means of the number of the principal characters appearing in the opera, and above the opening the names of the characters can appear. The names remain during the play as a fixture, and as the utterances of the various characters are made, the words appear beneath the respective machine above, the words being directed the attention of the spectators to the proper characters. These machines cost about \$100 each, and would be a valuable acquisition to any theatre where grand opera is given. They would also be of great service to foreign actors coming here, or American actors going to Germany and France. Mr. Johnson is the inventor of a number of valuable pieces of machinery, and has the highest commendations from Mr. Gerard H. Allen and other practical mechanicians of the city. It would be an interesting experiment to have one of them in Pope's Theatre during the approaching engagement of the Mapleson Opera Company.

Miss Genevieve Ward, who made such an impression here last year in the play of "The Girl of the Year," will be here again in January, appearing this time at the Grand Opera House. She has a new play, called "The Soldier's Wife," which she will produce in the fall. Her season in America so far this year has been a great

success. Her audiences in New York, Boston, and other cities have been large and fashionable. She is a great actress and an accomplished lady.

It should be understood that the *Spectator* is not railing at big hats in themselves, and I wish to qualify the expression "fashionable abominations," used last week. These hats are "abominations" only when worn at the theatres and some other places. I confess that I like the style for out-of-door wear, receptions, etc. As a friend has pointed out, they are unquestionably artistic. At every period of history when art has been most flourishing, women have worn large hats something like the prevailing style. But I must repeat, in some places these hats are out of place, not adapted to the surroundings, and therefore unartistic. It is the few, and not the many who persist in wearing these hats at theatres, and I think the number is rapidly diminishing. I noticed but eight at Pope's on Tuesday night; and on the contrary, I noticed a great many very charming hats of such suitable dimensions that they do not spoil the pleasure of people sitting in the vicinity.

I had occasion, a few evenings since, to make a social call upon some old friends, when the young daughter of the house was requested to contribute her note to the entertainment in the form of some music. Knowing that she had just "flushed" a fashionable boarding-school, and that fabulous sums had been expended upon her musical education, I naturally anticipated a fine treat, and settled myself back comfortably to enjoy the discourse of sweet sounds. Selecting a sheet from the top of a huge pile of music, Miss seated herself gracefully at the piano and acquitted herself very creditably of a series of rags, trills and thunderous poundings which impressed me very much with a sense of her skill, but seemly indicated that something of vague reverie which, to my mind, is the most delightful effect of music. With a compliment or two on her proficiency and execution, I asked her if she would not please favor us with something simpler—something with an air in it like "Home, Sweet Home," "Rohm-Adair," or anything of that kind? I had heard very pretty arrangements of those old songs. But with a sorrowful little curl of her lip at my crude taste, she informed me that she never played that kind of music. Travelling to pointed out to her her high standard of artistic excellence to suit my unrefined ear, I turned over her collection of pieces in hopes of finding something better suited to my taste and mood—some tender "Lieder ohne Worte" or melodious "cradle song." But upon my producing one of Mendelssohn's sweetest compositions (the first I could not condemn last authority), I was informed that she had not practised that for an age, and therefore could not play it.

There is, without doubt, more money absolutely thrown away on the musical instruction of girls in this country than would suffice to run half the first-class colleges in the land. Not that I would have them taught music less, but I would have it taught differently; have them so grounded in the rudiments that they could make some practical use of their alphabets. Music is an accomplishment whose primary object should be to brighten and cultivate the home, and the first step toward this is to get rid of the absurd idea that if you cannot render brilliantly the most complicated work of "classic" composers, it is not worth while to play at all. The most beautiful sight I ever witnessed was that of an aged, gray-headed man, seated in an ornate easy-chair in a luxuriously furnished parlor, while his daughter—

an unreciprocated passion, who rendered his best companions with ease and skill—placed before, left, right, and, more or less, the right-hand, left-hand, etc., until the smiling features of her old friend accompanied themselves into the customary after-dinner nap. By hard labor in his young days had earned the fortune which secured this ease and luxury for his children, and now he is realizing the reward of his industry. Not this is an isolated case. I know of few others. And whenever I meet these two stately men accompanied by the wife of their youth, my mind reverts to this sweet and scuffle girl and her father.

When Thackeray drew his famous picture of the summer holiday Society, he anticipated a type of womanhood which has existed since the day of Eve, and will doubtless be the last of this complex old world of ours. Tell it not in Gath, O gentle readers mine, but that same little aristocrat, that brilliant, sparkling, unworldly little Becky is a resident of our city—is born right in the midst of us. I know it to be a fact, and surely must look out for her in our ante-chambers, lest they be contaminated by breathing against the intruder. Wouldn't you know how I found her out? By one of her tricks, to be sure. When a set of poor relations, —Becky was, you know,—that ex-converted by marriage with a high-toned family, and, like the rest of poor relations, is left out in the cold when anybody has fallen in to fashionable receptions are invited around. But our Becky is sharp, characteristics wisely, if not cynically, and she is not to be in the same way as her own, and insists that it is intended for herself, notwithstanding the fact of which she and her relatives are well aware,—that she has not even a speaking acquaintance with the reader of the *Examiner*. But so she will, and go on doing so, and gets the cold shoulder in reality from her haughty hostess, who does not deign to express her surprise about that any mistake could have arisen when Madame de More was so specially mentioned. But you know Becky was accustomed to the cold shoulder, and never allowed such chilling little side-glances to interfere with her digestion.

It is one of the curses that dates in an indirect way back to Cain, that people who have not consequences of their own are obliged to ride in other people's. The street-car seems to have been thought out and fastened about a year or two ago, and it is a very necessary thing that clings and phobias way of riding overgrown folk-into. I ride around in the street-cars a great deal, and have already had much to say about them, their discomforts and inconveniences, and I believe the readers of *The Spectator* have unconsciously everything on a street railway car, from the atrocious and brutal driver of the "hot-bell" up to the aristocratic conductor of the lone car who punches ladies' elbows in the back to hurry them on or off the vehicle, and who throws you to stop out and get a woman if he hands him a nickel with a hole in it. Recently while sitting as conductor *pro-tem* on a "hot-bell" for a carful of little it was brutally driven for sending the driver a polished silver quarter that one of the passengers had thrown at him for not stopping at a baggage, window, high-heeled shoe, and everything but an assassin, in front of the whole carful of people, and when I volunteered an explanation he received it under protest, and said he had made a mistake that time, but would know his own mind in the future. I might try the same trick again. But I do not want to complain about the cars now. My complaint at present is against the lot who cross their knees and throw their dirty backs behind at about the passage and against the good-looking passengers. I saw a lady with six rows of pearls, and a diamond necklace, by a cross-legged and bare-footed gentleman. I have seen the last of the ill-dressed passenger extended as far across the car that ladies and gentlemen like

to clamber over his limbs, and I have known the usual sitting side-ways in a corner with his legs planted to make a perfect forest of the pantaloons of his fellow-passengers. Something should be done to prevent this tactic and indiscriminate obscuration of dirty leather in the street-cars, and if it cannot be remedied in any other manner, it might be well to adopt the passenger with his side-ways, and his passengers riding back to back, and all the ghastly atmosphere between each and each for the man with lofty heels to hang up his children's sign.

In the office of the President of the Board of Public Improvements I discovered, the other day, the author of the popular song, "Do They Miss me at Home?" Mr. Cameron, now a venerable gray-headed gentleman, who has been doing duty as Secretary of the Board, told me that he wrote the original verses about thirty years ago, just after he had come to this country. It was in New Orleans at the time. One day he received a letter from the sweetheart he had left behind him, and who wrote that she was homesick without him, and missed his presence everywhere. He sat down, and in response wrote the touching and beautiful words that have since been sung all over the world. The song has three verses, but Mr. Cameron wrote seven or eight, some of which related to subjects and incidents that were of value as memories to the sweetest lovers. The poem, however, which is in the New Orleans *Free*, and shortly afterwards in most of the verses were put to music by somebody, and sung universally. The verses preserved in the song have had a little of their sweetness in being Americanized, and the only poem as the author, who has never shown or asked credit for it,—repents it, but a really charming and artistic character, and well worthy of preservation.

The Park Theatre, New York, now begins performance of last-night eight o'clock, in compliance with the dictates of fashion which is rushing to late dinners and late amusements. The managers of the Park made the change because the majority of the patrons kept on coming in late, and those who took the trouble to come in the early hour did not stay, but were sitting on the stage, using in the train and train of people coming in, and the banging and rattling of chairs that followed. The change is a wise one in this respect at least, and it would not be a bad idea to do something of the sort here. There is a steady rise in our theatres with long after-late-eight every night, and I do not think there are twenty people in an audience who ever hear the whole of the first act, because they are compelled to leave the folks who are forever talking to their neighbors, or do not stay any longer. I think the only remedy for it is a hall-way door of one such as the Park Theatre has adopted. Begin the performance a half hour, or even more, later. And then, what is to be done with the people who never think of waiting for the end of the play, but begin clapping their shabby, overworn, expensive, etc., about the middle of the last-act? This is irreparable. John Dougham is on record right here in St. Louis, having given an audience a severe reproach for trying to leave the theatre before the play was over.

"Playing with Fire" and the performance was in the Park Theatre, many years ago. When the *Epilogue* was reached the audience began to gasp at its neat and lively style. Dougham read one or two, and then stopped. A dead silence fell upon the house. Dougham stepped in and looked back. They stood up in their seats, wondering what was the matter. When the actor saw he had everybody's attention, he remarked, "If there are any sermons or confessions in the house who want to get going, let their masters and mistresses know, and leave the theatre now. The ladies and gentlemen I am sure will remain until the end of the play." Everybody remained.

Among other short-comings which the present age for old stage has developed is that of collecting old powder. Powder boxes, platters, etc., were much used in ante-Revolutionary times, but the stern necessity of war

converted the latter part of the same millennium into one of our grand-dad's "antique" collections, so that the article is extremely scarce, and the more valuable, of course, because of its rarity. As old powder is required, which since I can remember has been obtained in the kitchen, would doubtless bring its weight in silver, if not in gold, would I be induced to part with it. An audacious swindler to a score of us,—these pills they, I intend to transport the blackened and belittled relic to a velvet-lined cabinet which ornaments the parlor wall. I wish it distinctly understood, that I mean doing not more than the aesthetic culture of the Western Hemisphere.

A subject which has always interested me, as involving a true psychological point, is why women will persist in the custom of kissing each other, whenever and whenever they choose to meet. Prompted to curiosity, I have questioned nearly of the full part of this performance as to whether they derived any particular pleasure from this customary greeting to which they invariably engage in the morning. Was a prompt to sincere affection? Not in the least. I do possess my share, as you may think, of a delicate taste. So far as I can make out, the average female kiss, as practiced upon her own sex, is rapid, shallow, and flaccid. Then why, the name of my lady, persist in doing it? The answer, I think, is that the point which is puzzling my powers of divination, and the one into a semi-paralyzed condition of operation manifestly wanders every time I choose to kiss. Two of the pretty, daring creatures meet, throw their arms around each other, and bring two paired pointing lips into delicately teasing rictus contiguity.

A writer in the *Atlantic*, speaking of American society, says: "Society in America is not an cult. It is rather the reduction of the mind of the individual who is contemplating it, the frustration of certain tastes, and has neither beauty nor measure. For some it possesses character, for others immaturity, for a few it causes a change, for many it is a waste of time. Then why, the name of my lady, persist in doing it? The answer, I think, is that the point which is puzzling my powers of divination, and the one into a semi-paralyzed condition of operation manifestly wanders every time I choose to kiss. Two of the pretty, daring creatures meet, throw their arms around each other, and bring two paired pointing lips into delicately teasing rictus contiguity.

I was standing in the rotunda of the Southern Hotel at noon, last Friday, talking to M. B. Curtis, who had just finished telling me how he won \$25 from John T. Raymond in a "smashing" bout, when an oldish looking man, carrying a cane, and with an interruption point to a pair of parentheses, and wearing a brown coat and vest under a gray overcoat, a pair of blue-checked pantaloons, a small, stiff black hat, and small, stiff, nose and tight shoes, stepped up to us. He switched a light case under his left arm, jammed his right hand into a pantaloons pocket, and, striding an attitude that galled for an answer, while two bright little gray eyes looked at *Sumner Plaster* from under twin tufts of lavender eyebrows, asked—

"Well, didn't you do you say?"
"I'll go you for a law," was Curtis' reply.
"All right," he said, "it's a go," and he ran his fingers into his vest pockets, searched the recesses of his pantaloons, made a dive into his overcoat, and finally held up a sheet-of-paper case. "I've broken the result as he's entitled the matter," and continued, "but I suppose I'm good for \$10."
"Of course," answered Curtis. Then the stranger pulled out a well-worn Mexican dollar, and poked it on the back of his left hand, held it there covered by the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, and, should the other in evasive guise. "Try it again."
"Heads, again," said Curtis. "Tails. You owe me \$20," the other remarked, and Curtis pulled out the money and handed over two \$10 bills, each of which the winner held in his hand as he said, "You owe me, saying as he pulled them up. It's a pity that so many young men should be possessed of a mind prone for gambling." As he turned to go and said to Curtis, "I'll give you a chance to win it back. What do you say?"

"Heads," was what the libelous comedian said. "You've brassed out, and down it came upon the marketplace with a ring that attracted the attention of all holders in the rotunda. The two snoped; it was 'Gulls.' " "Thrust her up again; I owe you \$10." Heads "Gulls" had been placed when the collar popped open. "First she was a head, then she was a tail," said "The First Lady," even," said "Doris," and the other, explaining that his new shoes were hurting his bunions, tripped up-stairs— to put on some rasher foot-covering. The man withdrew. The interrogatory continuance was John T. Harwood. He has a maul for "mitching," and has lost and won thousands of dollars in this way. He carries three suits of clothes, and wears them alternately. He is a gambler who matches coats with an Italian Marchesa, the stakes being \$100,000 worth of diamonds against the Marchesa herself, and the countess winning the prize at every performance. He will toss coats as readily for \$100 a night as for \$1. During his recent New York engagement he is credited with having won \$1200 on a single bet.

The comedian's next victim was "The First Lady of the Union Square Hotel. His "mad passion for gambling" it is said to keep the comedian away

While speaking about theatrical people, I may as well say that I received the other day a copy of the *New York Evening Express*, containing an interview with Miss Minnie Cummings, which was conspicuously marked. The reporter found Miss Cummings at home in her dressing room, and she was sitting at a dressing-table, and learned from her that since the failure of her drama, entitled "Suspected," she has been hard at work on it, and has at last succeeded in making it the strongest, most interesting, and at the same time most attractive play on the whole world's stage. In addition to this, she has written a new comedy, and is engaged to dramatize in her drama, the second American female dramatist—Aunt Fanny Moriat having been the first—has written a book which is now in press, dashed off three or four comedies, and spread herself across a few pages of odd magazines and leading newspapers. After all, she has been doing a few modest things, and she is Miss Cummings; has met with in the writing line would leave one to infer that writing was her forte, and that she would grope the fame to win before the footlights for the reputation that occasionally trembles and consecrates from the aloft of a facile quill. It is, so to speak, a little like the old saying, "The pen is mightier than the sword," and she has also her fingers and to wander through the intricacies of several elaborate toleils, which she intends to wear in the re-education of "Suspected," which I expected to replace shortly. This ecclesiastical information sheds light upon the marked copy of the *New York Express*, and the marked copy of the *New York Evening Express*, upon this section of the country, and this city in particular. I hope not.

The public is to be congratulated upon the display which President *indoo*, of the School Board, furnished in the formation of the committee upon the late reorganization of that body. That element in the Board whose course during the past year has rendered itself so notorious and board meeting so disgraceful, has been put in the background and forced to give way to those members who, though less pretentious, clearly have the best interests of the schools at heart. Of course, it is to be expected that the crowd which has been retired will express their dissatisfaction, but they will receive no sympathy from the public.

The entertainment to be given at Pope's Theatre, Tuesday evening, by St. Louis Council of the Legion of Honor, promises to be quite a notable event. Not a ticket is to be sold, the Council having engaged the theatre and Salsbury's Troubadours at its own expense. The cost cannot be under \$1,000, so that the treat is quite a liberal one. Some special features are to be added to the regular performance. But the most striking feature about the affair will be the appearance of an audience in full dress,—something that was never before seen in a St. Louis theatre. Ladies are to appear without hats, and gentlemen

in "swallow-tail" coats. The rule is imperative on this point, and will be strictly enforced. One part of the boogie is to be just as good as another, and there is to be no distinction between the people who go into the balcony and those who go into the parquette or parquette circle. Dressing-rooms have been provided for ladies, where they may leave their hats and wraps, and there will be a coat-room for gentlemen. Every convenience will be afforded, and the occasion will no doubt be a most brilliant one. The Town Talker will look on that audience of ladies without hats with a vast amount of pleasure, after the sore trials he has had at the theatre of late.

A few angustiforms in this costume took about full dress at the theatre may not be out of place. It is brought forward as an objection against the fashion with St. Louis audiences, that our climate is too changeable, and that the costume is too warm. But the answer is, that costume can be accumulated to climate, and yet retain its dressy characteristics. The rich brocades, velvets, satins and moires of the period worn by nearly all women of fashion, and those who, apart from fashion, are distinguished by their taste, have easily converted into full dress galletries by opening the corsage either in V-shape or the Pompadour square neck, and filling it with lace, and warming shoe sleeves with lace ruffles, jewels as elegant as the dress, and a pair of gloves, which may be of lace and cuffure, with light-tinted gloves, a showy fan, and dusty *embocher*, thus converting what may have been a evening or visiting costume, into a full dress toilette for the theatre. I would lay stress upon the cuffure, which should be slightly arranged with a bow, and the gloves, which may be of any material, as they are desired, in fact any becoming and decorative adjustment that dispenses with a bonnet, for a bonnet, no matter how dressy and pretty in itself, is utterly incompatible with full dress; no man's ray be retained except in consideration for the proximity for protection against inclement weather.

Much might be written on this subject of full dress for the theatre, as, of course, there are distinctions to be made on occasion which a true taste generally recognizes; as, the difference one would make whether going to witness a spectacular piece, or the performance of the legitimate drama by a renowned company, or on the appearance of a dramatic star.

that for the opera, there can be no option between full dress and street dress. Full dress, in its highest significance of fashion, is there demanded of polite audiences. From her head to the heels of her shoes a lady should be arrayed for critical inspection, and then she is sure to aid in the correct *bona fide* of a theatrical house. In Paris and Berlin a full corps of female attendants, capped, aproned and kerchieved in snowy muslin, as numerous as thirty-five to each floor, meet the ladies in the *couloir* and receive their wraps, for which they tender checks; and those women seat the company, returning to each lady with a *salabat*, which she places under the feet of the clatter, and for this service she expects a small compensation.

It is quite true that the great difference between carriage-hire here and on the continent of Europe—where for eighty cents a gentleman may easily be conveyed to and from the theatre in a comfortable cab—simplifies the matter of "fall fares" very much, for no lady likes to get into a street-car in such colic, no matter how well wrapped up, and there are degrees of temperature when the friendly cover of a wrap is burdensome. Equally true is it that escorts are not always willing or able to pay the high charges of carriage-hire, but this is a disadvantage of the continental expediency touching the question of full dress for the theatre or opera, yet not absorbing St. Louisans from the demands of good taste and the custom of polite society in other and older cities.

I should add here that the managers of the entertainment at Pope's, Tuesday evening, have arranged to have the "Herdies" run to and from the house, and they may be utilized by those who object to paying for a carriage.

The entertainment to be given next Thursday evening at the Pickwick Theatre will be one of the most notable society affairs of the season. The programme will consist of tableaux, music and readings, and the proceeds, as stated last week, will go to Mount Calvary Episcopal Church. Among the young ladies who will take part are Misses Dorcas Carr, Cora Baker, Maggie Woods, Miss Burdell, Fannie Samuels, Elsie Hopkins, and many others.

[illegible]

The pottery in the art annex of this establishment made a most brilliant showing, being arranged with consummate taste, and just agreeably interspersed with such objects of artistic and decorative furnishing as best displayed their beauty. Days might be passed in the study of these gems of the ceramic art, for here are some splendid specimens of the exquisite Chinoiserie Koh, Augustus Rex, Galle Nancy, Capo di Monte, Barlettine Faience, the gorgeous Faience aquiline of Vion, the pretty and popular Saxony ware, and a large collection of Chinese and Japanese pottery, including some superb specimens of Satsuma, Chikinsan, Tokio, Aomaki, Kaga, Makurze, Yeto Kee, and other prized varieties from the Orient.

Twentieth arranged for harmony in the design of all the gorgeous coloring of these vases and vessels of the potters' art, were exquisite specimens of Boucare bronzes, which once they lent entirely to the manipulation of the artist, and were then polished and burnished and chased all over by hand with wonderful richness and delicacy, pieces of beaten brass, brass tablets of most beautiful shapes and workmanship, brass tops are of hand-painted porcelain such as in a broad border of blue and white, and in the center a medallion consisting in the decoration of the base. Some plaques that are gems of art are from the famous studio of Hingre and Delaherche. One painted by the latter artist is entitled "The Crucifix," and represents a crucifix of the same shape as the one in the church full of the rich coloring of that age, sits at her elbow on a draped dais, her fingers relaxed from industry and her heart relaxing, too, as her lover in troubadour garb, standing a few paces away, looks on with enraptured eyes. She is beautiful and serene, her sunlight in her willing eye. The drawing, the coloring and the sentiment are admirable. "The Hapturne" is the name well indicated in the pose of the two lovers delineated by Hingre and Delaherche. The artist has been called "The Hapturne," and is a study of the same period.

Beyond these are two superb bronzes mounted on marble pedestals one, "The Tambourine Player," by Sansone, of Rome; the other, the "Paul and Virginie" of Madrazo. These form part of a detached collection of the most choice gems pulled from the rich treasures of the art collection, and one of the most prominent features of this little pavilion is a superb vase of the 14th. In the foreground, standing two and a half feet high above the handsome antique marble pedestal that supports it, the cream-gold and gold decorations which mark the distinctive character of this beautiful vase are most admirably set forth in this rich specimen. The vase, in the arm shape, and at the sides are two female figures whose hands cling in swinging fashion to the curved rim, while their apostolic feet scarcely touch the broad base, their long and airy robes sliding in the swirling posies. Crown and gold are their forms and robes, and gold leaves make the decorations of the vase, while bands of platinum-etched with gold encircle the cup and base, the not metal being dissolved and burnt into the paste of the porcelain, and this, as well as the artistic skill that produced such beautiful results, make the cost of this vase whose proud name—Christi de Boni—indicates its value. Three hundred and fifty dollars is the price asked for the vase just described.

A lady and gentleman of the West End are giving what they call their "Saturday evenings," and musical and literary. Choosing thus an evening not usual in the society even calendar, there is conversation, music and reading from eight until about eleven o'clock. The invitations are written or verbal, according to convenience, and there is nothing of the conventional or stereotyped pattern to be seen or felt, from first to last. The absence of the formal, and the inclusion of that which is spontaneous and all the more delightful on this account, have made these among the pleasantest social occasions of the time.

The Virgin Church Concert attracted on Thursday evening a good audience, though less in numbers than the merit of the entertainment demanded. The surprising managers were liberal and painstaking in their efforts to provide a concert of the best quality, and were, in important particulars, entirely successful. Mr. Theodore Hook, correct earnest, brought here from New York for this occasion, is superior to the average, and not equal to the best concert soloists. Mrs. Lucy Cary Freshmeier, from Louisville, who was relied upon to give brilliancy to the vocal part of the programme, is not equal to voice or execution to numbers of sopranos who have sung every week. Her first number was fairly good, but she should be singing "The Last Rose of Summer," her "Infantina-mus." Mrs. Peebles sang an air by Gounod, with full, rich, and true intonation, and to great acceptance. The most artistic singing in the programme was done by Mrs. Hardy, in Haydn's fine dramatic song, "Storm and Sunshine." Mrs. Hardy has sustained to love in the sweetness and sympathy of her voice as time and opportunity have given her breadth and refinement of tone and method. The concert music would have been better with more relaxing, and the male quartette was obviously too big in the middle of too small a hall. The ends, three elegant, successful students, Misses Glaze and Schuler, soprano and alto, of the Virgin choir, were heard ably in a duo, "Sweet Tears," for which they obtained as they deserved, a warm ovation. All laurels and commendations, the Virgin Thausgiving Concert was worthy to be placed among the most enjoyable of the musical entertainments of the season.

Is the church observance of Thanksgiving lying out of fashion? The Hare was that church that with each other concerning the variety and excellence of their Thanksgiving music, but the programmes this year were very rare and fine.

An exception may justly be made concerning the Second Presbyterian Church, where there was as full a musical service of excellent quality as there was opportunity for. The selections were in good taste,

and were well rendered by the choir, notwithstanding the clipping in halves of the organ, which frequently manifested a disposition to be off on registration and accompaniment versus the wish and effort of the organist.

This year's Christmas falls on Sunday. This will give all the churches, choir, and Sunday-schools a chance. There is no need to start Popish that it will refuse to have Christmas services when Sunday and Christmas are one.

Mr. W. R. Hooper, the art critic of the *Spectator*, begins in this week's issue a series of interesting articles, on the great painters of the present time. These articles will be well worth preservation.

The following quotation from a letter by Richard Wagner gloss a glimpse of his character which will be fully appreciated by his admirers, as it indicates he is not mortal, after all. "I arrive from Boston at eight o'clock p.m. Let Franz be at the station with the carriage. My study is in well-stored and warmed, and as well prepared as you can get it done. Spare no money. Buy the best fagots to render it quite odorous (smell). I am so happy to think how comfortable I shall be there with you. The plank pants (Hautpant) are, I hope, quite ready. Do not come to fetch me at the station. I would rather you reached me in the warm rooms. You need not call everybody to my arrival, but on Thursday morning at 10.30 I shall have the barber, to be shaved and curled. Kind regards to Franz and Anne, let them prepare every thing with great care. My kisses to you all. As regards."

All communications to the *Spectator* this week had to be held over on account of lack of room.

Col John Cockerill, the brilliant editor of the *Post-Dispatch*, contributes a delightful story concerning John McCallough, the actor, in the *Spectator* this week.

"Germania Delle," a play in two acts, is to be given in German at the Germania Club, this evening. After the performance, dancing.

"The Snake and the Butterfly," N. N. M. will give a reception ball and banquet at the World's Hotel, St. Joseph, Missouri, Friday night, December 21st, at the "Craig Hotel," of St. Joseph, and the "Metropolitan Gardens," of Leavenworth, Kansas. The cards of invitation are the foundation I have seen this evening.

The Police reserves of this city were exercised in the National Guard of Missouri at the Merchants' Exchange Hall, last Monday evening, with appropriate merriment. There was a large crowd, and the members of the new first regiment were hailed with much enthusiasm. It was a great breach of military etiquette in Adjutant-General Washby, of the Government, to appear without uniform.

Two weeks ago I spoke of what a good dresser Mr. Charles Thayer, of the New York Union Square Theatre Company is. I have since learned that his clothes are made by Mr. Brownell, of this city. Please remember that this is not an advertisement for anybody, but a piece of news.

The managers of the Musical Union say, that they will make up the programme for the sixth concert of series, in accordance with the wishes of the ladies who sit at the concert. Therefore, ladies are asked to preserve their programme and send to the management a list of such pieces as they wish requested.

The children's Prize Drawings will appear in the December 11th issue.

The Holiday Hike-Andale will be the January number this year, as usual. It will be very beautiful.

"Tender and True" is the title of a collection of love poems, compiled by the editor of "Quiet Hours," to be published shortly by George H. Ellis.

LITERARY NOTES.

From the Literary World.

It is strange that the German antiquarian society at Tübingen Philosophical Classes for August 1880, and Students, under the general editorial supervision of Prof. Georg H. Meier, of the University of Tübingen, institute an examination of the Hildesheim manuscript, Baltimore, with the exception of 11 initials, which are each accompanied by a drawing of the various expansion of some one manuscript of German antiquity.

Northrup, William, the author of "The Hildesheim Manuscript," has just published a book, "The Hildesheim Manuscript," which is a collection of the initials and drawings of the most eminent of modern artists, with descriptions of the work of P. Segner, the author of "A Picture-book of the Portraits of the Hildesheim Manuscript." The book is published in two parts, the first part containing the initials and drawings of the Hildesheim Manuscript, and the second part containing the initials and drawings of the Hildesheim Manuscript. The book is published in two parts, the first part containing the initials and drawings of the Hildesheim Manuscript, and the second part containing the initials and drawings of the Hildesheim Manuscript.

Mr. Worthington has just published a book, "Sketches in Modern French Art," by William Worthington, a prominent art critic, a series of illustrations of the most French art of the present time. It will be profusely illustrated with illustrations of some of the best drawings, and some engravings on steel plates by noted masters. (General borders and head and tail pieces add greatly to the beauty of the pages.)

Macmillan & Co. announce a new edition of their "Rugby's 'The Wanderer,' with illustrations by Lillie Sanderson, and Mr. Macmillan's new book, "The Wanderer of Hottel Hotel," which contains twelve full-page designs in Walter Crane's exquisite coloring. The companion volume to Mr. Macmillan's "The Wanderer of Hottel Hotel," which will shortly appear, is "The Wanderer of Hottel Hotel," which will shortly appear. The book of Mr. Macmillan's new book is a book of letters which will give it an added interest to the public.

Mr. R. S. Sargent, a Japanese artist in London, England, is engaged upon a translation into English of the "The Wanderer of Hottel Hotel," the standard classical Japanese drama, which is written in the form of a play, by Matsuki Shintaro, a lady at Mikado's court in Kyoto. It is in five-act drama, though the chapters are short. Many of the most popular Japanese pictures on screens, fans, etc., made in Tokyo for American export, are taken from this drama. However, which is still a favorite with the Japanese.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, in their "New Picture Series," have just completed the first set, or, the first eight volumes, which are issued by the publishers. In the second set, "The Wanderer of Hottel Hotel," which are in preparation. Their third book, "The Wanderer of Hottel Hotel," which has long been a popular topic in the West, and was a much-needed book as far back as the days of Lincoln, with which it is now a great favorite. Each verse is illustrated.

Harper's new book, "The Wanderer of Hottel Hotel," a new edition of "The Wanderer of Hottel Hotel," with illustrations by William H. Blackwell, and others. The "Wanderer of Hottel Hotel," by William H. Blackwell, in originality of design and beauty of finish will take a front rank in illustrated gift books the season.

George H. Ellis has in preparation, and will publish December 11th, "The Wanderer of Hottel Hotel," a volume of stories, apophthegms, and choice extracts from Paganini, Händel, and other famous writings, compiled by Charles D. B. Mills, of Syracuse, one of the few Americans who has achieved distinction in original studies.

We have had "The Wanderer of Hottel Hotel," and now "The Wanderer of Hottel Hotel," is coming to complete the third. *Spectator* as to its authorship will soon be in order.

"HAZEL KIRKE."

The play of "Hazel Kirke," which has gained the reputation of having had the longest run of any piece ever produced on the American stage, was presented here for the second time by the New York Medicus Square Theatre Company. This revival of "Hazel Kirke" is at the Olympic, where it is not near so handsomely mounted as at Pope's, last season. The company includes the leading members of the old cast, with the exception of Mr. Ferguson. The story of "Hazel Kirke" needs no repetition. Mr. Steele Mackays claims to be the author of the play, but it seems tolerably well established that it is only the resumption of an old piece known as "The Green Lanes of Old England." This, however, does not detract from the merits of the piece. It was played in this country some years ago under the name of "The Iron Will," but failed to meet with a popular success. When produced at the Madison Square Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Mackays and under its new name of "Hazel Kirke," it achieved the most phenomenal success it has known in this country. The character of the heroine, *Hazel Kirke*, is still taken by Edie Kilmer, and she plays it with the same admirable qualities. But while allowing all credit for Miss Kilmer's clever and artistic work, we hardly think she estimates the full capabilities of the part. Her shortcomings, however, do not prevent her *Hazel* from being a fine caricature, sketched with admirable art. Mr. Charles W. Condoick is *Danforth Kirke*, "the man with the iron will," and he is the life and soul of the troupe. As a performance, Condoick's portrayal of the stubborn miller is quite perfect. It is a dramatic gem of the finest brilliancy. No actor on the stage could give such a splendid presentation of *Danforth Kirke*. When the old man's obduracy yields at the news of *Hazel's* rash act, and he pours forth the walling of his pent-up emotions, the audience is made aware of the realising power absolutely thrills the audience. *Danforth Kirke* is a mosaic of such beauty and proportions that the marbling glow of a true artist is plainly visible. The *Daily Drama* of Miss Sydney Gould was a fair performance. We were disappointed in her as *Georgia Cayvan*, who played the part very well. Her main defect was the entire absence of a rustic accent in the personation. Mr. Sol. Smith was a good *Mercy Kirke*, but Miss Flora Livingston, as *Leila Travers*, was inferior to her predecessor, Miss *Cedric Rush*. Miss Leitch plays *Lord Travers* creditably, as of yore, his acting being somewhat marred by a stagey walk. Mr. Frank Weston, as *Jeron Rodney*, was very good, but we preferred Henry Aveling. Mr. Charles Bonnet was a capital *Pittman Travers*. Mr. Ferguson, however, was decidedly better in the same part, and he was assigned to too comely, whereas the latter in his personation was the polished gentleman throughout. The *Bursar of Plyn* of Mr. W. B. Cahill was poor. It also became a burlesque. No English lad would for a moment keep such a quiet as Cahill's *Ferguson*. Coleman was better last year in this part. Mr. E. H. Lee still plays "Mae" in his valiant, characteristic way, and is very good. The performance of "Hazel Kirke" is, however, a very fine one, even if somewhat inferior to last year's presentation. The Madison Square Company remains another season.

"A CHILD OF THE STATE."

The Hoag & Hardy Combination was seen here last year at the Grand Opera House, in "A Child of the State." The play then was general condemnation on account of its dramatic strength and absorbing interest. It is strange that on its return visit to St. Louis the patronage bestowed upon it was so small. Its merits are obvious, and the splendid drama has the advantage of receiving thoroughly competent treatment in the hands of a company of most excellent artists. This lack of recognition for a really meritorious play well performed does not speak much for the dramatic culture of St. Louis. At this point, however, is peculiar. Sometimes a poor play indifferently acted will draw crowded houses, while companies efficient in every respect, and appearing in a strong play, perform nightly to almost empty benches. The Hoag & Hardy Combination are perfectly competent artists, and with that of last season. The principal change is the

substitution of Signora Majeroni for Miss Ellen Cummings, in the part of *Arlette*. Signora Majeroni is a conversationist, artistic actress, and her impersonation of *Arlette* is worthy of praise. Her voice, however, is not strong, and the actress is wanting in that magnetism which thrills. Palms and careful as she is her work is evidently art, and loses in effect by the absence of those touches of nature which exalted art. The *Carlino* of Miss Eva Ellen Barker was a bright, rivalling piece of acting of more than average excellence. Mrs. J. J. Prior was a forcible *Lenore*, and Miss Emma Pierce was equal to all the requirements of *Jane*. Mr. James M. Harrie is a good emotional actor, easy and natural in his manner. His *Georges Maurice de Leroy* was pathos and grandeur. Mr. George Liber, as *Don Rodolphe*, must also be awarded praise. His fault is too distinct a plebeian flavoring to the role. Mr. H. R. Davies, as *Yon Heinrich*, Mr. Mark M. Price, as *Waldberg*, and Mr. R. J. Dillon, as *Christine*, were all admirably satisfactory. Throughout the play was excellently acted, every part being above mediocrity. As before stated, "A Child of the State" is an intensely strong drama, with the most thrilling and absorbing situations, and it is difficult to comprehend why it has not met with the reception it deserves in St. Louis. A word must also be said here of the excellent manner in which the piece has been brought upon the stage. The management of the People's Theatre is evidently bent upon doing its utmost to merit success. The scenery and accessories of "A Child of the State" were very fine, and the scenic artists did most excellent work.

THE MAN IN THE PARQUETTE.

Mr. John Templeton, the father of the vixenous little Miss Fay Templeton who was here some time ago, used to play on the road through the West, with Condoick, who is now here with the "Hazel Kirke" Company. Mr. Templeton was in St. Paul last week, and was accompanied by a number of people who had there as far back as 1857, as stage manager of the St. Louis St. Claire troupe, of which Condoick was the star. St. Paul was then but a frontier village, and the company played in the market hall. Since that time St. Paul has grown to be a great and flourishing city, and Templeton has become one of the most prosperous theatrical managers in the country. He is a quiet, unassuming little man, but when the year closes he generally has a good sum to lay by as clear gain. He himself is an excellent comedian. In his wife, who is still young, handsome, and who goes by the name of Alice Vane, is a charming actress, while his daughter, Miss Fay—just now about seventeen years old—is the sprightliest little bit of humanity now on the comic opera stage in this country. The Templetons have a luxurious home on the Hudson, just above New York, where they spend their summers.

Miss Edie Wilson, who is the leading lady of the "Michael Strogoff" Company, was here last season with *Belshazzar*, and played *Andromeda* to his credit. She hails from California, and has rather a pretty face.

The Steele Mackays company had their photographs taken by Schollen's, before leaving New York. Mr. Mackay did not wear his big-legged, spotted pantaloons; Mr. Schollen would not allow it.

John T. Raymond was married at the opening of the present dramatic season. His wife is quite young, but Raymond himself looks old enough to have been married as often as the *Marquise*, in "Fresh."

The husband of Signora Majeroni, who was with her when she appeared here two years ago in "Diplomacy," has lost his voice, and will go to Europe to act as manager for *History*, to whom he is related.

Miss Rich, whom Mr. Harry Sargent has brought over from Europe, has made an emphatic success in *Rowena*, where she appeared in "Camille." She is thirty-six, a remarkable beauty, and is really a great task in a broken manner that is altogether fascinating.

Marie Prescott, who played an engagement at the Pickwick during Fair Week, has had bad luck, her company having gone to pieces, and she is now in New York looking out for something to do. Bad management was the cause that afflicted her. As an actress she certainly is not very far power, and there is not a woman on the American stage of more majestic presence. Her last manager was a young gentleman of this city who gave by the name of T. Weber Benton, and who has the habit of living off a good deal more than he can chew. He represented to Miss Prescott that he had sufficient means to take her out on the road in good shape, but she now declares that he had no money whatever to speak of.

Miss R. B. Whitney's *Constitution* is billed for next week at the People's. At Pope's the *Saturday Times* followed "Michael Strogoff" on Monday next, in their new play, "The Fawn of the Glen," written by Broun Howard.

Miss Edie Kilmer is Mr. Frank Weston. She was married to Mr. Weston in Chicago, last May. Her husband is now a member of the Madison Square Company, playing the part of *Jeron Rodney*. Mr. Weston years ago was a member of the old Olympic stock company.

That type of the theatrical profession known as "lady-killers," vulgar "muskers," has been well represented here this week, to wit, in the persons of Miss Leitch and Albin Lawrence.

Both these actors are vain of their personal appearance, that is evident. One similarity between them is their hair, which each wears "banged." But Albin Lawrence's dark locks are only "banged" across the forehead. This is now rather old style, but the latest fashion of the lady-killers is the straight hair of Miss Leitch. Her light brown locks is "banged" half way round her head, forming a sort of a perpendicular line from the crown to the lower breast growth. This is the latest *Gaiety* magazine "bang."

Joseph Jefferson has played the part of *Big Van Houten* over thirty-two hundred times, and his share of the receipts has averaged \$100 per performance, making his total receipts from this character over a million and a quarter. His share in one season reached the sum of \$115,000, and in six and a half months of one year he received \$75,000.

Edie Kilmer is starred on the programme as *Hazel Kirke*, while the name of the veteran, Condoick, appears in the ordinary small type. Condoick is a man who cares nothing for the size of the type with which his name is printed, and is content to be judged by his merits. "Hazel Kirke" is not a star piece, but if the management desire to make it so, it should at least put Condoick's name as large as Miss Kilmer's—at this point all due respect to that talented lady.

This reminds me that when the Comley-Baron opera company opened at the Opera House on Monday night last, the programme was given to the audience. The reason was that by an oversight on the first page, *Christine Leitch's* name appeared in the same kind of type as *John Hinshaw's*. Now, Catherine is headed a programme behind the stage every evening, and if her name is not printed large than any one else's, there is immediately trouble in the camp. On this Monday night the manager, to prevent trouble, contacted the programmes which had been printed, to avoid any bother, and the audience went without programme. The unexpected mistake was rectified, and *Leitch's* name was in larger type than *Hinshaw's*. *Lady "stars"* are great sticklers on these small matters.

The news comes all the way from London that Miss Genevieve Ward and Mr. William Farren, Jr., of her company, are shortly to play "La Plume et le bon Temps," in French in St. Louis and New Orleans, there being, says the *Rev*, the London dramatic paper, "a great number of French residents in each city."

SPECTATOR.

Domestic Chat. Boston. James R. Osgood and Co. For sale in the illustrious "Empire" is the latest story of "James's" talent "we seem to discern a more audacious effort than has heretofore distinguished any of the Round-Robin Series. There is more of a plot and a bolder attempt at character sketching than in the others. The opening chapters are less pleasing to us than the concluding ones, the author seeming to gain confidence and clearness as he or she proceeds upon the unfolding of the story. The conversation between the mother, Mrs. Gould, and her son, Seth, has a false ring in it, and the author has been too straining after effect, an air of forced gaiety that fails of the young man which is meant to be witty, but falls short of the point and is only impertinent. The conversation is not the smooth, natural, perfect bit of work which betokens the hand of a novelist, and yet is sufficiently good to argue, that once having mastered the craftless manner to imperfection, the writer will prove himself capable of better work. The "Rudgers" and their surroundings are well sketched, but we must question the propriety of making the important and uneducated Mrs. Rudger one of the prominent speakers in the course of woman's rights in New York. The women who address large audiences in reality, are invariably women of education, who handle the vernacular according to the most approved rules of Lindley Murray. Mr. Everett is a very good specimen of the unscrupulous lawyer, who is outwitted by clients sharper than himself. Mrs. Gould, the mother of the hero, is the strongest character in the book—a noble, dignified self-reliance, natural, but her sternness does not disappoint her in his career is owing entirely to her reliance on him, nevertheless there is little that is remarkable in his character after all. Helen Houghton is a very vicious young lady, whose flighty manner, possess a certain charm, but her person often does not disappoint her in his career is owing entirely to her reliance on him, nevertheless there is little that is remarkable in his character after all. Helen Houghton is a very vicious young lady, whose flighty manner, possess a certain charm, but her person often does not disappoint her in his career is owing entirely to her reliance on him, nevertheless there is little that is remarkable in his character after all. Helen Houghton is a very vicious young lady, whose flighty manner, possess a certain charm, but her person often does not disappoint her in his career is owing entirely to her reliance on him, nevertheless there is little that is remarkable in his character after all.

The Idiotism of Virgil. Translated by Harriet W. Preston. Boston. James R. Osgood & Co. For sale in the illustrious "Empire" is the latest story of "James's" talent "we seem to discern a more audacious effort than has heretofore distinguished any of the Round-Robin Series. There is more of a plot and a bolder attempt at character sketching than in the others. The opening chapters are less pleasing to us than the concluding ones, the author seeming to gain confidence and clearness as he or she proceeds upon the unfolding of the story. The conversation between the mother, Mrs. Gould, and her son, Seth, has a false ring in it, and the author has been too straining after effect, an air of forced gaiety that fails of the young man which is meant to be witty, but falls short of the point and is only impertinent. The conversation is not the smooth, natural, perfect bit of work which betokens the hand of a novelist, and yet is sufficiently good to argue, that once having mastered the craftless manner to imperfection, the writer will prove himself capable of better work. The "Rudgers" and their surroundings are well sketched, but we must question the propriety of making the important and uneducated Mrs. Rudger one of the prominent speakers in the course of woman's rights in New York. The women who address large audiences in reality, are invariably women of education, who handle the vernacular according to the most approved rules of Lindley Murray. Mr. Everett is a very good specimen of the unscrupulous lawyer, who is outwitted by clients sharper than himself. Mrs. Gould, the mother of the hero, is the strongest character in the book—a noble, dignified self-reliance, natural, but her sternness does not disappoint her in his career is owing entirely to her reliance on him, nevertheless there is little that is remarkable in his character after all. Helen Houghton is a very vicious young lady, whose flighty manner, possess a certain charm, but her person often does not disappoint her in his career is owing entirely to her reliance on him, nevertheless there is little that is remarkable in his character after all.

THE DOMESTIC CHAT.

The Century opens with a little note on its title color, Dr. Holland, by Edward Eggleston. There are reminiscences in it that will make this number of the magazine sought after by many who have not been in the habit of reading it. In fact, we are so much pleased at the December number of *The Century* if not much the most popular one ever issued. Not only is there a very interesting article on Dr. Holland, with a superb likeness, but there is much about President Garfield and his family. The little review about the last days of the illustrious patient, and what he says will be eagerly read by millions of people. He gives us nothing very new or startling, but it is a pleasure to have the truthful record of what actually happened.

during those long days of suspense. Col. Buckwell reviews the most interesting bits of information in the magazine. He says: President Garfield wrote very poor or poor only four lines during his illness. On Sunday, July 15th, he wrote on a slip with a pencil these remarkable words: "James A. Garfield, *Stronghold for the Republic*." This seems to have been the phrase made by the President at the moment, and looks like the gift of inspiration. In plain English it is, *Stronghold for the Republic*. An exact reproduction of the President's writing on this occasion accompanies the last letter of Col. Buckwell. Among the other interesting things in the December *Century* is an article, with portrait, on the early writings of Robert Browning; another, on "The Hieroglyphs of Century America," and the first installment of a new story by W. D. Howells, and the second installment of Mr. Barrett's story, "Through our Administration." The illustrations of this number are excellent. They always are in *The Century*.

The *North American Review* ably maintains, this month, its reputation for profound and able opinions upon all subjects of a political or scientific significance. John A. Kasson, in a well-edited paper, cites an able discourse on "The Monroe Doctrine of 1823," from three eminent men, Rev. George B. Cheever, Samuel Hand and Wendell Phillips, give their mutual opinion upon "The Death Penalty," a paper which will interest all with interest, and attention. Arnold-Forster discourses of "the Christian Government and Ireland." But the paper which will probably attract the most attention, is that prepared by four eminent physicians, and treating solely of "The Surgical Treatment of the President." In case of the physicians, Dr. John T. Hodges, is well known in our own city, and gives a clear, straightforward and succinct summary of the case. David A. Wells gives his opinion upon "Reform in Federal Taxation," an able and entertaining paper.

The December number of *Appointments* contains a specially written sketch by John C. Carpenter, on "Fishing in Virginia Waters," while Felix Oswald recounts his perambulations "Through the Ardennes," which he illustrates by profuse and excellent sketches. "Some Impressions of an Open Air People," by Anna Bowman Baker, is a spirited little sketch of one phase of Parisian life. William Hunt, M. D., in an article entitled "Popular Fallacies about Surgery," has burnt some very foolish popular beliefs, and contributes a great deal of interesting information. "The President" is a paper containing the views of Clements Hooper upon the office of Chief Executive. The contributions to fiction are numerous and entertaining. Sherwood's fiction concludes her thrilling story of "The Adversary," and Henry Johnston has a very charming little one, called "Mother Mary's" children. "Cracked Ways," by Charles Dillingham, and "Fat's Wife," by Kate Upson Clark, are both very readable papers. "Colorado Round-up," is a readable picture of life in the far West. In Alfred very Bacon Jr. W. Lattimer has translated a thrilling story in verse, from the French, and entitled "The Sergeant." Our Monthly Gossip, and "Literature of the Month," are interesting and readable papers, and contain the best entertaining feature of the number.

The *Atlantic*, besides closing out a very satisfactory manner W. D. Howells's interesting story entitled "Dr. Brown's Practices," gives also the final number of Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady." An excellent paper on "The Origin of Race in Society," by Richard L. Dug-

dale, is followed by a similarly dramatic sketch of the great composer, Hector Berlioz, under the title of "Shakespeare and Berlioz," by Theodore Tilton. Ed ward Ward contributes a readable historical story on "The Habitant of Lower Canada," while "British State Assesses" and the "Defence of Insanity," by James W. Clarke, will be read not only for its intrinsic merit but for its bearing upon an important national question of the day. Another very able article, probably the most able in the whole number, is written by William Brewster, and treats of "Scientific Illustration in German Universities." Charles W. Preston introduces us to "The Bones of Thomas a Becket at Canterbury," and gives a graphic description of that ancient town. A very excellent paper, which should be generally read, is that contributed by Kate Gannett Wells, on "Case in American Society." The poem of fiction is covered by an short tale, entitled "Hester's Dream," while that of poetry, equally entitled this number, contains but two short contributions—some, "The Parting of the Ways," by W. C. L., and others, "Pyrrhus's King," by Edith M. Thomas. Charles C. Johnson has a very able literary review under the head of "Fest of the Jordan, and Other Books of Travel." "Buddha and Early Buddhism," and Mark Twain's "New Literature," are also very valuable articles. "The Contributor's Club," is perhaps a little more interesting than usual, and is followed by a lengthy review of "Books of the Month."

A SUPERB RESORT.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," said the proverbial writer. There is no evidence that this aphorism had any direct reference to the Turkish Bath, but certainly it is that the knowing men and women of this day are aware of the fact that the only sure way to perfect physical cleanliness is through the delightful process of bathing taught to us by the wise men of the Orient. The medical profession, with its proneness to oppose all innovations on the old order of things, at one time pronounced against the Turkish bath, but even the strictest allopath will now acknowledge the benefits to be derived from the hot-air and steam "bathings." It is no place in the West have these baths been so long and so successful as at the splendid establishment of Dr. Kato, E. Adams, at 71 North Seventh street. The place has recently enlarged and beautified his place in the most elaborate and sumptuous manner, the reception rooms for ladies and gentlemen being superbly arranged and embellished, and many new features added to increase the comfort of customers. Dr. Adams's baths have long been especially popular among the most select class of ladies and gentlemen of the city, and the late improvements should add largely to this sort of patronage. Being accomplished in medical science, the baths in his rooms are administered in a way to insure the safety and comfort of the bather, giving both delight and benefit to the physical system.

A DELICACY!

WHOLE OX TONGUE

Canned by the St. Louis Beef Canning Company.

W. H. GUMERSELL & COMPANY,

— ON —

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3d, 1881,

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place. The University in this work, as in all its attempts to benefit the public, has sought not merely to entertain but to instruct, and the people have responded as plainly as they could that they wanted instruction. The Hall seemed no vacant space last Monday evening when the beautiful art treasures of South Kensington Museum were so freely set before them, and I am inclined to think that when Prof. Snodgrass shall have Westminster Abbey, next Monday, it will not be necessary to wait until five minutes after the hour before looking the doors. The camp-chairs will all be filled by that time. The Town Talker, for once, means to be in his seat early, and advises others to do likewise.

A rare treat was afforded the patrons of the National Skating Rink last Thursday evening, in the first exhibition of roller skating by the professionalists, Messrs. Goodall and Smith. A fashionable and interested audience occupied the chairs which line the sides of this noble hall, while a large number of spectators were obliged to seek the gallery, from which a most delightful view of the skated scene below could be obtained. The angry roar of the hundreds of moving skates, the graceful figures and bright, animated faces of the many folk skaters, the great mass of dark forms gliding by like the screws in a rapidly moving panorama, fairly set the sedate head of the old Town Talker into a whirl as he entered the building on the evening in question. Before I had half time of watching the pretty figures and swan-like motions of the fair belles on skates a shrill blast on a trumpet sent them all scattering to the four quarters of the compass, and in a few seconds the broad level floor was bare and deserted. The band struck up a lively waltz, and in a moment two lute, graceful, blue-clip forms were moving down the hall in broad, sweeping curves, and with such perfect timing, rhythmic motion, that they seemed but one body, sustained by a single soul. The deeper their various ermine would be beyond the power of words—it was the very poetry of motion—a symphony in curves. "It was but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and one of these gentlemen made it when he started upon a waltz with a young man who has a high opinion of his own skating. The swaggering air, the labored effort to achieve skaters' fancy feet, the trembling limbs as he recovered a lost balance—all were true to the life, and excited considerable laughter, but the amusement was increased by an imitation of a young man's first appearance on skates, while a truthful and stuporously ridiculous representation of a young lady receiving her first instruction in the art of skating, brought down the house. The supposedly impossible feat of two engineers passing on the same track was then performed, and, as the young experts—1 did not manage to distinguish them. Then at all—except to meet the fluk with a noise that wondrously resembled an approaching train. Upon giving a shrill whistle through his fingers his partner glided out, they approached in a straight line, when suddenly the feet of the one, and after the other, with a low kick, slipped gracefully under him. The second part of the performance was an exhibition of the most absolutely graceful and dexterous movements conceivable. The way in which they could revolve on either end or toe, on one foot or on the backward or forward, all the time keeping most perfect time with the music, was a never-ending chain and marvel to the spectators. The feat of skating on one foot while he unstrapped and dropped the other skate, then made the circuit of the hall, returning with the unstrapped skate, without ever changing off this one foot, was performed by one of these gentlemen in a most successful manner, and a somewhat tired by the other, hauling right side up on his rollers, closed that part of the entertainment, and was joined by the possibilities of roller skating, as disclosed by Messrs. Goodall and Smith, were not to be exhausted in one session, but would necessitate a liberal patronage of the Natorium for many years to come.

The admirable manner in which the Skating Rink is conducted reflects the utmost credit on the management. Every possible comfort and convenience is

provided for those who desire to participate in the skating. Small boys in hoists are there to strap on the skates, or, with their own hands, suggestively "roll round after the ladies, ready to train or way-die that may result from an unexpected collision with the floor. Proficient skaters, distinguished by the mark of the Natorium, politely proffer their assistance to the inexperienced while any chance of last night's and their worst of skates, who came following, are prospects of excellent results. Nothing is omitted that will contribute to the enjoyment of the numerous patrons of the place.

The concert given in the parlors of Mr. Joseph Dickinson, 33-35 Morgan Street, Thursday evening, for the benefit of the Ladies' Bazaar Aid Society, was a splendid affair. A very select company was present and the programme was well carried out. The dining-room and two large portions of the large residence were thrown open, making quite an extensive *salon*. Piano recitals were given by the Epstein brothers. Prof. Walchner played a violin solo; Misses Nellie Child and Ada Branson sang solos; Messrs. D. F. Giffels and C. A. Allen sang solos; and these, also sang in concerted pieces. Mr. Snyder sang two pleasing selections, and Mr. Delaney Clark played a fine solo. Everything on the programme was received by the most intelligent audience with enthusiastic applause, but I must be pardoned for making especial mention of Mr. C. A. Allen's "Folk-song." It was a gem, and was offered in a selfless, delicate and sweetness of manner that the gentleman's warmest admirers hardly thought him capable of. The arrangements provided for the concert by Mrs. Dickinson were of the most admirable kind, and it was a success in every way.

Monday's afternoon Mr. Leo Ellrich, Secretary of the Humane Society, demonstrated his eminent fitness for the position he holds, in the somewhat dangerous character he took on Fifth Street, near Pine, with a half breed driver of a pair of broken-down horses. The man resisted arrest, and left the Secretary a savage blow over the head with a heavy whip. There was a sharp struggle for fully five minutes, in which Ellrich would have been very seriously wounded by his antagonist if there had not been some timely assistance from bystanders. One of the special officers of the Humane Society arrived in time to be of valuable assistance, but there did not seem to be a policeman anywhere in the neighborhood. An innocent crowd gathered, and the whole affair created an unpleasant impression in behalf of the Humane Society, whose efforts to relieve the sufferings of working animals are meeting with a growing popular recognition and appreciation. Mr. Ellrich is a plucky man, and he evidently means business. The brutes who torture their horses and unkindly to men and women are a wholesome respect for the law as he administers it.

The Kretschmar Publishing Company has issued three numbers of the *St. Louis Traveler's Guide*, a most usefully formed by the consideration, under this title, of the *Raybald Guide* and the *Rolland-Town Guide*. The officers of the new company are: Fred Kretschmar, President; Frank Giese, Secretary; and Russell N. Ethel, Treasurer. All popular voices new of ability and energy. The new *Guide* has been designed by the railroad managers for the convenience of the movements of trains; and its typography is so handsome as to recommend it by its pages to a careful perusal, even without any definite purpose hereunto concerning on the part of the reader. The book contains a good deal of information on other subjects than those which pertain to railroad matters, and it is the determination of the enterprising publishers to make the *Guide* worthy of St. Louis new a great railroad center of rapidly increasing importance.

Prof. Bowman, with the aid of the large musical resources of the Second Baptist congregation, older and younger, succeeded in making a bright, attractive and meritorious performance of Boet's cantata, "Under the Palms," last Tuesday evening. The whole work shows the results of the Professor's careful and

patronized study. The audience was so large that when and what it was singing was not a matter of course.

From some naïf that was not full of entertainment, it is usual in holiday times. A very good example of these have a valuable deposit of the season's work, and very well if this is a new one. The season's work made an excuse for such excellent position of entertainment for which patronage is sought and obtained. It is this night and in consequence the most satisfactory attendance fall into disrepute.

On Friday and Saturday evening of last week Clara Loring Kellogg will appear before the audience in this city for the last time previous to her marriage and permanent retirement from the profession she has so long and successfully followed. Her last season has been one of great brilliancy, both artistically and financially. Wherever she appeared the capacity of sports houses and halls has been taxed to the utmost. She is supported by a company of unusual strength. Notably among them is Bragwell, who is always a favorite. Miss Clara Loring is young, of a voice of great purity and a bright, attractive intellect. Miss Tagliapietra has been called the best lyricist in the country. Herr Adamson is a splendid violinist, and Mr. S. Kellogg is a pianist who has already won the front rank in the East. Mr. Adelphi, the accomplished and musical director, although a young man, is a thorough artist. The sale of seats will commence at Palmer & Weber's on Monday next, at ten o'clock.

The second concert of Mr. Louis-Maurice Talon will take place on Thursday evening, the 22nd, at Mercantile Library Hall, and the dress rehearsal will be on Wednesday morning previous. The orchestra has been enlarged and improved, a number of stringed instruments having been added. There were thirty musicians at the rehearsal last Thursday morning.

People who attend the dress rehearsals of the Mercantile Union must bear in mind that it is nothing but a rehearsal, and that the performance of a concert must not be expected. The director, in the foregoing studies the performance given as if there was not an auditor present, repeating passages or giving instructions as he finds it necessary. Please remember the rehearsal is a rehearsal, and that it is not the concert.

The "old times" ball given at the Armory, Thursday evening, under the auspices of the National Guard, was not what was expected either in the number or character of the people present. It was the first time that the hall, which had been so long a ball, admissions heretofore having been complimentary, and the effect of making it a business affair was painfully visible. A pleasant feature was the presentation by Company K, to Miss Archer, of the Stein Macker Company, of a gold medal, in recognition of a kindness done some members of the company when they were traveling on a Southern railroad. Miss Archer, who has on every party list, received the gift in the most graceful manner.

The friends of Miss Clara Loring, the celebrated, have centered her a complimentary bouquet at Mercantile Library Hall, Tuesday evening, in celebration of a programme of musical excellence will be given, embracing Prof. F. H. Cook and Miss Kellogg in recitations. Miss Clara Loring, Mr. Hayes, Dr. F. H. Cronin, and others, in musical numbers, to be followed by the fare. "Scherzo from Liszt," by Mrs. Meade, Miss Frazell and Miss Gillies, Messrs. Baldwin, Cook, Hunter and Young will also

In the Republic of Wednesday morning, Mr. W. D. Griswold had a car in his car granting a higher license to the kitchen at Bingham's. The order of his tale is the enormous building of the poverty owners on the black bounded by Jefferson and Washington Avenues, and Locust and Beaumont Streets.

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pects in painting, but is delightfully contrasted to and in bronze. The fish is rich with gold and clouds of polish, which adds much to the charm of the production. "The Diver" is a fine and original representation of classical beauty, clad only in a bubble's-scented garment, her body bent forward and arms upraised, with the palms of the hands pressed together—just ready, however, to take "a breather." This piece is rendered in pure bronze, and when in motion, the figure of the Princess made in front of an antique mirror framed in copper, attracts much attention. Another beautiful piece is "The Fisher Girl," in silver-plated brass. There is a happy freedom of drapery and ease of pose in the little figure of the maiden, who stands, holding rod in hand, with leaved feet on the slippery stone which glides in from the waters of the portland brick.

There are many exquisite paintings upon plaques that are really the art gems. One especially beauty represents an early morning scene on the Normandy coast. A party of fishermen, returning with their spoils fills the foreground, their picturesque costumes, brightly colored and true to the life, being most effectively depicted, and in happiest harmony with the exquisite coloring of the sea and under the early morning light. On the coast in the background lies a stranded schooner, and off to sea rise the snowy spires of several shoals. This is the painting as well as a charming picture, and so are two exquisite female heads painted in oil on marble without glaze, upon large faience plaques, by Peter.

The potteries in this display afford a form one of its most extensive and attractive features, and embrace specimens from all the noted manufactures in the world. There is an immense variety of faience of all kinds, from the jardinières and large vases finished with the realistic appliqué flowers and leaves of the Barbotine process, to the delicate faience porcelain so exquisitely painted in the old Chinese style, which cannot exceed it in beauty. Of the latter style is a set of small vases,—the centre one of bowl shape, and the side pieces straight jars,—all set in gold-finished faience, with drooping handles of the antique style. The ground color of these is a rich, warm blue, and the decoration is all of fine leaves, large and small, beautifully grouped, with delicate scrolls trailing gracefully toward the base. The central lot of making up is exquisitely painted with a little landscape scene, every one different, and of the most artistic beauty; and these are the work of well-known French artists.

In Holstein faience, whose decoration is characterized by the mingling of scroll-work, large blossoms and leaves, and birds, there are some very beautiful specimens in pitchers, jugs, jars and covered vases. A covered jar, whose ground decoration is all of Japanese ashi in the richest original coloring, has a splendid spreading of gold-leaf on the upper part of the body, and a lot of blue, thickly varnished, and a crocheted line which makes the handle is roughened with gold.

There are some very beautiful after-dinner coffee sets, of the finest French manufacture, whose delicate-finished brown leather cases lined with Sarah satin, interlaced as pomegranates, bristles, one of which beauty has the top of each cup decorated with delicate vines and leaves in silver and gold; and the saucers are half-encircled by silver to correspond. The cups are supported on little feet also decorated with gold and silver. Another set in wared shag, decorated by Venetian with mosaics, and French plaques of the most delicate blue, are perfect gems, and with another set, painted by the same artist, is embellished with sprays of pink blossoms and brown leaves veined with gold and brown and gold leaf effects.

Guernsey's Christmas show has been one of the chief attractions on Fourth Street during the past week, the crowds that surround it impeding the progress of pedestrians at times. The musical shows are the chief attraction, their rich dresses and amusing movements, which were made the subject of frequent criticism of their absurdity, exciting the interest of all beholders. Their attendants are boys, and tigers and elephants from Zululand; and the dolls of many

which fill the background to spectators are an interesting part of the exhibition, to the little folk at least, who find that window irresistibly attractive.

I have recently seen some beautiful specimens of art needle-work from the skillful fingers of Miss Hamilton, of 2047 Olive Street, the well-known teacher of art needlework, whose taste as a designer equals her command of the needle's point. A most beautiful brooch upon crimson plush with Arabian scenes shows a beautiful arrangement of pond-lilies and leaves in shades of emerald, pink, gold, green, and brown, the flowers floating in a garden towards the centre, which shows a central device with a figure reclining and breathing upward, while from under their shadow, floating on the marshy waters below, is another water-lily. The very spaces of them all.

A beautiful arrow Black satin plush, intended for a screen, is decorated with four all-silks, and their jagged leaves are rendered perfect in Arabian woods, whose coloring and flow give a wonderfully realistic beauty to the embroidery. Another panel for a fire-screen, worked on black satin, is very handsome, the design being shaded scarlet poppies of several sizes, and long, drooping, sword-shaped leaves, conventionalized in this art needlework with exceeding grace, and shaded in golden browns, green, and a touch of pink of the shade known to artists as old pink, the whole design working in delicate circles, which has peculiarly rich effect on the satin ground. Sparse sprays of crocuses worked in shaded green silk grow about the base of the grouped flowers and leaves which sprang from a ground of old-gold plush which traverses the black satin background at its base.

One of the quietest and most useful stores in the city is that of Mr. James Lark, at 2700 Olive Street. Mr. Lark has established this place for the better benefit of persons living in the West End, and they have found it a great convenience.

At the Mount City Printing Company's place, 269 North 4th, is a very pretty collection of Christmas cards. Mr. Rankin, of this firm, has made a specialty of these cards for years, and he displays great taste in making up his collection.

Just one one of the most gorgeous displays in this city is that of Willmar, Gray & Kaminski, on North Fourth Street, whose china bronzes look like a fairy-land palace. Some of the richest table-wares ever seen in this country to have an exhibition there.

The Stratford Furniture Company has lately turned out some exceedingly pretty parlor sets for some of the splendid mansions recently completed in the city. One of these was of an extremely delicate make and color, the covering being of a light blue and white brocade, and the carvings in the elegant wood-work being of the warmest and lightest description. The set resembles one of the richly upholstered furniture in some of the old French palaces. The satin brocade was one of the pieces made by the Stratford Furniture Company cost as high as \$10 per yard. I noticed a parlor set of heavy ebony with distinct and positive carvings, and gold-colored satin brocade upholstery. This was in striking contrast with the set first spoken of.

T. T.

NOVELTIES IN STATIONERY.

(From the art correspondence.)

The demand for novelties in all lines of decoration is unceasing and imperative, but perhaps in nothing is the ingenuity of designer and manufacturer more heavily taxed than in endeavoring to meet the fancies of purchasers of stationery, who are ever desirous of doing them the unique and the beautiful. While many people content themselves with a heavy quality of delicately fluted paper, simply ornamented with monograms, initials or crests, a large number are all the time seeking opportunities to exhibit their correspondence by the display of the latest grotesque design, or beauty fit by the statistic "last new thing," for the color and

outline of which suit, head or garden is under consideration. The popularity of the Shakespeare mottoes on letter paper and correspondence cards last season has continued the coming year of the Dickens quotations. The extracts, which are sentimental, humorous, and wise, are limited to a line or two, and as they are sold in sets, in which there are no duplicate quotations, it is expected that the order may, by judicious selection, make each of them have special application to the letter to be hand. Sometimes the motto is illuminated, but more frequently not. Designs in delineated frames are among the latest and most popular novelties, and in them very beautiful effects are produced, which are combinations of metallic colors, such as silver, brass, gold and bronze,—and rich tints of green, blue, and cardinal. The fancy for grotesque design very pronounced, and that design is likely to be the most sought after in which the element of whimsicality is most predominant. In response to this prejudice in favor of what is odd and unconventional, the creeping things have been given a place on paper and cards. Snakes cut themselves on letter paper; lizards in relief, colored by the life, desert themselves on letter cards, plastic little vegetables, dressed in their fiery of green, illuminate the corners of note-books, while storks and owls peer down from chimney-tops and telegraph wires, quietly aberrant of the green-golden and silver-golden, which are the waste of white or tinted paper blossom into kindly message and gay gossip, or perhaps, by a Net makes a tragedy of some life. Fishes and insects are also impressed into decorative service, and displayed or used in the most realistic and artistic of foreground and cards. The dragon design in bronze and green, and that of the stork, in which the milk-porrayed fowl is brilliantly presented in gold and blue, with leaf and flower, are especially good. Some pretty combinations of stars. Another has two fishes swimming in brass and fine bronze—watching both, below the level of the water-line, which latter is indicated in the design. A Chinese bamboo design, done in red and brown, is really a masterpiece, and another, of an even, the relief of the same body showing to excellent advantage against the dark, rich green of the leaves; a third, a solemn-eyed owl in ivory, brass, and fine bronze; a fourth in the same combinations of colors, swallows on a chimney, in shaded brown and brass; a best design, now showing a portrait of a full moon, visible beyond the figure of a hat with outstretching wings; another, of gay-tinted birds hovering about a silvered telegraph pole and wires, and others, the designs of which are so numerous in originality and beauty. In flower cards, small circular ones show the usual flower designs, with surprising additions from the department of natural history. Realistic faces, turtles, lizards, lobsters, and dragons in relief, and above, showing a head of a lion, immediately after—nature, stretch their lazy lengths across the cards. For card-board silk is sometimes substituted, and a painted marine design, with the water indicated, and a fish of bronze, with fins, gills and tail in red, bearing a card in its mouth, swimming therein, above with charming effect against a background of blue silk, fringed at the ends. A novelty in birthday cards are those painted on porcelain. The peculiar cream of the porcelain—more properly peltan—offers a beautiful ground for decorative life. In Thanksgiving cards the turkey is, as a matter of course, the central subject. The fowl is usually represented as bellowing to the (to him) unfathomable of his prospective taking off. One of the four designs published here is nothing commendatory to be said.

A horse-car conductor who has just stepped heavily on a passenger's foot says affably:

"When I first began to use my mind if I stepped on anybody's foot, but now I've got quite used to it."

"Calico, with an ornate gold, goes to his doctor."

"Your father was perhaps politician?"

"Calico, with a reassuring gesture."

"Oh, no; he was—a photographer."

day. In consequence of this the sketches will remain on exhibition next Saturday at the apartments of the Club, 615 Chestnut Street. Some one will be there to receive visitors, and the public are invited to call.

At Pettes & Leathe's gallery I saw, the other day, a good example of the work of Julien Dupré called "The Gleaner." A peasant girl in the foreground, some bending figures in the distance, a moist, etherial sky painted in blue free and song-like strokes, all in the kind of art which one never tires of. It is to learn to fill the best art as the best music, and when he realizes that point his enjoyment is intensified. In the same room was a charming work by Bödenroth, thoroughly characteristic of the Munich school. A country scene of the golden time, bathed by the way-plucking blossoms, while in the distance a youth is coming.

There was also a *Quintessence* painted with a mother and child in the foreground, lanked with much care and tenderness. The little child's dress impressed me as being out of harmony with the rest of the picture. The dainty water-color, by Linder, called "Spring," which was the best of its kind at the Fair last year, was also at this gallery. The friends of Henry Chase will be glad to know that he is expected in the city for a visit sometime between now and Spring.

W. B. H.

LITERATURE.

Queen Titania. By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company. —All of Mr. Boyesen's contributions to the field of fiction are distinguished by a remarkable purity, simplicity, and touches of fancy which seem to be characteristic of the literature and people of that Homeland from which he sprang. The story of *Queen Titania* points in a high degree all of these qualities, and without being either deeply analytical or in the least dramatic, is nevertheless a very charming love tale, with here and there touches of humor and bits of character sketching which betray the artist hand. The plot of the story is both natural and novel. A charming little girl, only four years of age is left an orphan on an ocean steamer, and takes one of those sudden likings, so common to childhood, to a young man, Quintus Bivill, who is on his way from Norway to settle in the United States. Being too soft-hearted to turn the clinging arms of the frightened child from around his neck when strangers would take her away to some asylum for such little unfortunate, he takes her with him to his lodgings, and burdens himself with her bringing-up. She develops into a beautiful, bewitching, fairy-like creature, so pensive and loving, and all the trouble in the story is the result of a misunderstanding as to her relationship to her young and extremely handsome guardian. Miss Dimpleton, a daughter of the millionaire employer of Bivill, represents a type of woman directly opposite to this,—cold, intellect, self-reliance, and the creature of reason rather than impulse; she undertakes to introduce the lovely Titania into "society," but finds it impossible to instill her spirit of exultant worldliness into the true heart of the girl, who finally, tormented by unwelcome lovers and rallied by Miss Dimpleton's sarcasms, escapes off in the middle of the night in ball costume to the home of her adopted protector but now devoted lover, who receives her with open arms, and her husband and wife they are happy ever after. *Queen Titania* is a charming, beautiful, effective, and romantic lovely child-woman, her rocky soil, and true and small virtues, but natural parts of the perfect whole. But we scarcely think Mr. Boyesen successful in some of his minor characters. The parents of Miss Dimpleton, for example, are too little genuine, and still to have a daughter so thoroughly cultivated as theirs is represented to be. Miss Dimpleton herself is scarcely natural—a learned woman need not necessarily possess a hard and worldly manner. We imagine Mr. Boyesen has a lurking prejudice against too much, like there in the opposite sex, he is scarcely fair to them.

The Portent of a Lady. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by the St. Louis News Company. —Mr. James' cleverness and brilliancy as a writer of fiction have been so universally acknowledged as to render repetition of the fact absolutely needless. The ending of his books is an absolutely intellectual pleasure. Usually the reading of a novel ends in all sorts of questions and emotions which ought to have built them up, as it were, from certain abstract principles existing in fact or nature. They are like nothing real; they are very elaborate bits of mindwork, perfect machines obeying every command of the master. But the most finely elaborated of his creations is this "Lady," whose portrait he has painted for us. She is equally fine and dignified, mentally, morally and physically, a "perfect woman mind planned," but she doesn't exist—she isn't flesh and blood. There is nothing real about her, she finds themselves wondering why all these men are continually falling in love with her, she is so cold, so reserved, so always the reserved and dignified "lady." When Theodore kisses her, in the last chapter, she fancies he is clasping a ghost; and then all at once she vanishes from his sight like the wreath or spirit that he is. And then the loops which the author slowly looks out the end to the dispirited master, "only to wait"—it is like that shadowy glow of Heaven which so ill-compensates of earthly losses and sorrows. We rather prefer Ralph Toulton to his lady cousin. There is something exceedingly noble, heroic and heroic about him. His death is a most exquisite thing in the book. Mr. James describes thanks for so robbing death of his terrors. Mr. Toulton is a fine example of Mr. James' ability to sketch the clever but heartless gentleman. The scene for the first time in "Washington Square" was newly done, and Mr. Toulton is an instance of superior talent,—in him we find glided the fly and refined the rose. Harriet Stackpole is undoubtedly an original creature. No one ever ventured before to introduce the female reporter into the pages of fiction. And in the drawing of her the author has endeavored to his ideal. She is the intellectual machine as he conceives her, not as she undoubtedly exists with a warm heart under independent and self-reliant manner. But for all we may take exception to Mr. James' ideas, we know the few who are interested in his books, and who welcome eagerly any new contributions from his pen as we have those with which he has already favored us.

The League of the Iroquois, and Other Legends. By Benjamin Hathaway. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company. —As time passes and the heridities of America seemeth to be fading away, the greater the interest is in these legends and mythologies. Mr. Hathaway has in pleasant verse told of the Iroquois, who as a writer has aptly expressed it, "achieved for themselves a more remarkable civil organization, and acquired a higher degree of culture than any other nation in this continent, except those of Mexico and Peru." Naturally the comparison arises between all such works and the "Hawatawa," by Langfellow. While there is not the flower beauty of America's favorite poet, there is the force of his language, his sense is powerful, and will well repay the reading.

Max's original Dating. By J. F. Lecky. Boston: George H. Ellis. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company). —This is the second edition of a work by Fred Lecky, of the University of Pennsylvania, published some years ago in London, and has been revised and enlarged to meet the alterations made by science in the interval. It is an epitome of the latest scientific research bearing upon the stupendous problem indicated by the title, together with such deductions as an original thinker and profound reasoner has been able to deduce by rote concerning the origin and earliest desire to promulgate the truth as he finds it

reached in the enduring pages of the rocks, and in the relics found of pre-historic man. Not only does he show the fundamental great intelligibility of the race, its unity, social life, the growth of language and civilization, the alphabet, types of religious worship, but he gives his views in a clear, terse and convincing manner on the possible destiny of man, physically and socially, closing with the intellectual and moral death of the human family. Surely this subject is so utterly comprehensive, but it is a work of absorbing interest to every thoughtful person, and having followed the author to the end of his work, a desire springs up to place this among the precious books, to which one returns again and again.

American Men of Letters. Edited by Charles Doolittle Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (For sale by the St. Louis News Company). —This is the first of a series of volumes to appear on this subject, and judging from the beginning we should predict that the whole work will be well done on the part of both editor and publishers. The subject of the first volume is "Washington Irving," of whom Mr. Warner says "he was the first to bring American literature into the popular respect of Europe." The volume is largely devoted to extracts from Irving's writings, though we must not overlook the judicious and critical matter contributed by the editor. The arrangement is excellent and shows the literary judgment. Mr. Warner has an entertaining way about him that is well adapted to this kind of work. The publishers have spared no pains in the mechanical features of the book, for it is very pretty both outside and in. The whole series of "American Men of Letters" ought to have a large sale, as it will be the first uniform edition of the kind yet issued.

Dinner-Sheet, Gold Leaf, and Timothy Thimble's Letters. By Dr. J. S. Holland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. (For sale by Hildreth & Co.) —It has already been announced in the Spectator that the entire works of Dr. Holland were to be republished by the Scribners. The three volumes above named are the first to appear, and they appear simultaneously. They are all almost equally well written, and in every way, and will no doubt be largely sought for. No American author was so popular with the great masses of the people as Dr. Holland, and now since he is dead there will be a renewed demand for his writings. No author ever before harder to mass himself of practical service to his readers than he. He seemed to feel that every man was his brother, and when he wrote it was with an earnest purpose. His works are particularly commended to young people, nowhere in English literature can there be found such plain, clear, and simple writing as in the letters of Dr. Timothy's Letters, and which will read them as a good book for life. "Gold Leaf" is much the same sort of book. It is a striking coincidence that the publishers had just made the announcement of their intention to publish the works of Dr. Holland in a uniform edition when the news came of the great man's death.

Ralph Waldo Emerson: His Life, Writings and Addresses. By George Willis Cooke. Boston: James K. Osgood & Co. (For sale by the St. Louis News Company). —Viewed in the light of the author's avowed intention, which is to write a volume on Emerson as an statesman and philosopher, the merit of the volume before us is eminently successful in its object. There is no attempt at criticism, but a plain statement of such biographical facts as shall serve to throw the necessary light upon many of the thoughts and opinions of this great philosopher. The mere fact of the demand for such a book is sufficient proof that the most eminent thinker of America is not sufficiently read and appreciated by his countrymen, and it is to open up the common understanding to a full appreciation of the profound and noble and lofty thought contained in the private and public writings of the volume before us is eminently successful in its object. There is no attempt at criticism, but a plain statement of such biographical facts as shall serve to throw the necessary light upon many of the thoughts and opinions of this great philosopher. The mere fact of the demand for such a book is sufficient proof that the most eminent thinker of America is not sufficiently read and appreciated by his countrymen, and it is to open up the common understanding to a full appreciation of the profound and noble and lofty thought contained in the private and public writings of the volume before us is eminently successful in its object. The style of his narrative is distinguished by a purity of diction, due to his early training in the study of rhetoric, and to his taste to reject and reject to retain not only

In his biography, but in his selections for appropriate quotations. The opinion in which Emerson was held by some of the finest minds in contemporary literature may be gathered from the following, which we have culled from a more extended quotation: "There is a remarkable man in the United States," he said (Herbert Martineau), "without knowing whom it is not too much to say that the United States cannot be fully known, I mean by this that he is not only a power and worth which constitute him an element in the estimate to be formed of his country, but that his intellect and his character are the opposite of those which the influences of life and country and his time are supposed almost necessarily to produce." "I call him Emerson," Frederick Bremer says of him, "he is in a high degree pure, noble and serene, denuding as much from himself as he demands from others. His words are serene, his judgments often keen and merciless, but his decisions are full of calm and glowing, and his voice beautiful. The writings of this source of imperfection, of the mean and petty, this bold exacter of perfection in man, have for me a fascination which amounts almost to magic." "How, therefore, though, carefully has wide tribute to his worth and nobility. These chapters which treat of Emerson as poet, lecturer and thinker are specially interesting, not, indeed, the whole work is so fascinating a nature throughout as to lead the reader on and on until the last page, but they contain a complete portrait of the world's great man himself seems the only possible supplement to this extraordinary book.

The Autobiography of Mark Twain. Edited by his friend Robert Spurgeon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company. — Dorsey Parker, inexpressible and in this picture of the struggles and weaknesses, the hopes and failures of this one over-sensitive soul, a soul which describes itself as being "a poor creature," and which has, nevertheless, a wonderful human interest for all others, engaged in a similar struggle against the world's adversity. Mark Twain is a dissenting minister, trained in the rigid Calvinistic school, and suffering in every fibre of a sensitive soul from the severe repression and hypocritical cant of the dogmas of his creed. Perceiving the ignorance, shallowness and bigotry of the provincial exponents of the creed, he attempts a new departure, endeavours to infuse some human warmth into the lifeless message which he bears to his parishioners, and is coldly looked upon for his pains. Growing doubly lonely, a cold settles upon his soul, a sense of his own weakness and ineffectuality bears him down, until life becomes to him almost insupportable burden. Seeking in vain for a sympathetic friend, disappointed in the love of women, without faith in which to anchor his soul, he seems in danger of becoming a hopeless wreck, when his autobiography suddenly enters, although his friend who is editing the work hints at a happier later life. The story has its moral, however, and while skimming the surface, the same time gives a warning to hundreds of readers who have felt tempted to yield in the sense of personal inefficiency, and weakly surrender themselves to the dominion of self-distrust.

The Exploration of the World. By Miles Verano. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company. — So famous and authentic a traveller as Miles Verano must necessarily be thoroughly posted on the subject of the world's discoveries and explorations, and hence would seem eminently fitted to compile such a volume as this before us. The subject, however, is so comprehensive, that although the author confines his record to the discoveries of the nineteenth century, the bulk of the volume necessarily entails a great deal of retortment of interesting details. The book is, however, a thoroughly enjoyable one, — one which oneself wishing there might be more particulars and anecdotes, but in spite of that deficiency the volume is interesting throughout. The heroism of these men who undertake a journey across the vastness of barbaric lands, through sickness, privation, and facing almost certain death

for the sake of pure science, must always command the admiration of the world, and the record of their doings and dangers must always prove an interesting reading to a large portion of the public. The author is an excellent single in style, with a suppressed infusion of interest and enthusiasm which is contagious and fires the reader to become united to the end. The book is a valuable addition to the already costly array of volumes upon exploration, and the climate, and the character, and truth, give an additional value to the work.

The Gospel according to Mark. By Matthew H. Bingle, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company. — The language and ease of the valuable work prepared by the Rev. Dr. Schaff, and entitled the "Illustrated Popular Commentary," strikingly lends its circulation to such an extent that he has conceived the plan of editing a series of handy volumes which shall be merely an abridgement of the larger and carefully prepared work. To distinguish it, however, from the "Popular Commentary," he has given this the title of the "International Commentary," which in truth it is, as the contributors are composed of both British and American scholars and divines. The volume before us is "The Gospel according to Mark," as planned by the Rev. Matthew H. Bingle. The contents of the work are based entirely upon the results of the Revision, and are the work of twelve years' careful study and investigation. The value of this little volume to all persons who are engaged in the study of the Scriptures, and the direction of the most enlightened minds of the day cannot be over-estimated, and especially should teachers in our Sunday-schools and Bible-classes make themselves familiar with its contents. It is an invaluable text-book which should never be off their table.

Knowledge Trifles. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company. — A series of light, airy, unaccounted-for, book, occasionally witty on brilliant, and yet doubtless presenting a fair idea of the college life of an undergraduate at Cambridge, forms the contents of this little volume. The principal object of the book is to let the reader know a little of the life of a student at the university, and the author has adopted, becomes some what (tiresomely) monotonous when strung out indefinitely. The contents of the book might be condensed into one-half the space without serious detriment to the sense, and with considerable advantage to the reader's time and patience.

The Human Figure. By Henry Warren, R. E. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.) — The series of Putnam's "Art Handbooks," edited by Susan S. Carter, grant, and the Rev. W. A. Dillingham, (author of the "Artists' Guide") good work in the way of elevating the standard of art throughout the country, and this special treatise upon "The Human Figure" is from the pen of one who is eminently fitted to discuss the subject which he undertakes. A careful reading of his remarks upon drawing, shading, the proportions of the human figure, etc., cannot fail to benefit every beginner in art studies, and should receive their immediate and earnest attention.

Martin Luther and His Works. By John H. Townsend. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.) — A thoroughly reliable account of the life and times of this colossal historical figure, with all the theological controversy incident and carried on by him, would necessarily be much longer work than the "New Pathways Series" has heretofore afforded, but as a comparatively brief and condensed of the principal historical facts connected with this interesting subject, I know of no book more worthy of a hurried place in each and every household. With a few slight exceptions, the facts seem to have been carefully culled from the most reliable and trustworthy sources, and are presented in a clear and unobscuring manner. The author is eminently an expert with his subject, and unusually judicious in a digest of theological details is absolutely obscure. An appendix contains a complete list of Luther's letters in the most interesting portion of the book, and those already

familiar with the main points in the life of this great man will find refreshment and profound interest in a review of these pages.

The Count's Secret. By Emily Johnston. Boston: Faneuil Hall Station, by the St. Louis News Company. — As a result of complex plots and most the guessing powers of the reader to the utmost, Monsieur Gaboriau must be awarded the palm. Among modern writers of fiction we know of none but the ingenious William Lequeux who could inspire in this respect. Besides the attractive element of an undeciphered mystery — or rather several mysteries — "The Count's Secret" abounds in thoroughly Parisian splendors, in which aristocratic household skeletons and grim ghastliness form the background for love and crime in *à la mode* fashion. Dames, debauchees, swindlers, villains and down-at-heel life-pieces follow each other in quick succession, and when the appetite for such sensational tidbits is only the younger French novel can afford. Search for a book to put into the hands of young people of other sex, this story of Gaboriau's is nevertheless free from the brand vitriol which distinguishes too many of the French novels of today, and possesses a degree of dramatic interest which lacks the author's skill. The last page is turned and the last mystery is solved.

Phantom Rogers. By Roscoe Johnson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.) — The fresh, healthy tone of this "novel of boy life" cannot fail to recommend it to persons desirous to gain the best of the best of the influence of so much of this so-called boys' literature. This story of Phantom Rogers and his youthful companions is replete with adventure — the natural and thoroughly enjoyable adventures of every boy brought up in a simple, healthy, and vigorous manner, and an irrespressible vitality that leads him into all sorts of sorrows and thrilling situations. Without a single objectionable feature, this story of Mr. Johnson's is one which can be enjoyed by the entire family, and is a volume which should be in the hands of every man who can fail to appreciate the value of "a cheerful thing a day," or feels no spark of enthusiasm in the boys' first run in a fire, has never been a boy himself, and deserveth to be forever debauched from that renewal of youth which can only be found in the society and pleasures of the young.

Select Essays of Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated by Garrett Doppelt and A. F. Daehel. Milwaukee: Sentinel Company. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.) — Five essays by the Danish philosopher, reduced by a biographical sketch of his life, are the contents of this volume which is bound in a neat and neatly bound. The sketch of Schopenhauer's life is clear and succinct, and of much interest. The following illustrates the personal peculiarities of the personal philosopher. "Schopenhauer was some extent tainted with a mode of living, he was not at all shy, as he believed that a long sleep was necessary for a brain-worker. Summer and Winter he arose between seven and eight o'clock. He prepared his own coffee. During the morning hours he would be alone, even requiring his servant to keep out of his sight. In the latter part of his life, when his reputation was growing, he received visitors toward noon; he dined at one o'clock. His appetite was so hearty that he ever felt among his ideas, but consumed himself with the fact that Kant and Aristotle were long dead, and that he was the more moderate drinker. He liked to converse at meals, but for want of fit company he usually contemplated his neighbors. For a time he dined at a dinner on the table with his companions and conversing freely with them. At last, when asked about it, he replied that he would give it to the poor if the officers dining with him would but once start on a more earnest conversation about horses, dogs, women. After dinner he went alone, took a short stroll, and then spent the afternoon in a room in reading light literature. Towards evening he went into the opera air, and always chose the most secluded parties. His gait was rapid, and of youthful elasticity to the end of his life. He was not a lover of the excruciating common to persons of sanguine tem-

advanced thought, has held so important a part in the movement that this little volume, containing a full and complete history of woman suffrage in that State, will be welcomed as a valuable addition to the chronological facts of the world's advancement in this nineteenth century America. The account of its general history, of the machinery of conventions and the summing up of the results of thirty years' agitation, are all facts of an interesting nature which will especially be known to every intelligent woman in the land. The book has been carefully prepared without partisan prejudice, and with a keen regard to truthfulness and authenticity.

A Selection of Spiritual Songs for the Sunday-School Selected and arranged by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D., New York: The Century Company. 1881. Edited by the Hildreth Printing Company.—This little volume, containing a number of old favorites and many new and unfamiliar hymns, has been carefully arranged, and presents a goodly array of sacred songs eminently fitted for the juvenile worship of the Sunday-school.

The Men Jesus. By John White Chadwick. Roberts Brothers. Boston: 1881. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Chadwick's writings, whether in prose or verse, will need no recommendation of this book. The theme is the theme of preachers; but there is no preaching of the ordinary sort here. This book on every page shows to what lengths religious and reverential thought has gone in dropping out of use and evidence the common traditions of theology. It lays no claim to originality, but seeks to gather up and reflect the conclusions of a large body of eminent scholars whose works are as yet inaccessible, from size or cost, to the average reader. The chapters on "The Birth, Youth, and Training," on "The Resurrection," and on "The Deification," are especially clear, full, and characteristic. There is frankness and freedom which will be sometimes found startling, but there is a reverence for truth, and a poetic conception of real greatness, that will recommend it to all open and earnest minds.

The Brigid Eve. By Mrs. D. E. W. Southworth Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Mrs. Southworth has been so long known to the readers of sensational literature that to attempt a review of one of her stories at this late day would be but waste time and effort, particularly as we fail to discover the slightest change in style, plot, or literary execution between this and the first story of hers we ever remembered reading. The same liberal sprinkling of titles, startling social revelations, and the same violent and venomous denunciations, distinguish "The Brigid Eve" as embellished as its numerous predecessors, yet it will doubtless find many readers among the large class who submit upon this week's intellectual diet.

A Prince of Breffny. By Thomas P. May. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—How any one, capable of writing any sort of book, can possibly have better judgment than to follow weakly in the footsteps of such a master of his art as Charles Lever, and to attempt to revive at this late day a style of novel which was vastly extinct a quarter of a century ago, is beyond our comprehension. Still, however, as the *Prince of Breffny* will be read so long as the English language is spoken, because it is bristled of adventure and genuine Celtic wit, sketched by the hand of genius; but when a writer of to-day endeavors to interest us in a long-winded narrative, showing how a man of half-Savage Irish blood, who leaves his ancestral cabin among the bogs to become a soldier of fortune in Spain, and betrays his utter ignorance of the Irish character at every step by leaving out every vestige of Irish humor, we fear he has attempted more than he can accomplish, and have no hesitation in pronouncing his book flat and uninteresting. "A Prince of Breffny" is weak in conception, poor in execution—mediocre in the highest degree.

Readings for Bible Classes. By Rev. Moses Doaks, D. D., and Rev. Alexander H. McCall. Edinburgh: S. & C. Clark. This very shrewdly prepared collection of essays for Bible classes, which receives the approving sanction of most of the eminent divines of Scotland, England, and Ireland, has been imported in the form

of a special edition, at the cheap rate of eighty cents per volume, by Messrs. Scribner & Welford, who take pleasure in offering such valuable religious works to the American public at such a low figure. Few instances of the eagerness men who have contributed their labor to this work will be sufficient guarantee of efficiency of execution.

The Cundis of the Lord, and other Sermons. By Phillips Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company).—Two of the popular divines of the day have sprung into fame with the rapidity of the Rev. Phillips Brooks; nor can it be said of him, as it has been of two many famous preachers, that he won his place in the public favor by unworthy pandering to the vulgar tastes of the moment. Honest, straightforward, eloquent, impassioned, he spoke as one convinced of the truth of the world he uttered, and in deed as well as in word has ever proved himself a true disciple of Christ, who felt an inward call to his holy office. Now, for the first time, his words have ever come with a double weight of conviction upon the ears of his attentive listeners, who have fully appreciated the advantages of sitting under his able, eloquent, and instructive teachings. Those, therefore, who have been deterred from listening to his eloquent sermons will find intellectual enjoyment as well as religious consolation in the perusal of this volume, composed of some of the choicest of this eminent preacher's pulpit utterances.

The Fate of Madame Ka-Tear. By Mrs. A. G. Faddock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company).—The Mormon question is one which excites a little interest in a large portion of our Christian community, and the testimony against its heinous customs, as detailed in this little volume, with additional facts and figures, from a lady who has spent eight years of her life in the very midst of this pernicious community, and from actual observation has gathered the terrible facts which she so graphically weaves into this thrilling and entertaining narrative. Her subject is not a new one, but it has too often passed over without notice by those who should make it their duty to examine into its nature, and lift up their voices against practices which are a blot upon the face of civilization. The object of the author is to rouse the community to a sense of the enormities of these Mormon leaders; and if correctness of purpose, clearness of style, and lively narration can accomplish her purpose, the book will not have been written in vain.

THE RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS OF CITIZENS

One of the thickest subjects of conversation and newspaper talk in New York is the question of city streets. Various schemes have been devised to remedy the evil, but none appear to be practicable—at least the ones are adopted. The same old process of cutting up loads of soil, hawking and carting off the same after it has been ground to powder and mixed with the natural accumulation of filth, is continued, and it is likely to be until a change is made in the organic law of the city whereby a sufficient tax may be levied to gradually pave the streets decently. If the calculations were carried out entirely as they have been, the city would be little to complain of, but they are not. The appropriations for street cleaning are entirely inadequate for the purpose. I am told that one man with a line will give five cents going hauling away dirt from the gutters and paved streets in the central portion of the city. Say one hundred workers—and that is not a large number in the area covered by the business portion of the city—will keep five hundred carts going. Suppose the average cart \$17.50 per day, one hundred of them would be \$175, and carry say of \$2.50 each, five hundred would make the cost of hauling away what one hundred men could scrape together, the respectable sum of \$1,250. I have heard it stated on good authority that it costs the city \$1 for every cubic yard of scrapings carted off from the streets. That is pretty good deal for a worthless product. It is like a man whose credit is impaired, and who has to borrow money at exorbitant rates of interest to keep his business going.

The remedy is hard to suggest. Under the *Schenck* and *Clarke* the rate of taxation cannot be increased, and all attempts to amend it have failed through the apathy of those who are supposed to be the only chance of its being a good investment if property-owners would take the thing in their own hands and reconstruct the down-town streets. In fact I am told that such a plan is under consideration for Fourth Street, from Franklin Avenue to Walnut Street. Something must be done, or in a few years we will all be buried under the accumulated filth, and some future *Schliemann* will be making excavations to discover the lost city.

This is as well of such overwhelming magnitude that the case seems almost hopeless, and our only remedy to have settled into a chronic state of despair, as though no further effort were of any use; but there are minor evils which can be remedied, and the purpose of this article is to point them out.

Next to the uncleanliness of streets, the filth in mud is that of mainly sidewalk. So used have we become to the greater evil that we submit to the lesser one as patiently as though there were no possible remedy for it. Whenever it rains, the multitude carry the mud from the street-crossings to the sidewalks, and our people find a portion of it on the corners, and sled the rest gradually between there and the next corner. As a consequence, in a short time the sidewalks next the crossings are piled with mud, and the sticky trail extends from the street-crossing to the next corner, and in many cases it makes but little difference whether you walk in the street or on the pavement prepared for pedestrians. There is no excuse for this. It is contrary to decency and good policy, and a violation of the last paragraph of Article I of the Constitution of Chapter XIII of Revised Ordinances.

Sec. 1. The owners or agents, or occupants of tenements and vacant lots owned by them, under their charge or occupied by them, shall keep the sidewalk and gutters in front of and adjoining their property, clean, and free from all filth, dirt, or refuse, or adjoining the property owned by them, clean to the centre of such alley, and after any fall of snow to cause the snow to be immediately removed from the sidewalk fronting their respective lots, into the carriage-way of the street, and to keep the same clean, and in compliance with the requirements of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof he shall not incur less than five nor more than twenty dollars."

Here is good cause to create a street-cleaning fund. The police courts could be kept running steadily, imposing fines of ten dollars and upwards for the next five years for past offenses. Why do not the police see to it that people are notified to keep their sidewalks in a passable condition? This neglect is outrageously increasing. Some of the streets are almost impassable during a rain-spell. No law ought to be necessary. People should have pride enough to keep their sidewalks decently clean; and if they will not do it willingly the law should be invoked, and they should be compelled to do so or pay the cost of it. The police have enforced this state of things long enough, and a step should be put to it.

Another crying evil calls for a remedy. When a new building is to be erected, the contractor takes possession of that portion of the street running along the property, and practically warps the public off. If he has to excavate where the sidewalk is or should be, he runs the worst for the public. He digs his hole, runs his old dirt-wagons out, and any one who may chance to have a business on that side of the street is metric routed by the hole. The public cannot pass on that side, so they cross to the other, greatly to their own inconvenience and to the detriment of the stores in the immediate neighborhood. The public interest and convenience is not to be thought of for a moment, and the people are made to suffer. The police were no law against it. Section 15 of Chapter XII, Revised Ordinances, provides as follows:

SECTION 15. Whenever any person shall excavate the sidewalk of any street for the purpose of erecting a building, or for any other purpose, he shall be bound to place a strong and substantial foot-bridge over such excavation in the line of the sidewalk, said bridge shall be at least five feet broad, and securely rafted on each side, so that foot passen-

gets may pass over it safely and conveniently at all times."

The penalty for a violation of this section is a fine of not less than ten nor more than five hundred dollars. Did anyone ever know of this ordinance being complied with? I can call to mind instances where half a block on one of the principal streets has been made impassable for months at a time, and not a word of protest offered except, perchance, when a third night would involve pedestrians happened to step off into the mud-hole left as a trap. He then would probably think his stars that he did not break his neck, and say nothing more about it. It is not so in other cities. In New York they have a similar law, and it is enforced. Such bridges will be found on Broadway and all other streets where excavations for building purposes are made.

Another intolerable nuisance is the condition in which sidewalks are left in front of new buildings. Generally for months the sidewalks in front of such premises are next to impassable. There is a compensation of mud, broken bricks, loose boards, and such other things as the builders choose to leave scattered about. There are sidewalk inspectors appointed to look after the public interest, and it is their duty to report all such cases as come to their knowledge. Section 3 of Chapter XV of Revised Ordinances provides as follows:

"SECTION 3. The street commissioner shall, whenever a sidewalk is out of repair, notify the owner or owners (or their agents) of the property fronting thereon, through the mail, to have the same repaired within five days, and if such owner or owners (or their agents) fail to comply with said notice within the time specified, then the street commissioner shall cause such work to be done, and the cost thereof shall be assessed as a special tax on the property fronting such sidewalk."

There are evils incident to all large cities which seem to be almost without remedy. There are crimes which apparently cannot be suppressed by law, such as gambling and prostitution, but the evils which I have pointed out are of a different kind. The law is being actually violated by well-meaning and otherwise law-abiding citizens, simply because in the first two instances mentioned no effort is made to enforce it.

These are no slight matters. They seriously affect the public convenience, and in some cases the lives of citizens.

With a well-directed effort on the part of those whose duty it is to see the laws enforced, we may have clean sidewalks, excavations will be bridged; and we may, if this is done, beat the other cities with greater clemency and with less wear and tear of temper.

W. R. H.

Mr. John Payne, who privately printed in London, some time ago, his translations of the poems of Francis Villon, has just brought out a cheaper edition for public sale. Three of the ballads and a few passages in the body of the Testament have been omitted. This is a concession to what Mr. Payne calls the "universal squeamishness of the day." So in place of some very plain-spoken verses are given much asterisks. For the general reader who may be well enough, but to students of the early French poets the original volume is more useful. Mr. Payne has left enough of his translation to give one a very fair idea of the best of Villon's mind, and there are many persons who will think that the asterisks might have been used more freely. In lengthy introduction, Mr. Payne dwells, with a reticence only to be expected of the author of "Laurence," on the bottomless parts of Villon's life. This sketch is, however, extremely interesting, as it presents in the English reader's mind facts regarding this strange poet that could not otherwise be easily got at. Mr. Payne announces in a footnote some particulars of M. Auguste Villon's long-expected edition of Villon's poems. It will form four volumes, the first of which will contain mainly of poems of Villon and his contemporaries, compiling and correcting all that has hitherto been published on the subject. The second volume will comprise the com-

plete text of Villon, augmented by several authentic poems heretofore unknown, and a valuable appendix. The third will contain the "Jargon," with the addition of five unpublished ballads, besides a philological interpretation and a history of the work; and in the fourth there will be a glossary.

A WILDING, PRESENT

The following lines accompanied a bribe present (a handsome ten-set with a beautiful butterfly, pinned on each cap, for a handle), sent by a gentleman in St. Louis to a friend in Nashville:

"See fly," quoth Cull to "bottle fly,"
Alight upon this bottle's nose.
"Shy fly, fly to him," say I to you,
Who takes up now each other's nose.
"He's not a fly," said Dinah back,
That lost a lady in dough!
"The bottle fly, that peeps into
The little cup, I sent to night.
The cup is empty, may it stand
Filled with such nice harmless tea,
Or chocolate, or coffee, which
To anyone, think about of tea.
May you but keep into the cup,
And never fill it to the brim.
The bottle fly, be happy, too.
Be faithful where you side him.
May he, like I, often, when the fly
Would herald light upon thy nose.
May he, as he is, about it roam
Would stamp upon thy feet and nose.
May he, like Cull, take delight,
All still generally so friendly.
And ward it off, and say in truth,
"Why! Love, indeed 'tis not a fly!"

RAYMOND'S LAST JOKE.

HIS REMARK ABOUT CLEOPATRA'S NERDLE AT THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH PERFORMANCE OF "FRESH, THE AMERICAN."

John T. Raymond departed a little from the text of his play on Thursday evening, when the Grand Opera House was filled with a fashionable audience and the two hundred and fiftieth performance of "Fresh, the American," was given. The departure surprised and pleased everybody, as will be seen when the full story is told. In the second act, when Fresh is explaining his early love exploits to the young Russian colonel, he remarks that in his wild endeavor to shake off the feeling, he has visited Egypt, where he found Cleopatra's nerdle a gigantic mistake. "What?" the Russian colonel exclaims. "Cleopatra's Nerdle a mistake? How is that?" "No eye in it," returns Fresh, "you can't throw it. The Corticelli Silk Co. wouldn't give a nickle for a load of 'em."

The allusion to the Corticelli Silk Company was readily understood and fully appreciated by all present. For the beautiful satin souvenir programmes that the ladies held in their hands, and that gentlemen bravely counterfeited for, had been presented, as was noted at the bottom of each, "with the compliments of 'Fresh, the American,' and 'Corticelli,' the Fearless Spool Silk of the world." "Corticelli" had furnished the programmes, and the comedian returned the favor by mentioning it in the proper place in the play.

The souvenirs were beauties and real works of art. Each programme was printed in delicate blue ink upon a long and wide ribbon of pearl or silvered satin, and the combination of colors, shades and printing was such as to strike the eye pleasantly and impress it as a lovely and artistic souvenir of the occasion.

The programmes will be purchased by those who obtained them as pleasant reminders of the two hundred and fiftieth performance of "Fresh, the American," as well as of the enterprise of Mr. C. H. Sampson, agent for "Corticelli" and the famous Florence Knitting Silk.

RENDER UNTO CÉSAR THE THINGS THAT ARE CÉSAR'S.

In the Spectator of October 29th, the Town Talker, after taking a Turkish Bath—now where on Olive Street, says: "St. Louis has been looking in such new accommodations, and the ladies especially have had little to be grateful for, to the proprietors of public bath establishments, until the completion of this new bath-house on Olive Street." Of the truthfulness of the above statement I have nothing to say, but submit it to the ladies of St. Louis just as it stands, and I leave the clarity to say, I believe the Town Talker was purposely deceived by a malicious, revengeful attendant. Indeed, I know it to be so. Now, for the truth: For twelve years and more the ladies of St. Louis have had first-class Turkish Bath accommodations, superior to any other city in the Union. This is a well-known fact to all St. Louisians who have visited Eastern cities and baths for the last twelve years. Not only this. We have had accommodations for twenty times the number of ladies that have ever availed themselves of this most desirable luxury and remedial agent. We do not trust our patrons to dilapidate and careless servants, but give all our own time and professional skill to those who visit our establishment. Every comfort, every luxury pertaining to a properly conducted Turkish Bath, has been provided for the ladies' department, and yet, taking one year with another, the ladies' department has cost us two dollars for every one dollar received from the lady patrons. And the ladies are to-day indebted to the generous patronage of the gentlemen of St. Louis have given us, as it has enabled us, thus far, to keep the bath open a few days in the week for ladies. I hope the Town Talker will make a note of the above facts, and not listen to the gossip of malicious servants, but make us a visit and see how it is himself. I will add, for the benefit of the readers of the Spectator, that we have within the last two weeks fitted up in the most elegant style large and beautifully decorated reception-rooms, retiring-rooms, for ladies, unequalled in any other city, making it the largest and most desirable Turkish Bath in this country.

Geo. F. Adams, M.D.

A DELICACY!

WHOLE Ox TONGUE

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It seems settled, by a unanimous verdict, that Sara Bernhardt is a far better singer than actress.

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PUBLISHED BY

G. L. JONES & COMPANY.

212 Pine Street, St. Louis.

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THE SPECTATOR.

212 PINE STREET.

The *Spectator* makes its appearance this week with an increase of four pages. For a journal once brilliant that is but a little over two months old, this is a pretty good showing. In its present form, the *Spectator* has more than twice as much valuable matter as the *Globe-Democrat*, *Republican*, or *Post-Dispatch*, and in appearance it is enough to make them all ashamed of themselves. We believe it is an exaggeration to say that we need to lay the hands and most interesting weekly ever published in the Mississippi Valley. We are enabled to do this on account of three reasons: First, we know how to do; second, the increase of our subscriptions shows that our efforts are appreciated; and third, but not least important, we are well remembered by the advertising community. This is a successful truth.

Now is the time for the South to make "a new departure" in politics. Now is the time for some better leaders to come to the front and suggest a new policy. The old regime has failed. The old leaders will never take their people into the promised land. They are of the past, — the dead and night-tide-forgetting past, — and as long as they are put forward as representatives, so long will the South be beaten and humiliated. There is no room in the politics of this nation for the Ben Bils, the Lemons, the Wade Hamptons, and others of that school. It matters not how much glory they may have achieved in the past as politicians or as soldiers; they are not the men for the times, and the people of the South think this out the better for it and the nation. Something must be done to eliminate the everlasting bloody-bait from our politics, for as long as we hold it up before them as long will the South be on the side of the vanquished. We must to see capital go to Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and other Southern States, and we want to see railroad-bills brought through them, and their inhabitants made happy and prosperous; but these changes will never take place as long as these States are ruled by the Democratic party. Whether Democracy in the abstract, is right or wrong is not the question; the question is one

of practical aspects, and one that must be solved in a practical manner. The trouble is, that there is very little difference between the professors of the two warring parties of the country. For the last few years, Democracy, as we have seen it, meant anything to win. If to win was the thing, then some better vehicle had better be used. The South has suffered much and has suffered long; it has certainly almost atoned for the sin of slavery. It is time now for its disenfranchisement and redemption. How shall it be accomplished is a question that the people of that section should now take home to themselves. Instead of searching the solution to the antiquated statesmen who sat for them in the Confederate Congress, and the prime and the flower of whose lives was spent in an unsuccessful revolution. The occasion is opportune for some Moses of a new school to rise up and lead the people out of the wilderness.

THE GLOBE-DEMOCRAT ON BERNHARDT.

The *Globe-Democrat* of last Sunday had an editorial on "Art and Morals," which was evidently suggested by one on Sara Bernhardt in the *Spectator* of Saturday before, and was, more over, evidently intended as a reply thereto. We reproduce a portion of it in the *Spectator* of this week, so that our readers may see about the few arguments that we can make against the position which we have taken on this subject. We have nothing to say in reply to the insinuations thrown out by the *Globe-Democrat* touching the sincerity of people who object to Sara Bernhardt. While a man may not be strictly moral himself, he certainly has a right to object to excessive immorality in somebody else. We are bound to have restrictions somewhere, or see the future of society crumble into the dust. As a rule, the general public does not care to bother itself about the personal standing or pecuniaries of actors or actresses, but, for some, not just as the merits of the case demand. In this way professional merit alone is the gauge of success, and this is the right way. But in Bernhardt we have an exception to the rule, and it should be remembered that all rules have exceptions. She comes to America with the prestige of a great artist in Paris and a great success in London. In the latter city she had been accepted into society of a certain sort, but not of the sort that you can be properly called good. Thus, the Prince of Wales recognized her, and gave her his personal attention, but the Prince of Wales has bestowed his personal attentions upon women of much less standing even than Bernhardt. True, she was highly applauded by Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Carnarvon, Mrs. West, and other reigning favorites; and, true, she took wine with them, and drank with them, and received them in her apartments; but it is doubtful if America can afford to accept a recommendation from those who may pass for friends and court favorites. It was quite natural that a woman, who had been denied the *et cetera* into respectable society in Paris, was so overwhelmed by the attentions of the Prince of Wales and his known in England, she should consider that democratic America was doing nothing but fall at her feet and yield its subject-matter.

place. She comes here, dressed not so much with varieties in art as victories over decency and public virtue. To say the assertion that she flatters her infamy in the face of the public is a lie, it is to exhibit nothing but ignorance and bad temper. She does so by bringing with her to this country one of the children who call her mother and mademoiselle at the same time. Will the *Globe-Democrat*, or anybody who agrees with it, please tell us what greater public exhibition she could make of her infamy than this? The assertion that she is the greatest living actress is denied by the best critics, and denied by the fact that her business in New York has declined since her opening night. She is the greatest living actress only on the generous advertising bills sent up by her managers, and in the minds of a lot of newspaper flacks. We believe that she will be a failure in America, and we do not know of a greater compliment than could be afforded to the sturdy virtue of her people.

We will close by quoting an extract from an article on this subject by Prof. David Swing, of Chicago, and which was reprinted in the *Globe-Democrat* of yesterday morning. It concludes almost exactly the same idea already expressed in these columns:

Great advantages as can be made in the power of Sara Bernhardt, she comes in the name of such an immense outburst for society that her art cannot justify or control her own life. If at night, again, the character in her case, her art is not a sufficient excuse, then it would seem as if the fact of her performing that her power as an actress is so common, so easily won upon other stages, that it cannot seem as an apology for the sin against the public good. Her games must have some in position her estimate of the world.

HONESTY IN DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

We have frequently called attention to the utter unreliability of the dramatic criticisms given by the daily papers of this city; and we are fully justified in doing so by the plain, undeniable facts. There is not a daily paper in St. Louis that can possibly be the slightest claim to honesty in this important branch of journalism. Their notices are always favorable to the parties who company, or performance noticed, and the disinterested reader is led to believe that there is nothing in the dramatic business that is not good, or that all the critics are fools. Criticism, to be useful to the reader or the thing criticized, must be true, or as near true as the writer can make it. We believe if the daily papers would advise this well-known fundamental law, that they would give more satisfaction to a large class of their subscribers, and at the same time be of more real service to the theatre. The *Spectator* announced when it started that it would deal independently with the theatre, and make its criticisms reliable. In making such an announcement, we did not mean that as we were starting on a war against the theatres for the purpose of improving their business. We have no desire to do anything of the kind; but, on the other hand, wish to see them prosper and afford the people worthy and interesting entertainments. It is only the friends and the slaves in the profession that we propose to attack. These we shall not spare. As an evidence of the soundness of our dramatic notices, we want to refer to the fact that, of the

combinations that have come along here this season, four have gone to pieces already, and that all *others were combated by the Spectator and praised by the daily papers.* The four referred to are Mackay and Sylvester's "Our Filtrations," Alice Outen's "Fun at Long Branch," Agnes Robertson, and Gullik & Blaisdell's "Hop-Steck Company." For the purpose of illustrating the subject, we will quote from the notices we made of these combinations while they were here, and quote from the notices made of them by some of the daily papers. This is what our critic said of "Our Filtrations":

Frank F. Mackay and Miss Louise Sylvester, at the Olympic, have been endeavoring to attract the patrons of the theatre with what they term "an original comedy," "Our Filtrations." Its originality is dubious, seeing that in the first act they have to fall back upon a *paten-car* for their specialties, *à la* "The Tourists," and in the second, a *glenic scene*, *à la* "The Trimblesons." This is certainly no originality. "Our Filtrations" is simply beneath criticism. As a play it is unutterably bad, and the sooner Mr. Mackay gets himself off it the better for his finances. It is a conglomeration of baldness from beginning to end—without, needless, and tedious. We are sorry for Mr. Mackay and Miss Sylvester, who are really cultured artists, but some one's judgment must be radically wrong if they persist in playing "Our Filtrations" through the season, it can only mean bankruptcy. Get rid of that crew, that is our advice.

This is what the *Globe-Democrat* said about it on Tuesday, after the company had appeared at the Olympic:

The play is a good one, however, and the company present it in an artistic and meritorious manner. * * * The other members of the company furnish excellent support, and when their efforts find out that "Our Filtrations" is a good thing, they will go to see it.

The truth is, that these people who did go to see it found out that it was a very bad thing; and the very thing happened that our critic predicted: the company had to dissolve.

Of Alice Outen we made no mention at all, believing her to be unworthy of criticism. In speaking of her and her play, the *Globe-Democrat* of October 10 said:

* * * an extraordinarily funny creation, in which she has become a hit this season.

Of poor, misguided Agnes Robertson we had the following:

The real truth about Agnes Robertson is, that she has made a great mistake in returning to the stage. She has done a constantly losing business ever since she started on her American tour, and her management here has been the worst, in a financial sense, of the season.

Among many other things, in a half-column of "gossip," the *State Advertiser* said:

Time has dealt kindly with Agnes Robertson, as if he could not bear to lay his frowning lines heavily upon such brilliant dashes of youth and beauty as make her without'st's beauty. Time is in the prime of life, but few of her ripe age show the traces of years so little as she. She also retains her well-known intellectuality and brilliancy, and pliancy of speech and presence, in a very remarkable degree. These qualities, otherwise so rare, have not been so common, boys, and they are strong in her yet. The Agnes Robertson of yesteryear is still here. * * * Her method of the part was never better than now, and her own simplicity was more charming.

Of our frightful theatre, however,—"Hop-Steck," the *Spectator's* critic said:

The troupe, evidently, was formed to play in small towns, and is not up to the demands of a metropolitan city like St. Louis. There is not a fine, song, dance, joke, or pin to "Hop-Steck," that has the faintest trace of originality. Fortunately, the patronage bestowed upon this "guaranteed" attraction has been such that it is to be hoped that Messrs. Gullik & Blaisdell guarantee the members their salary as well as the attraction.

Contrast this with the following delightful notice in the *Globe-Democrat*:

"Hop-Steck" opened at this theatre (Pine's) last night, and made a hit. A. J. Brown, Mason and Wallis, and Louise Maufred are the great cards of the combination; and the entertainment is one of the best of the united musical and comedy kind now before the public.

Good! leave the public, if the above were true. We leave those who read this article to judge of the relative value of our dramatic criticisms and those of the daily papers.

"ART AND MORALS."

(From an Editorial in the *Globe-Democrat* of November 27.)

When a certain reviewer had reproached Dr. Johnson with having not all the *grand old words* in the language in his dictionary, the *grand old word* answered, "If ye have been looking for *tragic*." A great many people, men as well as women, are very fond of looking up *unbecomingly* not only in dictionaries but in other places, and are always very much shocked when they find it. These people, in their unbecomingly fondness of *unbecomingly*, are very apt to make *unbecomingly* search for indignities where the rest of us would not expect it, and by bringing it to the surface and calling attention to it they generally succeed in increasing the evil they propose to extirpate. These are the people who are asking a critic to the *unbecomingly* moral character of Sara Bernhardt, who object to her playing in virtuous America, who discuss the criticism on her art by insisting on the interference of rebellion on her country, and who even go so far as to inquire the character and motives of people who will not at once accept their view of the case, and abstain from going to see a great actress who is the mother of virtuous American children.

The question is not a pleasant one to discuss, but it is one which has been before our eyes for some time, and in which the world is so much interested that it is not available. Let us frankly say, then, that just as Dr. Johnson's Dictionary was not a vile book because it had bad words in it, we ought not to make Bernhardt a party because of her offences. If we can find any to defend her conduct, she has never asked any one to do that, and has never undertaken any apology for her self. If at the world would only lay aside its cant and hounding if it would dare to face the truth, and truth comes of the experience of every physician at his post, or to the current gossip of society,—it would say that Bernhardt showed a higher morality in leaving her children than has been shown by thousands of her childless assistants. A country such as the United States, with the records of our divorce courts staring us in the face, with prostitution established as a regular institution in every village to the land, with the moral evidence of the prevalence of abortion and infanticide, cannot afford to show signs of a woman whose moral offence is that she refuses to accept a virtue that she does not possess. As to the charge of her "damaging her immorality in the face of the world," and advertising it, etc., if, in fact, she has never done anything of the kind.

If it is she alone worse than she is, the people who choose to study her cynicism of dramatic art would still be entitled to claim the protection of their own good character against any reflections on them for doing so. No better world can be the stable morality of her personal character, she is to be for the best of all living scenes, is common sense the one woman out of the thousands of millions who

the earth can live in the highest degree, and all dramatic genius; and to ask that any human being, any one who desires to see the highest acting which human nobility may attain to, should refuse to see Bernhardt on account of her character, is not to promote the cause of virtue. It is simply to encourage hypocrisy.

SOCIETY.

There could be no complaint of a dull Thanksgiving in the high social circles of the city, for the festivities of the past week made a bright memory of the day, which was never so bright and magnificent as this and Southern city can make of a Puritan festival. It is observable that the regular church bow-dances established for hundreds of years have none of the true ring of genuine holidays than those observed in the President of these United States, and all others in authority.

Even Thanksgiving Day to Christians is only a brief month, and this remarkable lends more liveliness to the holiday than any special class of its own. In this connection it is reminded of a certain scene on Christmas eve, that they have gathered up the stationary department of the E. Leonard establishment, which 20,000 manuscript to scores of people every day. The ingenuity of designers seems to have found the most delicately-voiced and harmonious vein to express itself in this season, and some of these cards are come in their way. One design, very artistic in style, shows a polar bear bowing with much graceful grace to three persons, whose undiminished backs, black heads, and thick foppers, suggest the conventional propriety of society's virtuous wish and its own dignity. The bear doesn't look at all distressed to turn them up, and as would, although, there's nothing else in sight. The wish "that good discipline may wait on people" is very strongly emphasized by a lady who has velvet and silk colored ribbons in her dress, and has having three-and-a-half tails, which a big Southern power is wearing by him with great gusto. The power is excellent, the music is tempestuous, and the poor dark evidently has the word on the Christmas season, but in another picture a man and a woman are exchanging a little sign in a quiet place, when the dark suddenly puts in her bid and drags off the moment between the feet of the lady before. "On the home-street" is unusually illustrated by two men in white shirts, having their arms crossed and their feet, as evidently taken an unimproved seat upon the floor. By their red comforters, huddled over the runners of the extreme's skirts, the boys are shown him alone, while the vanished stage-ginger and general helplessness of the entire scene are suggestive of two used Christmas cheer and discipline. There is no end to the caricatures expressed in these cards, not to the graceful, pretty sentiments conveyed by other artists, all suggestive of the fastidious Thanksgiving Christmas-day and its loved traditions.

Much disappointment is expressed over Prince's prize Christmas-cards, however, which are also shown in this large collection at E. Leonard's. That which carried off the thousand-dollar prize is a very rare example of a photograph, with an excellent touch of the old, has scenes of the street, the shopkeepers, and their flocks, not even treated in a fresh way. The second prize card is a factory, showing a finely illuminated child's figure, and after the child's immortal memory had the third one is extractable. The designer seems to have taken the portraits of a row of ragged school children, and on the margin has drawn distorted views of Raphael's cherubs, the faces look like those of rather frightful. Yet people will deliberate and admire, and to some, for some of its own, through advertising, some have to rise in the most expensive. The pictures are all the most curious cards of the collection are from old boys from South Africa, and some of the old boys, having a little sign, and the name. These are attached in little black cards and towels to the fragments of the collection as the cards. Beautiful.

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Our Mirror.

Honolulu Nihil Alumnus.

Vol. II.

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St. Louis, Mo.

GUESTS.

Sunflowers tall and hollyhock, that wave in the wind
together,
Carnations, poppy and marigold, blossoming fair and
blue,
Delicate—sweetpeas, glowing bright in the quiet autumn
weather,
Wink over the fence, on the with blossoms, elude the
mysterious view,
Quivering little wilderness of flowers, struggling hither and
thither—
Morning glories tangled about the larkspurs gone to
seed,
Scarflet-reminders that burst all hums and wander, heaven
known whither,
And blue spikes of bergamot, as thick as any weed,
And old—the bees and the butterflies, the hummingbird—
and sparrows,
That cover the garden water and clump, and flutter the
rippling day;
Humming-birds that dart in the sun, like green and golden
arrows,
Butterflies like bearded flowers blown off by the wind
in play,

Look at the red nasturtium flower, drooping, bending, swaying;
Out the gold banded humble bee breaks and goes humming
now;
Hark what the sweet-colored fledgling sparrows, low to them-
selves are saying,
Picking my golden oats, where the corn-flowers gleam
so blue.

Welcome, a thousand times welcome! you dear and deli-
cate beauties—
Bred and bred and butterfly, and hummingbird fair fine!
Proud I am to offer you a field for your graceful labors;
All the honey and all the seeds are yours in this garden of
mine.

Lie on the drowsy-top and watch your; beyond lies the infinite
ocean,
Sparkling, shimmering, whispering rocking itself to rest;
And the world is full of perfume and color and beautiful
motion,
And each new hour of this sweet day, the happiest and
best.

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL.

Old Father Time one morning rose
And, as he rubbed his ancient nose,
Reversed once more his hour glass,
And from his lips these words let pass:
"I must create a new breed of man,
From out the old make new;
I'll take the best of all that live
To make up strength and true."
So he mixed and mingled the types of man
Until a new being stepped forth,
A creature built on the potter-work plan,
Money making and knowing its worth
He sent this creature a house to find
In a country across the sea;
The creature prospered and his home he called
"The land of the brave and the free."
This creature was of such curious make
That no artist his picture could take,
So quickly did his features change
They never could their phase arrange.
The name of this being who never was calm
Is known to the world as Uncle Sam.

The Great American Novel must clearly portray
the typical American. Every nation, except America,
has a typical novel. Every other country can point
to some name known to the world of letters as repre-

sending the national character and ideas. The French novel is too well known to need any extended mention; it has a cast as decided and unmistakable as the French opera. To mention either is to name a distinct variety of production; they are the emblematic and expression of the French character—their heat and definite meaning is conveyed to us by their use.

The typical English novel is hoodwinked in its aim. It is true that it may present phases of only one phase of English life, but it portrays it as essentially and decidedly English; it may deal with domestic life or it may be a sketch of life among the lower classes as "For From the Making Through," but in all the essence of it is John Bull and the glory of the great English nation.

Germany has her type well defined. The progress and triumph of the German idea and the philosophy of nature of the German people have found form and expression in what may be termed national works of fiction.

America is the only great nation which cannot say that she is fully represented in this field. I do not mean to say that there have not been American novels which have attempted to portray American life and character, but I am borne out by fact when I say that as yet no great American novel, which can be properly so called, has made its appearance. What is the cause of this? A partial answer may be found in seeing in what respects we differ from those nations which have produced such works.

In the first place they are older than we. Age is essential to the maturity and consolidation of national character. There must be time for the national idea to develop, around which national thought may gather and nucleus. This idea may be the result of a single force or of a variety of forces. Have a people existed for centuries as a distinct stock, or have conquered or been conquered by another stock? In either case there is an effect upon the original people, in the one case negative and in the other positive. The conquerors and conquered unite and after the lapse of ages we find a new unity and a different national idea, which is the result of the union of the separate parts. In France we know what to expect as the national idea; it has had time to form itself. The volatile nature of the people, the very free life they lead, their social customs, are all distinct enough to be recognized without difficulty. The French woman really lives her life and has her lovers after marriage. The French novel is largely the novel of amour and intrigue. There is another essential element which the French people have that we have not, that is homogeneity, the entire union of thought and feeling necessary to national union and a distinct national idea. If the value of fiction could be topographically represented, we could mark off a portion and label it France.

In England we find the same general facts, all true,

only that there has been a more gradual development of such a national character and expression, and in a distinctly modern sense, a national idea, which had sufficient prominence to be distinct English. The same is seen in English life, in English homes, in their novels, in their education, in their country, in their houses, in their churches, in their courts and in their parliament. English men know upon these things and if they do not appear, as we might say, "from a good form," they are not English. Through it all runs the thread of the English strain, "it is impossible for you that I am an Englishman." These things are found in the library, the kitchen and the parlour, in the country house, each by the introduction of a book or a picture. Even Mercutio, the typical moral philosopher, comes to his home as comfortable country gentlemen, in a good house and riding after hounds. Thus they come home to have a fight with life, in that is concerned to hold the life of a jolly English square, who sits in a room, even his little after dinner and business guests, as his guests offer.

The German nation has its national novel, embodying its national idea. German unity, German philosophy, German love of truth and German poetry, all contribute to fix the German idea and afford the basis for a German novel.

America has no such work; the chief cause of which is a lack of the elements which these other nations possess. In point of fact, America is but a child, a precarious child, as you will, but still a child. She has not even the advantage of a language peculiarly her own; her mother tongue is spoken by another people. She has no traditions, no stories, which belong to the people I have mentioned and more than all, her people are not united and united as are those of England, France and Germany. It is true that there have been attempts at American fiction, and the establishment of an American literature, but these attempts have been short lived. Some one has truly said that in England there is a constant friction between the different social orders. Among the aristocracy there are the social which are regarded as playing a part, but for them, and particularly invited for any other class. There is a line distinctly drawn between the nobility and the middle class, and another less well defined between the middle class and the lower orders. The law and gospel of English society is that each class is associated in the society of London and France and sent to parliament. The conservatives hold their by hereditary tenure. The commoner may, and indeed it is his ambition to buy the first two, may be elected to the lower house of parliament, or may be elected to a seat in the higher branch. The orthodoxy in English society, as it is, is orthodoxy in English religion, as belonging to the church of England, is not a stock feature of the English novel, to say

the young lord of the manor, upon his return from his travels upon his twenty-first birthday, to be welcomed by a crowd of his enthusiastic tenants and dependants, who call "the most lusty of old England" at his expense and drink his health in bumpers of the young lords' own graying? When he returns from his six-month tour, to find the same enthusiastic country without the horses from the carriage containing the happy pair, and with their own hands drawing them to the door of the nearest house? This is but another form of saying that the typical English gentleman is a landed proprietor, who plays squires to his tenants, while his wife does the part of a "lady Bonaparte."

The lavish expenditure of the aristocracy is a constant thorn in the side of the prosperous middle classes, and there arises, consequently, an attempt at imitation. The only common ground on which they can meet is lavish outlay. The members of one class are constantly striving to reach a higher point in the social scale, in a country where the degrees of the social scale have been fixed for centuries. This gives great scope to writers of fiction.

The American people have, or rather are supposed to have, no such social distinctions. The fact that one man is as good as another is a cardinal point in every American's political, if not his social faith. James has as much right to become President as ever Ulysses Grant had, and Mrs. Jones feels perfectly confident of acquiring herself creditably as the lady of the White House. If everybody is as good as everybody else, and no one has a privilege particularly his own, where is the writer to obtain the coloring necessary for the typical American novel? No man is above another, save in so far as his native worth makes him so, and consequently he throws no shadow upon any one else. We have not the class conditions which tend to crystallize and solidify us into different social grades, and thus give greater opportunity for clash and contrast. It is true, we have had attempts at aristocracy and first families, but these attempts have never been national. On these attempts it may be said:

- Where is there a greater manhood
Than a wealthy American first family -
Which, ending back but a few short years,
Subjects its no nobles to vulgar peers,
As to which might be the manner of men
Who first transferred out on the noble's plan
Made the family's personal good
Worked in a natural or noble's hand;
Perhaps he put his wife to use
In pressing suits with a noble's grace;
Or perhaps he made some noble's slave;
He was, in noble's stages each other;
When ever he was the safe of his
To keep our content and have nothing to say?"

America is a grand piece of patchwork; it is a political and social web woven of threads from all nations. One population, composed as it is of contributions from all peoples and their descendants, has

not been in existence long enough to work these diverse elements into a harmonious whole which can be called distinctively American. The German in America has still his thoughts of Fatherland, the Frenchman still sighs for gay Paris, and the English think we are only a lesser part of themselves. Even pigeon English is demanding recognition, and John Chinaman endures every day to become more like a "Mellon man". We have not the national unity which could be typically represented by a novel. We are as yet a melody, not a harmony.

Had the present time anyone were daring enough to attempt the writing of a great American novel he would find that he had produced not a national but an international and cosmopolitan work, typical of us one people, but partly representing all.

Is it possible that a special plea might be entered here to the effect that America is the great centre of political freedom, and that the typical American represents the great apostle of the rights of man. But such a plea would not truly represent us. It would simply be holding up to ridicule a principle which is the common right of humanity and does not find complete expression in any one nation. The legality of our claim to a monopoly of political freedom may be doubted.

Again, America has geographical distinctions which are a bar to typical representation. We have our North, our South, our East, and our West. The typical Southerner is not the typical Northerner, nor is the New Englander identical with the pioneer, anywhere, than a Frenchman is identical with an Englishman. Each of these phases of American life may be represented by a novel particularly depicting a special section, but can they be individualized and consolidated into what truly properly be called "The Great American Novel"? Each of these sections has had its special exponent. Sumner, Kennedy and Cooke have written of Southern chivalry. Now England is represented by Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe and Howells. The Pacific coast has been ably portrayed by Bret Harte, while Cabell writes of Ozark life in Louisiana. Their work may undoubtedly be representative of a part, but are they typical of us as a whole? These sections have each their positive provincialism, which are capable of graphic representation, but they cannot be portrayed as a unit. Even Henry James, Jr., promising as he is, has not given us a completely American novel in his "Americans." The hero is a restless, ubiquitous character, who has made and lost several fortunes by the time he is twenty-five, has had all sorts of adventures, and is tranquil in the most trying situations. In the "Europeans" he has shown a wonderful comprehension of one phase of American character, the Bostonian. Mr. James may in time produce the typical American novel; he has not yet done so; he is too classically incomplete.

The writer of the great American novel must be in the world of fiction what Shakespeare is to the dramatic world — a man of Protean accomplishment; he must, like Shakespeare, be a portraiter of universal human nature.

J. C. H. STEVENSON, '73.

[We print below the history of Wm. Donaldson, of 790. Owing to some carelessness in the mails we failed to receive the facts necessary to make it up in time. We regret very much to have him separated in even so unimportant a way, as he was one of the favorites of the class.]

Wm. R. Donaldson entered from the Langette School and graduated in 1860.

He received the first of the scholarships to Washington University, where he entered the sophomore class.

He graduated there in 1863, and then studied law in the offices of Sharp & Broadhead and Grice & Sharp, and was admitted to practice in 1865.

He stayed in this city until 1865, when he went to Cambridge and graduated at the Harvard Law School in one year, having been previously licensed and at teaching lectures before that time.

He then returned to St. Louis and engaged in the general practice of the law, until 1870, when he was appointed assistant attorney of the St. L., I. M. & S. R'y Co., and has been attorney at that road ever since. He was married in 1869 to Elizabeth L. Allen, daughter of Hon. Thos. Allen, and has three children, two girls and one boy.

CLASS HISTORY, 1861

This class was the unfortunate one which lost six weeks of its course by the sudden closing of the school that length of time before the end of the scholastic year. It consisted of the following boys and girls, James A. Hordie, Sophie T. Martin, Mary J. McGowan, Sarah E. Trotter, Kate Severson, Emma Shackelford, Mary E. Whitney, and William E. Barber, Charles B. Black, Henry G. Black, Ebenezer C. Bosworth, Marion F. Cassell, John N. Conn, Alexander M. Darley, George W. Fichtelkamp, William D. Fitzgerald, Charles E. Hildy, Edward G. Martin, Robert Niggenmatt, Asa W. Smith, George Strothmann, James A. Walth, and Eugene W. Wengel. 16, total. 23. Those in italics pursued the classical course, the rest the general course.

William E. Barber, after leaving school, devoted several years in experimenting in various employments before settling to his apparently final occupation of farming, an occupation somewhat necessitated by the state of his health, which at the best is very unsatisfactory, rendering any long continued sedentary employment or confinement within doors impossible. His present home is ninety miles up the Mississippi, near Hamburg, where he is gradually establishing a home, that is fairly dug out of the wilds. He married, in the fall of 1870, Miss Nellie Temple, of St. Louis county. They have four children, three boys and the youngest a girl. The second boy, Eugene, has left the little home circle and is waiting in the next world. Mr. Barber's interest in his education and his fellow men remains undimmed, and grows in spite of many depressive hours consequent on his health, and, after all, this is the good word we want of all old friends.

John Conn is married, and farming in Jefferson Co., Mo. Before marrying he was at one time living at Truckee Meadows, Cal., and we had him put down in a former catalogue as a pioneer here. His address, when last heard from was Bush Tower. We think he must be taking a very sober view of life after his perfectly irrepressible boyhood, as no amount of coaxing has been able to elicit a word from him. We are informed, however, that he still maintains his former flow of joviality, and that his hand has not lost its cunning in the art of signature, which gained him quite a reputation in the High School days. He resided for some time in Jefferson county, Mo. being dignified while there by the title of "Squire" Conn.

Darley, who had been elected valedictorian, but was prevented from acting in that capacity by the abrupt closing of the school, for the next four years taught school and was an insurance agent at Nebraska City. In 1865 he went to Washington and Jefferson College at Chambersburg, Pa., entering the Sophomore class. He graduated tenth out of a class of fifty, three years later. He then continued his studies at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the Northwest in Chicago, where he graduated in 1872. He had previously preached two winters, in 1869 and 1870, in Northwest and Southwest Iowa. He was licensed in 1870, and ordained his vocation in 1874. From then till 1874 he lived at Cherokee, Ia., and in 1874 at Missouri Valley Junction, preaching all the time in Northwest Iowa. Thence, till the present time in the San Juan country, in Southwest Colorado. His work was that of a pioneer missionary always, seldom preaching in a church, unless he built it, nor in a congregation unless he organized it, and doing five thousand miles last year. He preached in English and in Spanish, having mastered the latter language in sixty days. He is now under appointment by the Presbytery of Colorado to the charge of fifteen thousand Mexicans, with prospective headquarters at Trinidad, Col. He was married in 1872 to Miss Anna M. Crow, whom he met while at college at Chambersburg. They have two boys and two girls.

Fichtelkamp graduated at Harvard Law School, after having taken the regular course at the Washington University and receiving his degree there. We are told he lived awhile in San Francisco and also practiced law here. He and Walsh seem to have kept up their school friendship, as they were at the University together, and also spent a year together on a farm. He has recently located permanently in Elkhorn, Ill., where he is getting into a good practice.

Fitzgerald has figured somewhat in politics, or rather official life, being at one time a Deputy City Marshal, and being elected Clerk of the Court of Criminal Correction. At present he is a Deputy Clerk of the same Court. We are informed that he is married, but have not been able to ascertain any further facts concerning him.

Hilsey received the distinction of the Washington University free scholarship, graduating there in 1861. He then took a year's practice in the City Engineer's department, after which he went to the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, New York, where he was graduated in 1867. The next taught two years at Washington University, after which he was appointed as an assistant under the City Engineer, until removed by a change in the administration. A brief experience of railroad engineering was terminated by the panic of 1873, which paralyzed railroad building for a long time, since when he has followed his present profession of architect. He was married to Miss Sam E. Goodlove, in 1877, and they have two children. His wife is also a graduate of the High School.

Niggemann was married in 1872 to Miss Mary A. Garside, and they have two boys and one girl. He is a member of the firm of D. I. Rudmell & Co., seed merchants, in this city, and is doing well. Hunting and fishing are his "manias," as it were, which fact we merely refer to so as to introduce his cordial invitation to all of his classmates who desire to be initiated into the mysteries of said sports. Though it is encroaching on untrodden ground, we feel impelled to add that he seems devoted to his home.

Strodmann, after a course at a commercial college, to fit himself for business, was, in 1862, detailed to assist in enrolling the Thirtieth Regiment, E. M. M., in North St. Louis, which occupied his time during the summer and fall of that year. In January, 1863, he entered the employ of A. Kreschhaus & Co., with whom he has remained ever since, as bookkeeper. He was a candidate for School Director in 1877, in the Sixth Ward. He was married in 1868 to Miss Sarah J. Myers. They have one boy and three girls, having lost a boy in 1875.

James Walsh, after leaving the High School, attended the St. Louis University, together with his old friend and fellow graduate, George W. Fichtenkamp, receiving his degree after a regular course at the University. He then drifted into mercantile life and has been more or less actively engaged since, except two years, part of which time was spent in visiting South, and a year spent in farming, or rather merchandizing on a farm in Jefferson County. Some business affairs to be attended to here compelled him reluctantly to break up his pleasant country life and to remove back to St. Louis. He married a sister of John Conn, and is engaged in scientific pursuits.

Weigel, soon after graduating, enlisted in the Third Missouri Infantry, Reserve Corps, which, in the winter of 1861-2, became the Fourth Missouri Volunteer Infantry. In July, 1862, he was promoted to First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Eighty-second Illinois Volunteer Infantry to which regiment he belonged till the close of the war. In 1864 he was promoted to a Captaincy, and in 1865 he was promoted a Major for services in Sherman's "March to the Sea." He was appointed Auditor of the Board of Water Commissioners of St. Louis in 1867, clerical Secretary of State of Missouri in 1870, re-elected in 1872, and has been Park Commissioner of St. Louis since September, 1877. He is still a bachelor forlorn, and *desires his fate*, for the fault is all his own.

Miss Louisa A. Hoelzie, after graduating, taught school for a number of years in the city, but has at present given it up, owing to the pressure of family cares at home. Her father died some years ago, and the mother is a confirmed invalid, and Miss Hoelzie being the eldest of three girls and several brothers, has had to take the patient Mother's place as head of the household, as so often the older sister must; not always the pleasantest and most desirable place when there is so much outside to see and demand of; but *gladness* the most responsible and worthy of praise when well filled. The years do not seem to weigh her down at all, and her interest seems to have still survived, though for some time she has met but few of the old schoolmates. Her home is at 1872 Buel street.

Miss Mary J. McGowan, "Little Miss McGowan," as all the boys still call her, is now Mrs. Harrison. Miss McGowan's ambition at school was in the inverse ratio to her size, as she had a passion for standing "head," and graduated four months short of the standard age. Judging from the "tip-tilted" little nose we saw last winter she still likes to stand "head." After graduating she attended the Normal young and began teaching in the fall of '62. She remained eight years in the same school, being promoted from room to room.

She was married December 22d, 1870, to W. D. Harrison, a teller in the Commercial Bank, of this city, and resides on the Bellefontaine road. They have three children, a boy and two girls, and have achieved the highest success in life—a happy home.

Emma Shackelford, now Mrs. Hewett, was married in 1864, being one of the few graduates who has not taught school. Her husband has been for a number of years clerk in the tin works, and is one of the most prominent members of the S. A. A. Club that has lately had the pleasure and honor of helping us to choose the female clerks through the pages of the *Globe Democrat*. Mrs. Hewett is the mother of five children, one in heaven. The youngest, only,

is a girl, and the oldest is fourteen years old. She has kept her pleasant, girlish mien through it all, though for a number of years suffering from bad health.

Maria E. Trotter is now Mrs. Haldrup, and resides at her parents in Lehighville. She was married some twelve or thirteen years ago, her husband being at that time a printer in this city, and had three children. During their residence in Vineland, she in one week lost two of them from scarlet fever. The shock seemed for a while more than she could bear, and she sought relief by devoting herself to children through the kindergarten system, and has ever since been a devoted patroness of that institution. She has also been much interested in art, having even traced her hand at sculpture, doubtless with success, as she is most enthusiastic in everything. Her warm friends ships are well remembered by all.

Mary E. Whitney is now living with her father and mother on a farm in Thomaston, Jefferson county, Mo. She taught school a number of years in this city, until failing health obliged her to quit, and shortly after the family settled in their present home. She is one of those who seem to have dropped away from her old associates, though probably more from pressure of circumstances than lack of interest. After graduating at the High School Mrs. Whitney entered the Normal and graduated there also, being elected class poet. Her compositions were considered unusually good.

The following names are all that we have been able to gather concerning the parties named.

Howarth's address is Baltimore, Md.

Black is supposed to reside in St. Louis county, his address Price P. O., Mo.

Blake was and perhaps still is, farming near Minneapolis, Minn. We are however informed that his address is P. O. Box 2174, St. Paul, Minn.

Meyers was killed during the early part of the late war, while attempting to get through the lines to join the Confederate forces. He was a "good boy."

Cusell's address we find in an old catalogue to have been San Francisco, Cal.

Smith, poor, eloquent, whole-souled, Ayn, was drowned in Bellefleur Pool, Me., in the summer of 1874, while water-skiing there. He had been a farmer and broker here for a number of years, and before that he was teller for some bank. He was not married, we believe.

After unceasing efforts we are obliged to give up the hope of completing this history this month, but shall endeavor to succeed in the next number. Even the meagre accounts we have been able to obtain represent in many cases miles of driving, and a great many square feet of writing and questioning—the latter very unproductive.

THE HIGH SCHOOL, IN LITERATURE.

1

When an institution has attained the high school, the St. Louis High School has reached, it may be truly asked, "What influence has it exerted? How have those reared under its shelter, affected the adult nations which the world has exposed upon them? Who and how many have distinguished themselves in literature and kindred high pursuits?"

Let us here seek to answer that question.

In order to appreciate fully the influence exerted by the High School, we must touch the subject from a two-fold light, we must measure the work done, (1) by the teachers, and (2) by the scholars.

Very naturally the "literature of knowledge" is better represented than the "literature of power," but among the goodly number of productions emanating directly or indirectly from the High School, there are a few recognized and appreciated beyond the narrow circle of fellow teachers and scholars.

Let us first examine the work done by the teachers, because they exert a direct influence upon that of the students. All those having literary inclination early recognized the necessity of becoming, for a time at least, specialists. But through the constant laboring in a common cause, and the frequent interchange of ideas consequent thereon, they have fortunately escaped the danger incident to specialism, and unaided judgment. It is seldom that any one has overdeveloped himself. They brought only such results of their special investigation into the common as were of direct benefit to those under their charge, wisely leaving the rest where it belonged, outside of the school.

The *Western* represents the general literary and literary criticism by teachers of the High School, and is the embodiment of their plans. An hour's perusal of an editorial journal edited by the head of the school, it has gradually, under his management, extended its scope. It is not no longer the organ of the High School, but long since the denizen of the *Western*. *Mercury* assumed the place of the representative literary magazine of the West. It is still, however, a High School institution edited by the principal, and published by a former teacher of the school.

Mr. Mendenhall, aside from the editorship of *The Western*, has made a place for himself in the literary world by three books on his favorite subject, English literature. "Representative Names in English Literature" aims at an answer to the various editorial questions which might be asked about an author: "When did he live? Who were his contemporaries? What was his standpoint? What are his representative works?" For what and how far can we trust him? Who vouches for his reliability, and what did he do to further the progress of literature?" All this is done

as far as is possible, and with what success may be judged from the fact, that after passing through two editions in the East, a third revised edition has just left the press of G. F. Jones & Co., of St. Louis. "Typical Shakespeare," the next of Mr. Morgan's works, is a compilation of all books, pamphlets, magazine articles, etc., published in the English language, relating to Shakespeare and his works, the whole arranged by subjects. The value of such a work as a reference book, will be appreciated by every one that has ever followed out a line of special investigation. "Literary Studies from the Great British Authors" seeks to present such selections from them as are characteristic of each, together with brief notices of their life, style of writing and relative work in literature.

Mr. Morgan's favorite field is English literature and it only needs a glance at the volumes of *The Reader* to be assured of it. There is one article on a different subject, however, that merits notice. "The Grounds of American Patriotism" will show that the quadrennial excitement is again agitating the country, be it benefit and interest to every one for whom the politics of our country is a "live issue."

Mr. Sander is somewhat kindred in the selection of his themes, although often widely different in ideas and treatment. Both are prominently critics, but their methods vary. Mr. Morgan finds in literature certain well defined tendencies and fixed laws, and ranks literary works according as they are more or less completely in conformance to accepted standards. Mr. Sander is "impressionist," though possessing some of the peculiarities of the other school. (System of Shakespeare's Dramas.) He is fond of looking at subjects from the "world historical" point of view, whether they be literature, politics (The American State), or poetry (DePue Days). The idea is elaborated in "The American State," a concise exposition of the principal characteristics and advantages of the American form of government, together with the principles underlying them. On the chief features of his poetry we have spoken in a former number of the Mirror (June, 1880).

Mr. Rosenstengel, until lately one of the teachers of the High School, has published two books, the German Grammar, which takes a high place among the numerous text books on that subject, and is understood to be at work on two similar works. But besides these he is the author of a history of German literature, which, though not bearing his name on the title page, yet owes its origin to him, and has been adopted in numerous schools and colleges.

Literature in general seems to be the favorite subject chosen by the High School teachers. Several, however, have devoted their attention to text books, strictly speaking, and embodied in them the result of long and successful experience in teaching.

Mr. Jameson, now publisher of *The Western*, has just issued his "Selections for Reading," and his "Rhetoric" is the success of the St. Louis book market, having been adopted by over eighty schools and colleges, while Mr. Seymour has just published the first of a forthcoming series of anthologies.

The other teacher has shown literary inclinations, and the indications are that the result of his labors will be something entirely out of the ordinary run.

It will be seen that the High School is already well represented in the literary world, and when we add the large number of scattered articles in educational and other periodicals outside of St. Louis, and think of the recognition which the authors mentioned have already received in the East and elsewhere, we have reason to be proud. We may therefore be justified in believing that the work done by the scholars of the High School will bear the best traces of these influences.

A. C. S.

ALUMNITIES.

- Miss Abbie Rex goes east this week.
- George Bear, of '77, is with Dodd, Brown & Co.
- Wm. H. Harding, of '72, is living in Mexico, Mo.
- M. Rosenblatt, '78 is with Rosenbaum, Davis & Co.
- Miss Lillian Stewart, June class, 1880, is summering in Illinois.
- Harry Berry is perfecting himself in archery; it is nothing else.
- Geo. Barron, '78, now with the St. Louis Smelting and Refining Co.
- Mary A. Moyle, of '76, resides on Pine St., between 15th and 16th.
- Miss Stephen McElvaine, of '73, is spending the summer at Ironton, Mo.
- Frank K. Gause, '75, is with the wholesale drug house of Richardson & Co.
- Miss Minnie Noble returns home from her visit to her friends, in the 29th.
- Mrs. Anna Laughlin is spending her summer with relatives in Lexington, Ky.
- Miss Anna Jones, '79, has moved to New York. Address, 150 West 128th St.
- Miss Lucella Cunningham, '79, has moved about four miles out in the suburbs.
- Wm. Bartlett has built him a house in DeSoto, and moved there with his wife.
- Eliot C. Jewett, '68, is practicing his profession as a mining engineer, in Leadville.
- Miss Fannie Warren, of '58, is married to Mr. Bruce; residence 2000 Sidney St.

The "Post Dispatch," of June 19th, reproduced Miss Libman's novel's copy, "Nantippe" in full.

—An A. Barton, of '52, is engaged as a teaching assistant with the Cheltenham Schooling works.

We are informed that a number of last June's class will enter the Washington University this fall.

James C. Miller, the artist, of '74, is up in Minnesota enjoying the scenery as only a connoisseur can.

Miss Fannie Flint, of '76, resides at 1179 Yale Ave. She is at present away for the summer in Minnesota.

Lowry Biggers, class '78, has followed the good example of several other alumni and gone to his native land.

Miss Fleta Hare, of '66, was married April 30, '79 to Mr. John Rosenbrough. They live at 2240 Carr St.

—Miss Katie R. Arner has been spending a portion of her vacation in the country, where, we are not informed.

—Wm. L. Fries, '74, has lately returned from Harvard where he has been taking a post graduate course in law.

—Mrs. Nellie Bonner and Mrs. Emma Krescholtz, of June, '80, have promised their assistance in collecting alms.

—Miss Harrie Marling, '9, is visiting Mrs. Munny, on Papin street. She goes back to Grinnell in about three weeks.

—Leiford Shady, of '68, is at home, Annapolis, D. C., employed during the day in the United States Coast Survey office.

—Miss Nellie Gould, of '76 lives at 2827 Euclid St. After graduating at the Normal she taught one year at Webster, but at present is at home.

—L. D. Frodenstein, of '78, is engaged in store keeping at 2852 Manchester road. Mary A. Lafiglio lives on Market, between 26th and 27th streets.

—Mr. Oliver Herbert Green, and wife, nee Rachel Lehmer, have gone summering amidst the beauties of Minnesota, and particularly around Lake Minnetonka.

—Wilson, of '79, and present President of the W. L. F. G. Club, has taken his traps and himself to the wilds of Minnesota, we believe to spend the summer camping out.

—Prof. Wm. H. Rosenbrough, of the University of Wis., and for many years teacher at the High School, has received the degree of A. M. at Williams College, Mass.

—Miss Fabelina Noyes, '74, is residing at Geneva Lake, Wis., "that is as much as can be done of resting,

where there are no rocks or no vegetation, that is, something new in the summer resort."

—Miss George Green, of, following the lead from Little Lull, and was to give to some of her old schoolmates at the residence of her father, Mrs. James C. Broadwell, No. 3118 Hennepin St., Camp Hill.

—Miss Rosalind French has left for Chicago, Lady Geneva and surrounding places, for which her husband would have prepared her. Miss French has been in New York.

—Our famous newspaper has spent the last month in New York, and will spend the next North, and so on, of course there will be no mistakes in their way some day. If there are we trouble for the printer, his great reputations are at stake.

—Miss Minnie Emmet left last week about ten to the north with a party of friends, to have a good sensible time, "keeping cool, and taking solid comfort" "in the wilderness." They are to visit Sand Water, Minn., Ossau de Melt, Taylor Falls, etc., and will doubtless prove most successful pleasure hunters.

—Peter Hunsche, newsboy on street, having been disappointed in his expected trip to Europe. There are conjectures that he was one of the unfortunate sufferers on the Sarragamo, as he has written home a very mysterious letter of terrible distress and escape from death, to be explained on his return.

—Henry Currier and Miss Lou M. Packard were married June 25th at Greeley, Colorado. Miss Lou is a daughter of Rev. A. K. Packard, of the First Congregational Church, of Greeley. Mr. Currier was a member of '74 but left for Colorado when in the 44 and is now the owner of Mendota Park Sheep Ranch. They are expected here in September or October on a visit.

—Miss Sarah Hunter, whose names of the teachers of the city will remember it as a practicing physician in Philadelphia. Like many other teachers she almost wore herself out in faithful service in our schools, but stepped finally and devoted herself to the study of medicine. She will start in October for a year's travel in Europe, but will visit her friends in this city previous to the trip.

—Miss Rutman and Langley, whose wedding was announced in the last No. of the Mirror had only one. They married each other. Well, we shan't catch our breath for no-one mistake than that. If we except symboling the whole affair up to us, certainly that nobody shall will each and a. From a worse point than that "but, and women" whose does even didn't know her, then We shall think ourselves fortunate, = E. J.

—Miss Jennie Shady sends a delightful little letter declaring the interest she and her brother still hold in the old school days, and wishes, closing those days "as all legal offspring of our Alma Mater should, among the happiest days of our lives, and hoping the paper may become the link uniting all in one grand fraternity of common interest."

Her oldest brother has become Dr. H. Shady and resides in Milwaukee, Wis., No. 464 Marshall St. He has two children, one a fine boy nine years old.

—The following addresses we think are correct. They ought to be, as our hair has grown two shades grayer in the effort to collect them. We shall be delighted to correct any mistakes that are pointed out:

✓ Of 74, Miss Maggie Tierman resides at 2003 Dickson street, and Miss Eleanor Whitaker, 1204 Chambers street.

✓ Of 76, Miss Amelia Frank lives at 2825 Washington avenue, and Miss N. E. Lynch, 2126 Biddle st.

✓ Of 78, Mary W. Clark, 2116 Pine street, Mary G. Day 3369 Lindell Ave.

✓ The address of Mary Frazer, of 76, is 1201 Granton street.

Clara Taussig, of 74, is at 1213 Dobbin street, Miss L. G. Wilson, 74, is at 27 15th street.

—Miss Annie Dudley, 76, has left for the North to spend the summer.

—Miss Ida Nixon, 76, is spending a few weeks in Taylorville, Ill.

—Mr. Seeman will leave shortly for the North to recuperate for a few weeks.

—Wm. C. Hudson, of 77, lives on the corner of Grand and Shaw.

—We have had a flying visit from Alexander Darley, who has been taking almost his first vacation after many years of such labor, such riding of miles and establishing of themselves as fairly makes our brains whirl to hear of. Mr. Darley is original by nature and the life he has led for so many years has intensified this in a great degree, and as originality is the salt that is needed to save so many of our dull lives, his relations of times, places, incidents, are second only to actual participation. He has hunted up old school-mates and places during his short stay with a devotion that revives sinking faith; but in spite of the pleasure his visit gave, and all we saw to admire, we are going to print, *sub rosa*, a little reminiscence a black-eyed miss once confided to me to-day, because its only the little boy Darley we are writing about. Its very short, and no one need mind skipping it, but— Alexander, the young, would throw kisses to the girls in school, under Mr. Pennell's very nose. We don't acknowledge that we put this in, because

Mr. Darley, being a horn and bred phenologist, said uncomplimentary things of the "Two Mags" to their faces, but dignity must be preserved, and the younger classes taught instinctively to look up to the older; and we never had any such nonsense in *our* class—that is—well, hardly ever, and *that* young gentleman was expelled and has never recovered.

EDITORIALS.

Owing to some mistake which we regret seriously, and can fasten upon no one, Miss Minnie Russell's share in the Alumni programme for June was omitted. The omission was doubly unfortunate, as all were so pleased both with her recitations, and with the fact that one of the later classes had come to the front to lend their aid in helping to make our entertainments desirable. We should be glad to specify the special excellence of her recitations, though it is unnecessary, as Miss Russell's ability is already known, but unfortunately we were obliged to be absent from the literary half of the evening.

We take a good deal of pleasure and credit to ourselves from the frequent expressions we have from recent members of reviving interest in the Alumni Association. A little effort now would bring in a number of desirable persons. It would be a good idea to look over the old lists before next meeting, and select two or three from each class of those who have dropped out, and are still available and send them complimentary for that one evening; so that this reviving interest may be stimulated. It is this to be a whole-souled fraternity every effort should be made to bring in all. Something might be done also to include in some little way those who are outside the city, so that they may at least think of us on the evenings of our meetings, and know that we think of them.

Our reasons are very good, and growing better; but it is not wise to fancy that there is no further need to work for improvement. One thing that we intend to keep insisting on until next December so that our point be gained, even if it is solely to get rid of our impatience. That is: Some effort must be made to facilitate to the meeting of old members and the introduction of new. The constant, unvarying complaint is, "We go down there; there is no one present that we know; no one introduces us or notices us, and so we get disgusted." Can't it be somebody's business to look after these people and make them have a pleasant time?

Then, classmates, come who have not met for some time. Faces change; they have't the remotest idea who, if any, of their class is present, and no definite way of picking out; the hall is crowded, and in the

heart" will not thus judge: "First cast the beam out of thine own eye and then shalt thou see clearly to pull the mote out of thy brother's eye."

The weakest woman is a fragile thing and few men understand it. It lives and flourishes in the sunlight of love, but withers like the mimosa at the touch of an angry frown or a cruel word. It cannot even thrive in the atmosphere of indifference. How many hearts are now struggling for existence in this stifling atmosphere? Only a few kind words would warm the sunshine. An approving look or smile, a simple "Thank you" for any service done would amply repay the toil.

Husband! be ever courteous and respectful to your wife; grant her little requests, sometimes, though at your own inconvenience, and your self-sacrifice will be rewarded. Remember it is your prerogative to throw around her the umbrella of your love, and it should be so deep and strong that no careless or cruel missile should ever enter its hallowed precincts; but how often do you trample upon this right, how often a harsh or impatient word or tone which is remembered by you no longer than it takes you to utter it, is a winged shaft that strikes and quivers in a loving heart. Husbands, whose wives are not what you think they should be, who appear to be fault-finding and capricious, try a different plan from that which you are now pursuing. Give them deeds of kindness and words of love, and soon your desert will not soon rejoice and blossom as the rose."—*L. H. Mann, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

PARTIES AND THEIR PRINCIPLES.

The two national parties having met and promulgated what they, in their wisdom are pleased to call their principles, and nominated their candidates, it must be of interest to every citizen to endeavor to ascertain what are the questions involved in this contest upon which the respective leaders would have us believe depends the weal or woe of the government. We are constantly reminded that on the success of one or that party depends the stability of the country. Is this so? Does the permanency of self-government depend upon the success or defeat of either one of the parties now soliciting the votes of the American people? Are there any principles involved in this contest the determination of which are of any interest to the people as distinguished from politicians?

Let us examine the platforms as laid down by the two parties and see if we can determine. Taking the Republican platform and carefully examining it, noting the party praise bestowed, and the vituperation cast at their opponents, and what remains?

1st. "There are in favor of popular education, but in effect what, as is known to all that this is only a recommendation and cannot be made a national issue,

and even if it were, the Democratic party is equally as earnest on the subject."

2d. A clause against the union of church and state. What possible interest this can have for the people of a country which settled the matter a century ago, we cannot see.

3d. A guarded and weak plank in regard to the tariff.

4th. An anti-Chinese clause directed against Mongolian immigration, which is equally as strongly put by the Democracy.

Now this in effect is the whole of the platform and contains the sum and substance of the *principles* enumerated by the dominant party.

The Democratic platform contains less than that of their opponents, because every thing is expressed in fewer words. Of course the prosperity of the country is credited to another source and our ills are charged to the Republicans. They admit that "we are a nation" and that "the constitution is the supreme law of the land." The financial doctrine is the same. The one matter in which they are opposed to the Republicans is the tariff question, but it is apparent to all that with the parties divided as they are geographically, this cannot be made an issue in the campaign.

What then is the position of the two parties? In what do they differ? Search as you will, and as carefully as you may, and you must inevitably come to the conclusion that this is to be simply a battle of the "outs" against the "ins." One says we are here and want to remain; the other, we are out; get out of our own and want to get in. The Democratic party seems to have recognized that there was no national principle at issue and consequently have devoted their chief strength and power to the "Flood of 1877." They have not only devoted to this the major strength of their platform, but in order to emphasize it they gave the nomination to a man who, while he holds the opposition of their chance to raise the libretto promiscuous "war cry" or other issues so potent to their success, hidden military commission under the alleged fraudulent administration, and one who holding the same office in 1877 was bold enough to define his position when the alleged fraud was being perpetrated.

As far as the Democratic party is concerned then, the only question of importance is the one of whether or not the right man at present occupies the Presidential chair. Too much has already been said pro and con on this subject to attempt to add anything of interest, but of one thing we are certain, the present incumbent is there legally and it is too late to argue the matter.

This being the position of the two parties the inquiry remains, "what are the questions involved in the contest?" Clearly only the determination as to which

party shall control the executive patronage of the government for the next four years. That the fate of the country is to be affected, or our prosperity to be aided or injured by the success of one or the other, not one man in a hundred believes.

The fact is these parties have long outlived their usefulness, and the sooner they pass out of existence the better. Political parties must exist probably as long as our officers are elected as they now are, but is there any reason why a party should be kept alive after its objects are accomplished or its necessity has passed away?

"LOS ANGELES."

From the San Francisco Bulletin

The holy touch of twilight fell
Upon thy brow, San Gabriel,
From thy retreats, reluctant Day,
Turned softly to the west away,
When the Cathedral, quaint and old,
Rang forth its bells; and as they tolled
Thou wepest hush, they seemed to say,
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

The double post, a winged train
Clipped—beauteous—the plain,
Thou, yet it stretched square and gray,
Above whose eaves the angels play;
They, and the stonemason, bent and old,
In suitably drapery, fold on fold
Still tell the bells, and seem to say,
In ecstasy of blissness,
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

O who be those that at the gate
On the Cathedral stand and wait?
The wardens have gone away;
It is the Bishop's want to stay;
The bishop he is spirit and old,
And fingereth all his prayers he told;
The awe-stricken minor seems to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness,
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

The forms are from the gateway gone,
But in their arms another one
Then came not with them, through the gray
Hosts of the Mass, they here away;
And 'neath the altar, quaint and old
The Bishop both pale and cold,
And still strange music seems to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness,
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

A voice from heaven came
The heights of the Sierra dome,
As it were a home afar,
Shot forth from the eternal day;
And on the mountain's ward and old,
Night sweet, her starry rosy fold,
And swelled a song that seemed to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness,
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

A voice of benediction fell
As from thy roof, San Gabriel,
Soft passing children, to the sky,
My mission I leave down;
Thou dost it, blessed, quaint and old
Still to thy heart my hands extend!
Still run the waves, and seemed to say
In ecstasy of blessedness,
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

—J. M. M.—
"The Angel,"
San Gabriel Mission, August 10th, 1874.

As we have sent out a number of papers to our addresses this month, and shall do the same next, we feel impelled to present our former readers with our magazine the paper is being turned open again and our correspondents indignant. We simply desire to give each graduate an opportunity to accept or refuse this month, as they see fit. Of course each acceptance means that much less risk in turning it, and we are not at all averse to having it pay for itself in the minutest details; but we shall be very sorry to have any one imagine there was a attempt being made to exercise compulsion.

We are asked so often about colored members of classes, who attended the schools for a longer or shorter time, but did not graduate that we have come to the conclusion that it would be advisable to have a supplement to each Class History, including all such of whom information can be gained. If anyone can tell us any thing about them, please do so.

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No. 411 Franklin Ave.,

St. Louis, Mo.

Our Mirror.

Hammond Staff Album.

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OUR MIRROR.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

IN THE INTERESTS OF THE

HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

EDITORS

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THE CHARGE OF THE WINGED BRIGADE

XXX. CONTINUED

I.

Held a mile, half a mile,
Held a mile onward,
All into the chambers of sleep.
Flew the Six Hundred,
"Forward the Winged Brigade!"
"Charge for the face!" they sob—
Into the chambers of sleep
Flew the Six Hundred.

II.

"Forward the Winged Brigade!"
Was a mosquito "fraid?"
Not though each skelter knew
They all had blundered,
There not to leave a sigh,
There not to reason why,
There but to life and death
See into the face of death
Flew the Six Hundred.

III.

Screens to the right of them,
Towels to the left of them,
Held hands in front of them.
Waved wildly and thundered,
Stormed at by towel and hand,
Till they could hardly stand,
Bobbed they flew and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouths of—well,
Flew the Six Hundred.

IV.

Flushed all their bills so bare,
Flushed, as they turned in air,
Waking the sleepers there,
Charged like an army, while
Every one wondered,
Plunged in the candle smoke
Right through the net they broke;
Strong wire and netting
Stretched by their valiant stroke
Shattered and splintered.
Then they flew back again,
But not the Six Hundred.

V.

Fans to the right of them,
Towels to the left of them,
Pennyroyal behind them
Threatened and plundered,
Stormed at with towel and hand
Till they could hardly stand,
Hordes of mosquitoes fell.
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death,
Through pennyroyal smell
All that was left of them,
Left of Six Hundred.

VI.

When won their glory due—
O! what a charge they made!
Every one wondered
Honor the charge they made
Honor the Winged Brigade
Held killed Six Hundred.

THE HIGH SCHOOL IN LITERATURE.

II.

Good and successful teachers are usually possessed of strong individualities, at least such are the ones best remembered by their pupils. They impress their ideas upon the minds of the young, and mould their thoughts to a large extent. A number of such persons in a school give it a certain character, and this character appears in their works and is also reflected in the scholars of the school.

Coming as they do under the pale of this influence, the literary work of the scholars of the High School bears evidences of it. To be sure, it is more apparent in the methods of work and in the treatment, than in the choice of subjects or the ideas. These are so intimately connected with the individuality of the writer and his natural inclinations, that outside influences cannot materially alter them. Some thoughts expressed by teachers have borne fruit, however, in a way utterly unknown to them, but none the less happy.

The muse of poetry is particularly partial to High Schools and Colleges. Each class has its poet or poets in the St. Louis High School usually of the literary sex. Each bids a tearful good-bye to its *Alma Mater* in a Class Hymn. Aside from the Class Hymn, but little remains of these effusions after their authors leave the hallowed halls of the school. They are treasured up along with the diploma and the photograph of the happy graduate in the most sacred niche of the paternal household. And well it is that such is the case. Only the better ones will now and then keep on and attempt in the course of time to do something worthy of more serious notice. It is of these we wish to speak here.

Miss Fannie I. Sherrick has for some years been favorably known as the author of quite a number of pretty little poems published in the *Western Republic* and various other papers. Recently these and several more ambitious productions have been published in book form and been well received. *Love and Fame*, St. Louis; W. S. Bryan. These pretentious tendency is lyrical and the form in which they are clad is correct and well chosen. The contemplative character of several gives a pleasing variety to the volume.

Mr. Lyman Whitney Allen is known as one of "Princeton's" poets and the versatility of his talent is considerable. He has variously contributed to the *Western*, *The Minton* and several College papers. A volume of his poems has been published in the East. They are chiefly lyrical, but not a few are very descriptive and several are in blank verse strongly dramatic. Mr. Allen has mastered the technicalities of versification and it is seldom that he fails here.

The number of those who are authors of one or

more poems, but who have not yet attained to the distinction of having them printed in book form is great. Of the many we can only mention two as specially prominent. Miss Kate A. Jones, class '77, has at various times contributed to *The Minton* and to several other papers. Miss Maud K. Davis' poems were mostly published in one or the other of the St. Louis dailies, while others have found a place in the columns of *The Minton*.

Passing from the consideration of poetry to prose, we find that there is one High School novel, "*Conquered*" is its title and Miss Essie Strong is the author. It is one of that class of novels referred to in "*The New Republic*," written by the authors, with the aim of pouring out their own feelings for themselves to contemplate, or explaining to themselves and others their own histories. "There are some very sensible ideas in the book. A few strikes near home" that it would perhaps be worth while to investigate. The work was published in the East a few years ago and was one of the successes of the season at the time.

Miss Gertrude Garrigues has written much for *The Western* and has on one or two occasions lent the aid of her facile pen to the then struggling *Minton*. She has translated a good deal from the French and published several very interesting original articles.

Mr. W. J. S. Bryan, our President, has, when the tedious duties of that office allowed him leisure, now and then penned an article for the *Western*, generally a criticism.

Mr. F. M. Crandall, Librarian of the Public School Library, has published a series of articles on Shakespeare, numerous critical reviews in the *Western* and occasional articles in the *Living Journal*.

If the literary activity of the teachers of the High School finds expression in the *Western*, the scholars, after a long time, have also found a medium for conveying their thoughts. *The Minton* occupies this place. Its first number appeared in May, 1879, and notwithstanding many struggles, it has fought its way through, and is now firmly established. Its articles are all at least readable. Here, as in every periodical, there are grades of merit, but now and then an article appears that is worthy of a place anywhere. One of these was "The Great American Novel," by Mr. John C. H. Stevenson, class '72.

The Minton has brought out just such latent talent and utilized it, by arousing an interest which had lain dormant for years. Teachers and scholars all have spread their wings and shown themselves capable of doing something. Poetry and novels; criticism and literary history; scientific and political treatises all these various literary forms are represented in the aggregate of High School literature. With such a nucleus there is every reason for supposing that the future will bring still better developments.

and it is to be hoped that the next class poet will not fail to realize our expectations.

A. C. S.

ADDENDA.—In the article in the last No. of THE MIRROR, Mr. Seymour was usually mentioned. His "Arithmetical Series" had at that time been partially published, and consequently no farther mention was made of it. Since then these books have attracted considerable attention. Mr. Seymour believes that arithmetical science may be summed up in a few brief, concisely written books: that the theory of arithmetic must be taught; that all else is merely disciplinary, and that the idea of using a separate book for *mental* arithmetic must once for all be discarded. It will be seen, therefore, that he gives us a series of arithmetics, which, like Appleton's readers in another branch, are in accordance with the latest and best views of prominent educators. Like several other High School authors, he believes in "boiling it down."

Mr. Jas. A. Martling, formerly teacher at the High School, is the author of a well rendered hexameter translation of the "Iliad," and of several poems, which were published in New Orleans and San Francisco papers.

A CARNIVAL OF VENICE.

We can't have Venice, and moonlight rides on her canals, floating in gayly decorated gondolas to the soft music of guitars; but sometimes even in our own prosaic(?) country, we may happen upon scenes that, with the help of a little imagination, will excite as pleasurable sensations as those the multitude feel bound to rave over.

It was once the good fortune of a party of us to pass through the canal above Keokuk, between five and eight o'clock, on a lovely moonlight evening. The sky was still crimson with an unusually brilliant sunset; in the east the moon was just rising; in front was the second pair of gates towards which we were gliding with a scarcely perceptible motion; through the closed gates behind, the pent up waters were rushing in many canonic waterfalls; it was hard to decide which way to look. In the third and last lock, the many beauties culminated. The banks on the right, at this point rise to a considerable height and are in many places surmounted by dwellings and lofty forest trees. In the softening twilight, aided by the moonbeams, and the convenient illumination, they bear no small resemblance to the storied parapets and battlements of renown. At the base of these hills ran a railroad track; and the constantly passing trains, in daytime the most practical, unostentatious in existence, also succumbed to the lunar illumination, and rushed along like fabled dragons with their glancing eyes of flame.

We reached at last the third lock, the motion of the boat growing ever slower, more lingering, the twilight ever more suggestive. The bridge beyond,

the small engine rooms on each side the three pairs of gates, a steamboat waiting out side for its turn to enter this fairy land, were all decorated with red, yellow, blue and green lights that multiplied themselves in the dark, lazily lapsing waters below, until they rivalled a carnival of Venice itself. We glided through the last gate, with the music of the minute cawales behind slowly dying away. The moon's bright path across the waters grew broader and brighter; the paddles of the waiting boat began to gladden in the rays, as she prepared to enter the charmed path we were leaving behind, a subdued lulling alone marked the slight acceleration in the speed of our own boat; our party was steeped in the *dolce far niente* of the hour, and made no sound save some low song carried half under the breath of some rapt singer. The bridge slowly opened, the swaying lights becoming us on, and the peculiar fascination in the exquisite results of giant machinery being doubly enhanced at this hour. We moved softly on with hushed breath, seeing in the gleaming blackness beyond, something of the mysteries of eternity, when suddenly our boat's bow stuck in a mud bank and our party woke to the startled fact that we were a sleepy, matter of fact crowd afire, and quite ready to go below and fight mosquitoes the rest of the night.

We had been through fairy land, however, in that three hours trip, and no one will ever be able to convince us otherwise, or to take the memory from us.

DOES MIND ACT UPON MIND INDEPENDENT OF MATTER.—CONTINUED.

If things under our own observation, or the statement of those clear minded and reliable persons prove what seems true: that "mind operates upon mind independent of matter:"—or if not independent, are in a way almost entirely different from the ordinary mode of connection; we are driven to admit a new dynamic identity; an action of forces producing motion in bodies; and probably moving the moral, as well as physical forces of some, it not of every kind; and if so, the question arises, are those actions and forces connected with what is termed future life?

This language of Nature, if it be such, does not open up, or throw much light, if any, on what is termed spiritualism. That, as understood by some, connection with the spiritual world by Mediums, affected and guided by peculiar laws.—Of this we have very little evidence.—The writer has seen many careful tests of spiritual mediums, but nothing which proves the truth of their assertions.

About the year 1837 or 8, the writer became acquainted with Charles Poyen, from France, whose name is known in all countries, as the wonderful Odylie, or Animal Magnetic Lecturer. He did not assert, nor teach that the philosophy of this wonder-

ful human agency, these new dynamic laws, and singular relations of humanity, were spiritual manifestations, though he did not say they were not. The idea given was, that they stand in connection with the universe by an almost infinite economy, and an unexpected reciprocity!

Dr. Poyen was accompanied in his journey and lectures by a medium, which enabled him to illustrate, in a good degree, the facts and principles of which he spoke. I introduced him to a sick room, that the medium might examine one who had been more than three years sick, and had, in many respects, an appearance of disease of the lungs. I was careful in this to give no intimation to any in the town where the lecturer boarded; nor to any one where the sick lived, except the family; nor in my own town. In the morning I went with my own carriage and took the Dr. and the medium to the sick room, some three miles. Having entered the house of the sick, Dr. P. succeeded in 24 minutes, in placing the medium in a magnetic sleep; who immediately accompanied him to the sick room, where the patient, Mrs. Dehano, was confined to her bed, and unable to sit up five minutes at a time; though possessing a cheerful eye, and a feeble but pleasant countenance. The examination, written down at the time, will appear in the next number.

$$1 + 1 = 3.$$

ALEX. M. DARLEY.

We have found $1 + 1 = 1$ where union could ensue in Holy Matrimony. And $1 + 1 = 2$ only when the opposites was kept clear in the mind, or when imagination entered as the objective force required to make not a union but an aggregation, by addition or multiplication, in which fundamentally there is separation, in fact, but union, in idea. Love is the essential factor in all unities—in science it is called affinity. Imagination is the essential factor in all mathematical unities—whether matrimonial or artistic, or religious, imagination lies at the bottom of all divorce—because making a marriage out of non-affinities—and of all idolatry because joining the non-affinities:—formality and spirituality, without the necessary *cool accommodation*—religious life.

This brings us to $1 + 1 = 3$. This can never be where soul is not counted in. In life and creation $1 + 1 = 3$. Soul is the outgrowth of a unit, spirit, in attempted union with a unit, embodied matter. Man has never had, and never can have cognizance of nor conception of unembodied matter. Not even the world—with which we have any mental relations—was out of unembodied matter. Matter is not our sphere of study, but embodied matter. The world was not made out of nothing, but only out of what "does not appear."

Let both scientists and the theosophists note the fact, and stop their quarrelling.

$1 + 1 = 1$ and $1 + 1 = 3$, are alike in having common ground in *union*. Also in both being productive—the first, of similarity, the last, of individuals. Further, both are intimately related to God by covenant. There are but two Church covenants: Love and Life; and these give rise to the two Sacraments of the Church—which historically have been 1 and 2 and are to be 2 more, wherein $2 = 3$. A sacrament is the faith—use of the symbol of a covenant.

There is a third covenant, the world covenant—the only covenant peculiar to natural religion, and as a matter of revelation—in which the Rainbow is the symbol.

As to the mode of $1 + 1 = 3$. It is itself 3. That is, the Spirit of God has come into permanent, creative relations with embodied matter three times. The Cosmo, the Adam, and the Christ. In each case the form or embodiment of matter was higher, so the creations were better each time. When the Spirit moved upon the empty orb—'waste and desolate,' not informed—light became and began to be. Light was and is the first matter. Light itself is threefold, giving what we call light, heat, and electricity. We do not know light—of which it was said, 'Let there be light,' any more than, no more no less than, we know that wondrous unit of union and life—the soul, or that wondrous unit of mediation—the *at one-ment*—Christ. All help explain each—but we know none as we ought to know.

Adam was a formed man before he became a living soul. His soul made him an organized man—and so a living one. Soul is necessary to organization. It is late related to spirit and organized matter. It is neither spirit nor matter. It cannot be without spirit as the creator, though it may be without spirit as the agent. It cannot be without embodied matter as the formative ground, yet it may be without body as the instrument.

The Virgin was a formed and organized woman, before Christ, who was of her by the Spirit, became a living soul. And he was a formed and organized man—that is, a living soul, before he became a life-giving spirit. There was—it may be said—an Adamic creation of Christ—or a creation like that of Adam—after his birth. It may be even said that Christ had a threefold creation. The whole creation summed up in one being. He typical of all, as he had already been creator of all. The Spirit came on him at Jordan's side, and the Adamic Christ was seen complete, but so much greater than the Adam, as a man living is greater than a body formed. His own spirit evolved out of his buried body a resurrected Son of God, and matter became eternal in Him. In the first he represents the birth of souls to animals, birds, and fishes. In the last of the seed of every plant. And by the

second the creation original of the world and man, and the new redemptive creation of man by regeneration and the baptism of powers, languages, etc. Baptism meaning properly, a change of condition.

As to the creative mode of 1 and 1 becoming 3, we can only say that whenever the spirit tries to come into union with body, a soul has to become a unit and number. It is a historical fact. The higher the form and the more life the body possesses, the higher the grade of the soul. But it takes the annulatory word of God every time to make this a truth. Again, that soul is the differentia of the particular thing, individual, or person. Of it we can properly say, "He." In any certain union resides the Will, subject to spiritual or physical influences. There is a tendency where body is upward in influence to make 1, the soul and 1, the body=1 by an unhealthy marriage; but when the spirit rules 1+1+1=1, a still larger unification, Divine in its tenderness and results. "The first Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam, a life-giving spirit."

To throw further light on this relation—and so, on this creation—I give the following fundamental definitions:

The soul of the Cosmos is threefold. The soul of Man is sevenfold. The soul of Christ is manifold. The first is so because of dependency and teaching in nature of God.

The second, because of individuation and adaptability to body.

The last, because of independence and likeness.

A man dies when his soul leaves his body, taking his spirit with him.

A man is a trance when his spirit absents himself from his soul and body temporarily.

A man has a vision when his body is out by non-recognition by consciousness.

When the spirit is quiescent man sins, when active man worships. When the spirit revolts man dies. When the spirit is awakened there is regeneration, and conversion results. When the soul is quiescent, the man is indifferent—fruitful source of sin. When active, man has a choice, and can learn good or bad, can be saved or lost. The idiot is a case of disorganization, that is, of a body unsuitable to soul, so soul bound and not accountable, so in insanity, which is altogether a thing of injured or abnormal organs. The difference between the two being that in the first, power is totally gone, while not always in the second, for insanity may be of a single organ or neighboring group, but in idocy he is not his own, "alien." He has no controlling soul, as mediation between spirit and body is lost for want of organism, not for want of health or unbalanced organism. Soul at rest, sleep ensues. Sleep is both of the agent and instrument, both of the soul and body. Soul healthily separated—in the death of Christ—properly called

"sleep," as it rests and so grows into fitness for bodily action at resurrection. The soul at rest in a Savior—likeness to greatest of souls ensues, and we have peace, because victorious and sure of victory.

Body at rest in three conditions is called sleep; in seven, it is death, and consequent decay. Body disturbed there are diseases. The difference between the dream and vision is that the dream is physical and the vision spiritual. The dream is caused by disturbed but not broken rest of body—an abnormal condition, while the vision is caused by normal spiritual activity. The highest condition of the quiescent or non-reorganized body is the seclusion of the soul with the spirit in the predominance of the latter restored by the supernatural agency, foresight of the unseen. If this agency is God, it is revelation. If Devil, it is phantasy. Whenever materialization ensues, it is a sign of organic disease. True materialization in the wide sense of visions in moonshine, shadows, and so-called spirits taking on form and substance, through the voluntariness of the seer. Voluntariness in vision is *prima facie* evidence of falsehood, except in the vision of Christ by the faith exponent of spirituality. This is ordered—"Looking for a revelation of Christ." This is especially granted at the hour of dissolution.

From these definitions it is evident that all these parts of man are distinct yet related—and being causes are entities—units. If these units have not become a unit, some separative cause has come in. In Scripture and universal language it is called sin, and God's first definitions of it justify our positions. It's a "death" because a destruction of growth. Its mode is mathematical—that harmonist of things—for he again says, "The whole imagination of the thoughts of his heart are only evil every day."

In one word, God's creative problem—"The Problem of Eden"—was to make embodied matter eternal for the first time. Spirit was necessary to that—soil was necessary to enable spirit to lay hold on body. Spirit triumphant in Christ made that union a success. In him was the love of God manifested, and God, too, for the Son of Man became the Son of God, and in him can man become eternal by becoming spiritual. "We see not yet all things put under him, but we see Jesus," etc. In Christ alone has 1+1=3 and 3=1 but in God always 1+1+1=1 and 1=3.

As our whole issue is now in circulation, we shall be obliged after this to call in each month, certain copies that we have been sending masked, in order to continue presenting the paper to the many who have not yet seen it. If any of those who have been receiving it without sending for it, find it suddenly discontinued, they will understand that this is the reason, and will please apply for it if they wish it continued.

We print the following thoughts, as the conclusion of one who has had some unusual opportunities of seeing many of the many sides of our Public School system. Some of the wholesale denunciations will startle our loyal hearts, but as these complaints seem constantly coming to the surface, it would be wise as well as interesting to sin them to the very bottom, and find the elements of wisdom they must possess, not necessarily for the purpose of destroying those systems, but to continue the work of perfecting them:

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

Education—the phrase is comprehensive, and although it is counted as commonly commencing with the alphabet, yet it has a broader and more extensive significance, than the roll of our elementary studies would indicate. They are but simply the breaking of the fallow ground of genius, in order to determine where special capabilities exist. In truth, Education begins with our birth and ends only with our life, and youth is not the only, but simply the better, season for its thorough development, because the twig is more easily bent than the tree; and the memory more retentive and the impressions more lasting. The plan for education should be so classified as to adapt them selves to the powers of application and scope of capacity in different pupils. If rare genius is manifested, it should be cultivated regardless of cost, for hardly not one in ten thousand develops an exceptional character, nor is it every age that will produce a Watt or Davy or Faraday.

So to the youth of genius should be open every avenue leading to the highest and most complete training the country could afford. Whilst on the other hand, for mediocrity it would be idle to waste time and trouble in a vain endeavor to arrive at perfection. Whilst I commend the progress made in our public schools for years past, and particularly under the efficient management of Mr. Harris, yet I deem the present system somewhat dispirited and altogether too diversified to be efficient. In common parlance there are too many irons in the fire to keep them used advantageously; in other words, too much Kindergarten, too much German, and lastly, too much High school, all having a tendency to make too many superficial scholars. I contend that not one in twenty who graduate at the branch high schools ever accomplishes anything thereby. Whether it is from want of adaptability to glean the instruction furnished or whether that instruction is of an imperfect character, I am not prepared to say, yet the fact is significant and deserves more than a casual notice from those at the head of that department.

I am aware that to make a success as a teacher,

is a difficult undertaking, and requires a fund of patience, perseverance and determination, and it is a pleasure to know that as a whole, our Public School teachers compare more than favorably with other cities in the States. Yet there is room for improvement in the best of systems, and it is wise not to cling too closely to old rules and systems.

Kindergarten seem a very unnecessary primary appendage, and as for German, it should give way to a more universally useful branch of instruction. History for instance, "To be ignorant," says Plutarch, "is the lives of the most celebrated men of antiquity, is to remain in a state of childhood all our days." Are we not deficient in that branch of necessary knowledge, and would it not be more available than the study of German?

It is but proper that our system of education should keep pace with the age wherein we live,—the age of scientific and intellectual freedom—and harmonize in all respects with the highest, most complete, irrefragable and universal spread of knowledge.

ALUMNITIES.

—Mrs. Dora Kemmer, of '74, has lost a little child, this month.

—James A. Walsh, of '61, has just lost a little child four months old.

—Mrs. Mary Eccles, formerly Miss Concession, of '63, has been out of town all summer.

—Mr. Cook, of the June Class of '80, is engaged on the staff of the *Evening Chronicle*.

—Miss Bessie Strong has been out of the city for several months. Her health has not been good for some time past.

—Mr. Barber and wife are expected in the city soon for a short visit, and hope to see all their friends at Tower Grove Station.

—Mrs. Hucksell and Mrs. Spargo have been away for some time, but are now at home. Miss Annie Dudley has also returned from her summer trip north.

—Mrs. Sallie Hildreth, of '61, has moved to Denver on account of continued ill health. The plan is to locate and grow up with her friends to be given up for this reason.

—Mrs. Anderson, of '74, has also lost a child. Mrs. Anderson was formerly Miss Sallie Durkee, and has been married between one and two years. She lives at Colorado Springs, Col.

—Mrs. Brewer has been suffering from continued ill health this summer. Her vacation has profited but little. She is contemplating a short trip on the river as soon as her condition will permit.

—Miss Jennie Shidy, instead of living at Anacostia as stated last month, has her home with her parents upon their farm at Silver Hill, Md., two and a fourth miles distant from Anacostia. Leland Shidy is in the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey Department, but also resides at home.

(We are under obligations to Mr. Shidy for sending the foregoing corrections, and wish that others would be as prompt.)—Etc.

—Miss Sallie Mills is having a delightful summer in New York and surrounding places. Her ability to enjoy and exclude sight-seeing is way beyond that of the average traveller, and if she was not kept so very busy at school work during the year, we might have many interesting pen pictures from her.

—Mrs. Wm. E. Barher, Miss Emily Knox and mother, accompanied by their friends, Mrs. Wm. H. Grey, and Miss Annie Temple, and duly marshalled and kept in order by our business manager and wife, have just returned from a most enjoyable ten days travel up the river.

—Owing to various absences, sickness, etc., we have been obliged to postpone both the continuation of the Class History for '61, and the beginning of that for '62, until next month. In the meantime will some one please inform us if a boy by the name of Theodore Speedman graduated in '61.

—Mr. Morgan says of James A. Walsh, of '61, that he is as shrewy as of old, and is as persevering, and industrious, and successful as when he recited Greek in No. 2. He is proving the falsity of the supposition that a collegiate education creates a distaste or incapacity for a successful mercantile life.

EDITORIALS.

THE loss of Adelaide Neilson falls upon the hearts and intellects of both continents. The incomparable witchery she threw around her various characters, the sweetness, the arch mischief, the tender self-devotion impress us always as being Miss Neilson's own characteristics shining through her lovely face, and so endearing her doubly. Long will it be before those luminous eyes and exquisite smile will fade from memory or the perfect acting, which reasserts itself as nature alone, be eclipsed.

We object strongly to the use of "struggling," as applied to Our Mirror, as it does not at all suit the case. There never was such a chance to make a first rate paper as there is in this; and if the few who have undertaken it had the average amount of time, every thing would be plain and pleasant sailing. We are averse to asserting, however, that three of the very few engaged in it, have each the work and responsibility

of three average people on their shoulders, and so can give but a small proportion of the time and thought they would like. Whenever the push is applied, the MIRROR sails off splendidly, and when she doesn't go its because the crew is off—picknicking and she is like the "banquet hall," deserted.

We have received from Dr. T. E. Ramboold a copy of a book entitled 'The Hygiene of Catarrh,' of which he is the Author, and Geo. O. Ramboold & Co. the publishers. It came too late for more than mere mention this month. In our next we propose to give it that space which the reputation of the Author would naturally demand.

ALL our little High School Graduates to be, who have pet kittens that don't take comfortably to this life, let me tell you what is good for them. Get your mamma's to go with you into the woods and gather some catnip, or if there are no woods or no catnip, take the more prosaic method of buying the dried at the drugstore, and feed it to your kittens. They will make more fuss over it than ever you do over the packages of candy your papa brings in, and will get well on it immediately. Our United States Counsel to Balize, told us this during his trip north this summer, so you see it must be valuable information, though how they found it out in Balize, which as your mamma will show you on the map, isn't big enough to grow one bunch of catnip, much less a whole kitten, we can't tell. We are going to try it on one of our kittens, who has the infirmity of too much name, which is what most little kittens die of.

IN PLANNING for a summer trip on the river it is well to remember that there is a difference in boats, as there is in wives, and various other articles of household furniture, and the officers too are a very important element in such an excursion.

We have, ranging from here, Com. Davidson's fleet of finely equipped side wheelers, and in all their appointments they are quite complete; but when low water comes, as it always will at about this season of the year, they are very apt to find that the bottom of the river is all too near the surface.

Then is the time when the less pretensions, but even more comfortable boats of the "Diamond Joe" line come quietly to the front. Literally speaking, and pleasantly enclosed in one of these you can steadily push on over the sandbars that have proved an obstacle insurmountable to the boats of deeper draught, and after laboring into port some two or three days behind you, the hail of sympathy can be extended to those of your friends, who less fortunate than yourself didn't know of the superior advantages of low water boats. Well we, that is seven of us tried the "Luluie Conger" and we want to try it again. The "old man" of the afore mentioned, is Capt. Will

Beland, a man whose heart hardly has room to exercise its legitimate functions, even in the spacious 265 pound vehicle that nature endowed him with. Always alive to the welfare of his passengers, the Captain takes care that the board, as well as the crew, are looked after. As equally ready with a supply of water means by mouthful, as with a song, or a discussion of life and humanity generally.

Then they are all of the same sort that he has about him. Mr. Morrison and Mr. Pender in the office, Captain Burns and Haight at the wheel, are each and every one of them gentlemen whose society would be a pleasure under any circumstances. Nor must we forget the steward, whose good things under the able management of Martin, always meet a hearty greeting.

This boat is but one of the line, all of the same sort, and believing that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, they prefer to secure their share of public patronage by an actual showing of what they can and will do for those who travel with them. But almost to a certainty, if once you go, the invitation is formed to try it again. All success to the Diamond Joe line.

25 HADINGTON PLACE,
EDINBURGH, Aug. 9th, 1880.

DEAR BROTHERS: Your letter of the 17th came last week, just as we were starting for Sterling, and I am sure you that I am nothing about which begins to me the pleasure that these bits of home views, seen at the distance of more than three thousand miles, afford me. You have doubtless heard that all our boys about our sickness street to tonight, the Atlantic lighthouse only and his, and I went regularly to the light four times a day.

We have been here three weeks with the exception of four days spent in the "Lady of the Lake" region. There is a good deal of poetic prurience about the part of Scotland. South coast things tearfully. The "silver strands of Elinor's Isle, are very small affairs." The "Grosvenor's rugged peaks are not very rugged, when I get through, I found myself asking, is this all?" The lakes are very pretty; and the hills they can hardly be called mountains—covered with heather, which is now in bloom, makes very beautiful pictures. Still I have seen ever so many in the United States quite as fine. I do not think there is any which I have seen that compares favorably with the North river from New York to the Catskill, and the Mississippi, especially in the neighborhood of Winona and Lake Pepin, quite as fine.

I think the best thing we have seen, is the views from — sent, just south of Holyrood Place, and one or two views from Sterling Castle. It is difficult to give the preference to either, but I think the latter makes the best picture.

This city, Edinburgh, has been very interesting, and I have "done it" thoroughly. I feel quite like an old citizen.

We have pleasant rooms on South Walk, a street about one hundred feet wide, and in some places one seldomly more. It is the great thoroughfare between Edinburgh and Leith, where a large part of the busi-

ness of the city is done, and there is more question of business wagons here than from the other streets in the town. Most articles of food are higher here than elsewhere, and we are poorer, the poorer class here being deprived of many of the comforts that have a home. Skilled labor, of competent masons, for instance, brings from \$8.00 a day to an hour, twelve or fifteen cents. Most of all kinds of nearly twice as high as in St. Louis. A four pound loaf of bread costs fifteen cents, butter from 30 to 45 cents a pound.

Drinkers of Scotch Whisky. They tell me it is more in use here, on account of the numerous trades here. I once saw one more drunken person in one day than he ever saw in a month in St. Louis. Sometimes I see a Scotchman drink it as well as he around town, but the town is so crowded with it that I will not allow street cars to run on Sundays. You may meet you can't find. Every body makes a grand day.

There is one thing that compensates for all this. I never saw any city where the poor could so easily get into the parks and gardens and amusements and spend lavishing money as they can here. No! don't walk on the "Grass" now. The "Meadows," on the north, Norton's, and the thousands of acres around it, and Holyrood, Pentecost, garden, Gogar Hill, and so easily reached, and you will see them crowded on Sundays with all classes of people, who make themselves entirely at home. You don't say you will as great numbers playing croquet and other amusements themselves as they please. Besides this, there are large open places in different parts of the city, so that one or the other can be reached in a few minutes' walk. Then there are the hills, but the boys of Edinburgh have all the variety that a country boy has. Level lawns, high hills, only a few people to climb, high hills, etc., and where you see one thousand of the poor and I see these broad open spaces and the hills and among the rocky cliffs, you can hardly realize that you are in a city. It is like these great and free mountains, there are many large parks and gardens which make good breathing places in the city, but which are only open to the poorest of the poor around them. If you could see how kindly even all these are with human beings, you would realize what a blessing the parks are.

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Our Mirror.

HUMAN NIDAL ALLEMAN.

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QUESTIONINGS.

FANNIE ISABELLE SHERRICK.

All the day from sun to shadow,
Sway, the pensive purple-eyed;
And the lily dewy maiden,
Lingers gently by her side.

All the year from joy to sorrow,
Sway, the soul by duty pressed;
And the heart with quickened throbbing,
Lingers still in vague unrest.

Could the pensive with her purple,
Could the lily in her white;
Know the pains the heart must suffer,
Would they still be bright?

If the heart could cease its throbbing,
If the soul could sink to rest;
Would our lives be worth the living,
Never more by duty pressed?

We have fixed in the hope thus far that some of the graduates, old or young, would after a while volunteer their services in assisting to work on the paper. Is our hope in vain?

CONSTANT, Aug. 11, 1880.

TO THE MIRROR:—After my long silence, since writing you that last letter, I scarcely feel like taking up the subject, where I left it, and, according to my promise at that time, giving you further comments upon my experience of Germans and German life. I am off on a holiday now, and prefer to give a few sketches of what I have seen in the way of people and places, rather than to dissect the manner and customs of Teutonic society. Do not fear for a moment, though, that I shall inflict you with the three thousand and first (I might say more, but make it a rule never to exaggerate) description of the picture galleries. I am content to revel myself in this new world of art opened to my eyes, and to comprehend as much of it as is possible in so short a space of time as my visits there have permitted, but for the rest, I shall not attempt to display my ignorance on the subject publicly for your benefit. Those of you who have been so fortunate as to enjoy the same treat, have only to recall it to your memories,—and all others I refer to the descriptions they already know by heart probably—and to the guide books! In this last line, I must mention "Baedeker," whose worth, long known to the world, I have been constantly proving in my own case. It gives one a most delightful feeling of independence to turn his back upon guides—and even friends, (if so be for the time his friends have turned their backs upon him, and he finds himself alone), and with this little red book under his arm go walking through a city he never saw before with the ease and certainty of its oldest inhabitant; and I will venture to say, by the time he has completed his surveying tour, and exhausted the length and breadth of the town, and the multiplicity of its "sights," he would be able to converse with this aforementioned, highly respectable individual intelligently upon all points therein included, and most probably give his bearer a few items of information that up to that time were not known even to him! And then the amusement connected with seeing numberless other little red books wandering along the streets and through the picture galleries—always sustaining and guiding some other aspirant for knowl-

edge and improvement in an equally safe and unalloyed way! Strange that there should be some travellers, who should blush to own their dependence upon this worthy guide, and should be known to cover its brilliant sides from the public gaze, or when thus undisguised, should be seen trying to conceal this lodge of the "stranger," and side by side with hordes of natives with an effort to look to the foreign city "burn and lire!" But all efforts of this kind are generally fruitless ones. A *something* betrays the secret, and for my own part, I am perfectly willing, provided I am not reckoned to that class of "strangers," who afford amusement to the citizens and their own fellow-travellers in every place they go.

At this season of the year, there is no amount of traveling, and one cannot go far without meeting all nationalities and all classes. On a stentorian the other day, going up the Rhine, I heard seven languages. Indeed the best thing to decide about a new corner is to what country he belongs. In some cases, we must wait to hear him *speech*, and that is not always infallible, for the Germans speak so many languages—usually told me recently—she and her family could talk French, English, German, of course, and Danish; and usually, when travelling, used that one which those around were least liable to understand! There is such a delightful convenience in being able to talk over "heart secrets" as safely in a crowd as "unter vier augen!"—only a little dangerous here, where some of those present may be equally skilled as linguists.

Then the Russians, Hungarians, Norwegians and others, who have each fluently and wonderfully made languages of their own, meet here three or four other *intelligible* mediums of thought at their tongue's end. But there is one specimen of the traveler never to be mistaken—either by his appearance, dress, manners, or lingual powers of adaptation. He walks into the railway depot, the railroad car or the hotel with that same infallible sense of his own superiority to all those around him, whoever they may be—with an air that says plainly, "you see I have left my comforts at home for a little while, and condescended to see for myself what you've got to show, and how you manage to live any way in such heathen places." I'll hold it out as long as I can, and do all the sights faithfully, but I'm used to something better than this, so step around lively and wait on me!" He is attired in the most conspicuous thing lately invented for the supposed increase of comfort in traveling, and addresses each and all in his mother tongue, as though that were a self-evident fact, that all must understand that, and if there is any doubt on the subject, he will remove it by an increased rate of lung power and his talents in the way of pantomime. That he should trouble himself to learn a foreign

language is simply *very absurd*. *Why does* then in a while, deign to speak a few sentences in another word or so? Later on, I saw a thoroughly proper-looking young man, looking at a German book in his hands, and heard him really say, "I have learned a few words of German, and as though there were some other language, contained in the fact, and so then, *why* do I have to speak it?" Don't recognize the pattern?

In regard to "sight seeing" what impression is most is the number of associations connected with these beautiful old spots. I have seen so little of my own country's natural beauties, that I am a little forcibly scenery here, without being troubled with any extraordinary comparison to merit or enhance the fact of the same. But there often charm to me, less on ethical in the sense of age and life-story, that I so often find nature everywhere. When I sat in the room in the old castle on the Wartburg, where Luther really said more than three and a half centuries ago, testifying the Bible, and see on the other side of the Rhine, there, including his charge the emperor of the University of Hall, or look into the great Hall, where almost as far back again the "Minnesänger" were musical war with each other and according to tradition immortalized through Wagner's beautiful *poem* painting of the legend, Taubhauser's struggle with temptation, it seemed to revivify all that we have ever learned through the sometimes dull medium of study. Only dull, though, because we do not understand it at the time—worth, or we would eagerly store our minds with knowledge, which at some future time might so tell to our enjoyment and full appreciation of our travels. And what double pleasure it is to find such structures as the great Cathedral in Cologne, not only so magnificent in form and every detail of execution and a perfect mass in size, but a type of the triumph of architecture for the last six hundred and thirty years. Or with what awe ascending to reverence, does one stand by the monument which marks the spot, where in 1143, in Constanz, noble John II. was captured bravely a very death for the sake of that faith, which was a dear to him, and yet we who are free to live and think, ask ours, often prize it so highly. His home, so standing, designated by a tablet and his last, a poor, lowly little dwelling to have sheltered such a great, heroic soul. I went through another home with more worldly but equally interesting associations, Guelphs, in Frankfurt on the Main. Germany's veneration for, and faithful remembrance of its great and honored sons have secured the preservation of this old building in all respects inside and outside as in the lifetime of the famous poet, and in his own particular study, there are countless associations of his works, and the characters that inspired many of them.

Perhaps I mention only the few I can easily think of my "sight seeing", but hope they may be to this account less stale to you. My impressions of the Rhine,

that lovely old river with almost as many poetical ties as the number of its waves, is hard to describe.

The river itself and its banks seem so modern, the people around you, as you sail along it in the steamers, are so modern, and yet those old castles, and the half-walled cities along its shores rise up before your eyes like ghosts of an age long past like the living embodiment of those old legends in song and story, that you have heard since your childhood, and you scarcely know if you were dreaming then or now.

But speaking of ruins, the most beautiful one I have seen was at Heidelberg and I would that my feeble pen could place it before the eyes of each one of you, who has not yet seen it, as plainly as it stood before mine, and will ever stand, when in the future, I look back over memory's treasures, and rejoice over one of her fairest gems. Imagine an old castle away up on the mountain side, part of its walls broken down and crumbling away, the other part, still standing, as firm and solid as when first built, and decorated with the most exquisite architectural work. There are all manner of apartments to be seen inside, and besides these, underground passages, great cellars, and the remains of an extensive and probably once elegantly laid out palace garden, now all left desolate, and for the most part gone to waste. From the long and still handsome terrace, included in the latter, we obtained a splendid view of the lovely Neckar, flowing along at the foot of the hills and on its banks, the quaint little city with its many church spires, and countless heights gleaming in the distance, and nearer at hand, further up the mountain, the castle itself, looming up indistinctly in the half darkness, like an enchanted palace in some old fairy tale. But most perfect of all, picture to yourself, away up on the summit of the hill, an old tower, only half of which is left standing, its sides all overgrown with wild vines, that cluster luxuriously around the empty window frames. The other half has broken away and rolled a ponderous mass way down the steep cliff, where it now lies motionless, held fast by its own weight, its rough sides and sharp corners hidden by the moss and vines, that have clustered lovingly around it. Below a steep descent, around the solitary wood-A-hill, not a sound breaks the night stillness of the air or the solemn desolation of the palace; and then slowly the moon rises, and touches with her pale, silvery light the whole scene, imparting to it with her rays a strange weirdness, a romantic, indescribable beauty! How quickly the eye takes in such a scene, and how slowly and comparatively the pen places it up on paper for the benefit of those, who can only see with others' eyes. But I was outstayed no more, I stopped on, having already claimed your attention too long, so I will close with the hope that all members of that vast and honored community, comprising our Alumni, may enjoy themselves as thoroughly during this summer's vacation as their

Friend and well-wisher,
NELLIE C. STRONG.

"DOES MIND ACT UPON MIND INDEPENDENT OF MATTER?"—CONTINUED.

The examination of Mrs. Delano, in her sick room, was written down at the time by the author of these communications.

The physician who had attended her, was by mutual arrangement, to attend the examination, and arrived a few minutes after the medium had been put to sleep. Those present, quite a number of friends, now entered the sick room, and Dr. Poyen was for the first time introduced to Mrs. Delano, and the medium, her eyes closed as in sleep, seated close beside the bed; and the examination commenced. The medium's first remark was: "what a small pulse you have; you are sick in every part; I don't see how you can live;" patting the hand upon the sick woman, the medium exclaimed: "sore! the scrofula has afflicted you all over, in almost every part; your lungs are not affected, and you have not much cough; your disease is in the bowels, and sometimes produces a beating in the side; you are very weak, and are some nervous, but not naturally so; your disease must have been of long standing, sometimes the bowels swell caused by the scrofula." The sick woman asked, what was the part of the bowels particularly diseased? to which the medium declined an answer in the presence of so many persons. All then left the room, except the husband, Dr. Poyen, the attending physician, and myself, who was writing down the examination. She then stated: "the genitals are the basis of the disease, and this difficulty is, and has been the seat of all the disease which you have about you, the appearance is now however, better than it has been; the part nearest the spinal column is most affected and has communicated the disease to that organ, and you sometimes now feel pain in the back; the spinal marrow is too dry, and you have a disagreeable tired feeling below the pit of the stomach; the bowels swell now, but less than formerly; your blood is now in a bad condition, and your head is frequently dull and heavy; your lungs are sound and are the last part of the system; your stomach is poor enough but the seat of no disease; your glands are stiff and inactive, and your limbs are affected by a general debility but no rheumatic disease." The medium then said "I don't think you can be cured—you may probably be made better, and may be cured; the disease has been a long time coming, and will be long in being cured, if ever." She was then asked what medicine would be best for her? She answered "a cup of barley, sarsaparilla and compound would do her good. For a wash a decoction of white oak and white pine bark; ingitions, decoctions of hops and elderberries. Diet, fresh meat, dry toast, sometime a very little salt fish." When asked where was the greatest pain? She said "Oh, the back suffers the greatest pain."

While going through these examinations, and descriptions of her disease, her husband whispered lowly in my ear again and again, "She must know; she must know."

Mrs. Delano had been sick some three years before this examination; unable to labor; much of the time confined to her bed, and sometimes apparently at the point of death. Some years before this, I took her only child, then two years old, in my arms and held her for the mother's last kiss, as all, herself and others, thought her dying. Her sickness continued some time after this examination; for several years before she was well, but at length she entirely recovered and lived about thirty years, dying aged about sixty. The little daughter, her only child, at maturity married a graduate of Harvard University and lived in Boston, Mass., or that vicinity. Some six years ago my wife and myself visited Mrs. Delano in Plymouth Co., Mass., and found the daughter and husband there also on a visit, and both mother and daughter in apparent good health. I do not impute her recovery to that but think it aided the physician in fully understanding the character and nature of the disease, and strengthened his confidence in idyllic power and mental action, independent of ordinary operations.

After Mrs. Delano's recovery, she had her usual good health till her last sickness (not the like former) which roused her death. The daughter had died some six months before the decease of the mother.

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT THE GRADUATION OF THE SENIOR HIGH AND NORMAL CLASSES, JUNE 19, 1902

Programme of Exercises.

INVOCATION

Words—Lucy E. Fryer

1. Salutation. Joseph H. Holliday
2. History and Its Cause. (Mrs. H. H. Holliday)

Mus.—Schubert's Song of Home

3. Light. E. A. Cochrane [N 1]
4. "Whatever Is, Is Right." Ellen McElroy

Mus.—"Truth"

5. Faith and Perseverance in Youth. Harriet A. Butler [N 1]
6. Education. L. Chapman [N 1]
7. Government and Its Ends. H. A. Shady

Mus.—"The March"

8. Aim High. Clara Hoelzle
9. "The Beautiful Job Vindicated and Revived Not." Elizabeth D. Wilson [N 1]

10. Resolutions. Edward F. Finney

Mus.—"My Own Native Land"

11. On to the Front. Jane Forsyth [N 1]
12. Rest. Mary E. Wallace
13. Random Thoughts in a Library. Hope resolution

Mus.—"Mind at Nightfall"

14. War. George W. Miller
15. Education the Source of Ennoblement. Anthony N. Naeke
16. The Student's Mission. Cecelia Mulliken

Mus.—"Papa Rose"

GERMAN DEVOEUT

Singer: WILLIAM ELLI

- | | |
|-------------|-------------------|
| Walter Farn | James D. Parsons |
| Wendel | Hamilton A. Shady |
| Nathaniel | W. Miller |

Mus.—"Song of Father"

17. The Last Leaf. Kate Robinson

18. Self-Warning. Wm. McCarry [N 1]

Mus.—"Spring"

19. Universal Education. Jane Holliday [N 1]

20. Love. Cecelia Mulliken

21. "There there is no Vision, the World, Earth, Sea, Land, Sky, and Air, and all that is in them."

22. Progress. Cecelia Mulliken

Mus.—"A Man, a Man for a' That"

23. The Spirit of Discovery. Jas. P. Freeman

24. The First Man's Discovery. Mary J. McCarry [N 1]

25. "Up to the Top, Up to the Top." Mary E. Mack

Mus.—"Make us, we pray, O God"

26. Time Changes All Things. Hattie E. Thurber

27. "Heaven Lie about us in our Infancy." Louis Hoelzle [N 1]

28. Conclusion of the Physical Science. Sarah M. Platt [N 1]

Mus.—"Good Night"

FRENCH DEVOEUT

Singer: SEENA O'SHEA, by Recor

- | | |
|----------|---------------------|
| Kathleen | Clara Hoelzle |
| Margaret | Frank H. Hasendenel |

Mus.—"Good Night"

29. "The World is a Stage." E. Langford

30. "The World is a Stage." E. Langford

Mus.—"Good Night"

[A different and more serious subject]

31. Early Influences, with the Valedictory. Almon B. Thomson

32. Conclusion of the English Language. Mary J. McCarry [N 1]

Mus.—"Hymn, by the graduating class"

PRINCIPAL REPORT OF ATTENDANCE

PRESENTATION OF DISSERTATIONS. By WYMAN

Mus.—"Three Men, before we Part"

DESEDITION

*Excluded
Graduates of the Normal Class are designated by [N 1]

CLASS HISTORY

CLASS OF 1902.

The names of the graduates of this class are Clara Hoelzle, Frances Langford, Mary E. Mack, Cecelia Mulliken, Hattie E. Thurber, Ella V. Melvane, Mary Wallace, Frederick J. Castellum, Charles L. Chapman, Edward F. Finney, James P. Freeman, Francis Hasendenel, Joseph H. Holliday, George W. Miller, Anthony Naeke, Hamilton A. Shady, Almon B. Thomson.

Castellum studied law and graduated at the law school or department of Van Arder University, and is at present at San Francisco, where he has been for a number of years, presumably practicing his profession. He is still single, or was according to last accounts.

Finney studied engineering, but is not pursuing the profession. He is far in the city, we believe, and is still single, so far as heard from.

Freeman entered commercial life in this city, but

quit business some time ago and left the city. We have not been able to trace him further.

Hassendenbel entered upon business as an employee of Meyer & Meister, wholesale grocers, and remained with the same firm through its various changes for about sixteen years. He was then about one year in the employ of Dieckhoff, Willing & Co., and within a year started in business on his own account as a member of the firm of Hassendenbel & Schmidt, on North Second Street. He is still single, but there is no telling, of course, how many *affaires du cœur* (love scrapes in the vernacular) the shafts of the little blind god may have gotten him into.

Holliday attended the Washington University one year, after which he was employed at the Mechanic's bank for about a year and a half. After reuniting with Collins & Holliday as book-keeper, till June 1867, he was elected Secretary of the Pilot Knob Iron Co., in which position he remained till January, 1868, when he became book-keeper for J. H. Wear & Co. He was admitted a partner of the firm in 1868, remaining as such till January, 1877. He was out of business and travelling till the commencement of 1878, since which time he has been in the employ of J. H. Wear, Boogher & Co. He was married in December, 1877, to Miss Annie Hodgman. They have one boy.

Miller traveled about a year through the Western States, and then went into the steamboat agency business with R. P. Saxe for about a year. He next became book-keeper for H. S. Parker for about six months, after which he entered the employ of the United States Express Company, with whom he has remained ever since in various capacities, being express messenger at present. He was the hero (or victim) of the great express robbery of 1865. He married Miss Laura Mason, of Paris, Mo., and has two girls living, having lost a girl and a boy.

Naeke studied law for about a year with Col. T. G. C. Davis, after which he clerked for Justice Grethler for a year more. Next in connection with the late Charles Borg he established a notarial business and real estate agency in North St. Louis. In 1868 he was elected Justice of the Peace in the old 12th ward, which position he has held ever since, to the great satisfaction of his constituents. He was admitted to the bar about four years ago. In 1868 he married Miss Elisa Leder, their union being blessed with three children, of whom two boys are living, one the girl having died.

Shidy graduated as an M. D., after which he held a position at the Missouri Insane Asylum at Fulton till 1872. Next he had charge of the drug store of Dr. Leddingwell in North St. Louis. At one time,

since, he kept a drug store of his own out on Morgan Street, but he is at present at Washington, D. C., we believe. He is married and has two children, (or more.)

Thomson was employed at the Sub-treasury in this city for a couple of years, after which he attended Harvard University for nearly three years, graduating at the law school, having availed himself of the privilege of attending the lectures and pursuing three studies in the undergraduate course, relating to the mathematics and natural sciences. He then went into the banking business at Vicksburg, in the firm of Nichols, Barrett & Co. for two years. While there he married Miss Jennie Emanuel. He returned to this city and was Deputy Clerk of Circuit Court for a year. He then became teller of the the Provident Savings Institution, where he can still be found, as cashier. His family has been increased to the extent of two little girls. He finds time to interest himself to a great degree in art matters (both in music and painting), in which connection his name is frequently mentioned in the press.

The girls of '62 numbered eight, though there seems to be some contradiction between the records, the statements of certain members, and our own eyesight. We give the names and if there are any mistakes we hope they will be corrected.

Of Miss Clara Hoelzle, though her record has been most faithful, there is little to be said differently from the account of her sister Louisa, probably because her work has been faithful, for the tasks that are set for our earlier years of maturity are generally more exacting of time and strength than those that come later. Miss Hoelzle has taught almost ever since leaving school. At present she is first assistant in the Lyon's school. Her devotion to her home and mother is well known, and this is doubtless one thing that has helped to keep her face almost as fair and graceful as in our schooldays.

Francis Langford attended the High School, but although her name is on the programme, we are informed by one member of the class that she did not graduate. We have not been able to learn anything of her, beyond the fact that she is now Mrs. Shepherson. She was the vocalist of the class and the memory of her beautiful singing still survives in the hearts of her classmates.

Cecelia Mallinckrodt taught two or three years after leaving school. During the war she married a Major Kufter and went south with him. She remained there until the close of the war, seeing life as only an officer's wife can, and enjoying its many phases. On their return they removed to Belleville, where they remained for several years. Her health failed entirely about this time, and she finally died in St. Louis, leaving two little children.

ing Club." Hence his formerly so busy pencil now lies idle and sketches are scarce.

—Mrs. Smith (Miss Mattie Farrar) of class '76, has returned from Sandusky, O., where she has been spending several months with relations and friends. She expects ere long to leave for another trip "up the country."

—Some one suggests that the gentlemen of '76, who in some luck number made a boast or wager of something about the girls, had better keep away from '78. It is known to be more irresistible than any preceding or following class.

—Theodore Harris, '76, has recently started on a trip around the steamer fitted up by enterprising commercial travelers for visiting the various parts on the Mississippi and the small tributary streams. He represents Doubleday & Oslander.

—Felix Hunnicke, class '77, is home on leave of absence for a month. His artistic belongings will not grant him peace. He has taken up painting and the English school of water color may now be on the look out for a rival American school. It may be Henry *et* *ex* Hunnicke soon. At West Point he ranks first in his class and wears all the honors.

—Engene Spencer, '76, who is now a cadet at West Point, spent a few weeks vacation in St. Louis during the summer. He graduates in the Class of '82. During his stay in the city, he visited a number of his old classmates, and all were pleased with his soldierly bearing.

—The *Valley Naturalist*, published by Henry Skaer, is the title of a new scientific monthly just out in this city. It numbers among its contributors such men as Prof. Riley, of Washington, J. Munell, of St. Louis, and W. W. Chalkins, of Chicago, and is just the publication for students and amateur scientists all over the country.

—We are able this month to answer somewhat the enquiry for Mervella Temple. She was married a number of years ago to Mr. Noble How, by whom she had one child before he died. The boy has his father's name, and is now in business. Mrs. How afterwards married Mr. E. B. Easton, and is residing now in Philadelphia, the happy mother of one girl, and splendid twin boys.

—We forgot to state in Nov. 2, that a new baby had come to the home of Alexander Darby. But it is not strange that the many novel experiences we heard of the father's life should have crowded out the memory of the baby, especially when the latter was at such a distance that it didn't have half a chance. If it is like the babies we remember the father will never be able to take first position any where except when away from home.

—Sarah Davis, of '69, is Mrs. Brewsterstock, Mary Mc Murray, Mrs. Richardson, Meta Dunkhapt, Mrs. Smith, Augusta Newmark, Mrs. Henschlein, Emma Gray, Mrs. George, Gertrude R. Binney is Mrs. James Ferguson, of Montreal, Canada. Lillie Thompson and Mattie Mortimer are also married, but present names are unknown. The addresses of these ladies are desired. Annie Campbell married Charles Turning, a member of the school board in '73, but lived only two years after.

—Mrs. Emma Bell Sutton, of '68, is the mother of four lovely children, whose prizes are counted by another graduate most sincerely. Their mother seems to have mastered the art of interesting them so thoroughly in various employments and studies as to leave them no time or thought for the idle and troublesome ways of childhood. It is only the true way of working out the problem, and all the training of mind and heart of our earlier years a none too elaborate for the accomplishment of this one object alone.

—Mrs. Eedes has returned from her summering, in every respect as lively and young looking as the Mary Magdalen of old. In fact, he seems to agree with both herself and husband remarkably well, though this is not strange as long as Mr. Eedes remains a most successful lawyer, with always cases in court at a time when lawyers in all stages of starvation sweep the city "thick as leaves in Valhalla." Mr. Eedes has but one failing in truth; he will forget to bring home his wife's Memento, and uses them instead to make his notes on. Doubtless his arguments gain their added brilliancy from this hot, but it isn't fair all the same.

—Mrs. Hattie Thompson, of '76, formerly Miss Harrison is visiting relatives in New Jersey. Her home is on the Manchester road, near Chouteau Ave.

—Mr. Wm. Holgden, who labored so faithfully with our musical goddess at the old High, is now training our boys and girls at the Branch High at the Franklin. And he does not look a year older.

—The statement in a late number, that Miss Nellie Strong had returned home proves a mistake. She at present is taking a rest from her severe mental studies in a slight sojourn tour through the continent.

We learn from the papers that her success in the profession she has chosen seems a settled fact. Before commencing her vacation she appeared in the Public Hearing of the Leipzig Conservatory, held in the Gerard house. Her selection for the occasion was Reincke's "F sharp minor concerto" and her rendering won the approval of all the professors and the German critics. These yearly concerts at the public Conservatories are attended always by large and appreciative audiences, and, as usual, the Gerard Haus Sal

was filled to overflowing. The applause was warm and sincere, and the newspaper criticisms all favorable. To have achieved a success in Leipzig, and to win the praises of Reinecke and other musical authorities, is a triumph which Miss Strong's friends will enjoy with her heartily.

She is assured that another year of hard study and work, will suffice to complete her musical studies in Leipzig.

Owing to the pressure of legitimate work, the business manager is unable to make collections for the MIRROR, and in consequence finds them getting too much behind hand. If some interested and energetic graduate of either sex desires to undertake this work together with canvassing for the paper, for reasonable compensation, please make it known by a letter addressed to Tower Grove Station West St. Louis. Subscribers can save no trouble and expense by sending their subscriptions to the same address.

APPENDIX TO CLASS HISTORY OF 1861

Charles Black of '61 has been engaged in farming and school teaching principally, since leaving school. His present home is in Claytonville, St. Louis Co., where he has been teaching for six years past. He was married in 1879 to Miss Mary Woodward, a member of the High School, though not a graduate. They have one child, a boy.

Theodore Speelman belonged to class '61, but did not graduate. He left the city in '60 and went with his mother and sisters to Maryland, and enlisted in a battery of light artillery in the Federal service. After the war he returned to St. Louis and was employed in the office of the Assistant Treasurer of the United States. He left two years ago for Kansas, where is now farming or dealing in live stock.

Kate Severson is many one of the graduates who have passed a long life of constant teaching, a habit she probably inherited from her mother, as they were occupied in this vocation at the same time. After graduating Miss Severson was married to Mr. Avery, of this city, by whom she has one little girl, ten or eleven years old. Gussie's very bright eyes fore-shadow the probability that she will make the third generation in this family that gives its time and strength to our public school system. Mrs. Avery's interest in the old classmates is unaltered.

Ebenezer Bostworth, we are sorry to say, is still not heard from beyond the fact that he is married, resided for awhile in Baltimore, and has achieved in his life something beyond the common, but what we cannot learn. His address is most earnestly desired, for he certainly was one of the nicest boys of his class.

Henry G. Blake attended and graduated at Washington University after leaving the High School. He then went to farming almost immediately, which avocation he is still successfully pursuing, having, for

instance, cut from 75 to 100 tons of hay this season. He married Miss Georgina Barnard, and they have three children, two boys and a girl. "Between times" he did some surveying, built the town hall, school house, etc., in his town of Rose Town, and is quite a prominent among his fellow citizens. His address is P. O. box 2174, St. Paul, Minn.

Miss Martin remained "at home" for the first three years, and then entered upon the duties of the noble but arduous profession of a teacher in our public schools. She is a graduate of the Normal School as well as of our Alma Mater. It was "as good as a feast" to see her pleasant countenance again, we not having met with her since our "school days," some years ago. We cannot but think that the records must be wrong and our memory at fault which place her among the graduates of this class; and we are willing to wager that such is the fact with any one whose judgment has not been prejudiced by the aforesaid authorities. She is one of the most cheerful and philosophical ladies we have ever met, which is not common after having devoted one self incessantly to teaching for so many years.

A MODERN NOVEL.

Here am I, a respectable matter-of-fact bachelor of thirty-five, inveigled into reading a third class modern novel. I'm stuck on a sand bar in the middle of the river, that is, I should say, the boat I am traveling in is so stuck, with not a bosom companion around, and my own selections of high-toned literature exhausted, and that, too, when I was more particular about examining my valise with printed paper than with paper collars. We've been here two days, and I never knew a boat that wasn't wiser than a thermometer even when it came to selecting the hottest heated term in the month for her summer coast and meditation on a sand-bar; so you can't imagine the *so-called* state of the collars. There's nothing more stupor, in my opinion, than a bout on a sand bar. The eternal sleepy, one legged cranes, a setting hen, blissfully hatching a china egg, a proudly dressed woman, sailing blandly down Fourth street, with a yowl or two of her "looping" (heaven knows what the calistonic word means,) musing unconsciously after, all pale before the stupidity of this one concoction of summer travel, when the river is low. I was cramped for something to do. One can't sit with their heels elevated, even on top the smoke-stack, forever, and all enjoyments had paled, when I spied a lovely young girl of fifteen, with a most patrician, intellectual face, sitting entranced over a novel. She closed it presently with a long, shivering sigh of delight, and I hastened to borrow it, feeling sure it must be admirable, when it could light up such a face. Besides I was curious to see the unbroken such anguished throne. I like a pretty young girl intensely. She handed

ing devotion to the art, light was henceforth to be her own and only mistress. Next morning the gray-haired parents found the remains of the milk buckets in all quarters of the field, but he began and then uttered a groan, a shudder, or some other noise to prevent this heart-rending catastrophe. The remains were tenderly lowered under the marginals and left in the back garden and henceforth her name was tabooed in that log house for evermore.

I'm going to take the novelist's privilege of skipping over eight or ten years now, so that we'll give me time to slip out and stretch my legs and get a glass of beer and a cigar, and see if that heavenly and fair has moved out of the way any yet, and if the steward is being able to scrape up anything for supper but stale baker's bread, two ginger snaps on each plate, and tea, coffee and milk, that contrary to hygiene grow daily weaker in proportion to the extra water they take on. (Ah hold! in my opinion I was a novel writer I would skip three or four years every chapter. On thing else I find my efforts to keep unwearily to the high romantic strains of my model, somewhat slack, owing as I said before to my severe practical and business training; so when ever I descend into the low, degrading details of every day life, pray set them down to my unconquerable instinct to leave every thing ship-shape behind me, and pass on.

CHAPTER II

It was an exquisite night in December. The theatre—in — was packed to suffocation. The world-renowned prima donna, Heloise Montmorency D'Italia, was to give her positively last appearance in that city before bidding it her annual eternal adieu. The curtain rises before the absolutely breathless audience. Positively there wasn't half of a breath to divide between the whole crowd. She stands before them in all her ungainly, dressed in glimmering red satin, trimmed bias, with fluffs and German pulls, etc., etc. (I never could see why ladies' troupes should be named out of every department under the Heaven's from the creek's up, but so it is). Her pure, pale cheek was deeply flushed with excitement. She raises eyes, voice and hands, and the song gushes all over the house. It was her favourite opera of Lucia Lam, her more, and the Breve e trionfi or in verse, *Combatti all' ora. Allegro marziale alla breva. Che non, etc.* Andantino con moto, fluted out in exulting tones, swaying the house back and forth and up and down like a wind-mill. (By George, what should I have done if it hadn't been for that scrap of a programme in the paper my last pants came home in?). The song died away, her hands fell at her side, the audience began to hunt round for their handkerchiefs and the friction of a breath. Suddenly the stillness was broken into little bits by a scream, a

man's scream. I must go back a little, first stating that her pure, pale cheek grew paler and her eyes bright with a startled glare in the direction of the deserted scream. Then she slowly sank in Signor Mar——' arms and the curtain slowly sank to the floor.

This next part, being about a man with a flummery and trans and pure pale cheeks, can easily be hustled over. There was a man named Julius de Alenmitage, who had been engaged all his life to a fortune named Koole—the other heroine. She had raven hair and blue eyes and pale pure cheeks, alabaster hands and marble arms, even as had Heloise. Julius however had met Heloise some two years before and fell in love with her,—he had fallen from his horse before her door and broken his neck, and she nursed him till he got well, so of course he had to fall in love with her,—and while his proud and noble heart ached for the absent Heloise he did his duty like a man and hero. In short they became engaged. But when after several months he released his family and first fiancé on the even more, duty began to turn her out and insist on his going back to his first love. With a heavy heart and no sign he dropped Heloise, and had not seen her until this night at the theatre when his feelings overcame him and he gave vent to that terrible scream; well after this he met her often, for she forgave him her last neglect, and the winter passed in a vain and struggle to be true to both women at once. I despair of telling you how his noble heart was racked with this cruel struggle. He fell away worse than Dr. Tannor, for the future did not hold even the tempting fruit, a watermelon in view, to stay his despairing heart. He had terrible sick spells and trances, during which he said most dangerous things, but always missed the hint's breath of letting out the rusting secret. The two fair pure girls had tons of taking care of him, but as yet neither knew of the existence of the other. But each grew more devoted, and Heloise became convinced that he had ceased to love her because he was so fatal; and then she would beg him to release her from her promise. Now he would have given his head to do this if his tender, generous heart could have been sure her heart would not be broken by it; so he would try tenderly to find out if she really cared, then she would lift her eyes to heaven with a silently patient, rapt, ecstatic expression, and try to pretend she didn't care. But strange to say at this point Julius' feelings always overcame him and he insisted on marrying her then and there to put him out of his misery, a but though frail she would look at him with infinite sadness, and say "no, I will not marry you just now." Though why she shouldn't take him when she could get him, and when the wedding day had been set for every day in the two past years, is one of those things no fellow can find out.

Women are strange creatures. It seems to be a

part of their creed to refuse most persistently, for a time the thing they most desire, just as they disdain vehemently all wish for a trial of non-existence and odds or fruit, or anything new, and then with true courageously shake down their sham function, and bravely do their share to keep things from wasting. So I suppose, when a woman persistently refuses to be married to the man she loves, when she can as well as not, she is privately sacrificing to some long forgotten goal of her ancestors, and will come out all right, especially if a little wholesome neglect is applied. But Julius was young, and hadn't silted woman as I seem to have learned to do since commencing this story. So he would feel himself badly treated and go over to the other girl, intending just to hark in her smiles, but it ended every time in his getting on his knees and begging for a speedy union showing a beautiful and unselfish recklessness of consequences in his desire to equalize things. But Helene was not ready to marry yet either. She had a divine mission to perform first. Her great-great-grandfather's third husband who was distinguished from the other husbands by a wig and glass eye, had been sculpted by Helene, and she had vowed to go through every Indian tribe on the globe until she had found that sculpt, and also some descendant of the sculptor, upon whose crown she would heap avalanches of fire by roasting him from his savage life and introducing him to all the dream-advantages of civilization. No she would raise her pure dark eyes to heaven and say, "Not yet; not yet, my Julius, when I fulfill this sacred vow then alone will I give myself to you;" and both girls were so self-sacrificing, so patient, so firm that he began to feel such below their level.

I forgot to state that both these young ladies had guardians, and to cut a long story short both guardians were desperately in love with their wards, but with wonderful unselfishness and devotion each had refrained from telling their love, but let the women be the but pry open their damask cheeks, regardless of the fact that both the girls were devoted to them, and might have been won as readily as not. The guardians always addressed their wards as "my Helene," and "my Blanche," and watched Julius very closely. Though always ready to give their previous charges up to him if they themselves wished it. In fact the unimpaired goodness of these four people was lovely to behold.

At last in course of events the two girls met, and became most devoted friends. They sang operas to gether for Blanche was second only to Helene in her marvellous voice, though never until now had she been tried to a single human being the possession of so wonderful a gift.

CHAPTER III

Then one day, oh! glorious news, they found out to be COINCIDENT IN ELEMENT.

By George, I am just getting warmed up to the

work—thermometer stands at two hundred in the shades and had to stop, but the message as have left positively nothing but net bones and I'll have to lay up or they won't hold together for me to get into that kiln-maker that square of mosquito-bar, and good till morning. I hadn't sleep a wink either for my brain settles with its pent up thought and will not brood the night that keeps from my entrancing work.

From a circular we learn that "The St. Louis School of Fine Arts, Washington in the Century, for the season of '88-89 will open Monday, October 1st. The school branches instruction in Drawing, Modelling, Painting, Artistic Anatomy, Perspective and Decorative Design.

Students may enter any class upon submitting examples of work showing the necessary skill. Applicants for admission to the Evening Life Class must submit a drawing of a full length figure from the Antique or Life. Ladies pursuing a course of study in the School are not required to work with University students who come to the Department for instruction, but are given places in rooms set apart for the use of art students. Classes in modelling will be instructed by Mr. Kneassinger. Every possible advantage will be afforded to persons wishing to pursue a course of study in modelling either in ornaments from casts, the human figure from the antique, or from life."

There are two terms in the year. The first term commences on the first Monday in October and ending in February, the second commences on the first Monday after the tenth of February and continuing throughout the academic year. The rooms are open for the study of Drawing, Painting, and modelling, every day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and for the study of Drawing from the Antique and Life, four evenings in the week.

The prospects for a successful year are very favorable. Prof. Ives has been abroad all summer, visiting European art school and purchasing works of art for the St. Louis School and Museum. It is reported as true, the new collection of casts will surpass all expectation.

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No. 411 Franklin Ave.,

St. Louis, Mo.

Our Mirror.

HUMANITARIAN ABSTRACT.

Vol. II.

ST. LOUIS, MO., OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 6.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

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THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

BY JAMES V. MARLTON.

And the thought that fired the lady's eye,
A dreamer, I have often met that in
Faintly form—the messengers of Thy
To the poor, the meek, the lowly and the
True—but all in the same compassion eye,
"There go the holy two," he looks at me
And says "I see the good" and in a way
As if he questioned my sanity.
And both go forth, the one with garments white,
Like the dark robe that wove of midnight weirs;
And one with drapery whispering of life
A web of sandals and of gossamers,
She wears a simple and unadorned gown,
In perfect contrast with her shroud. Even
Like this her body is upon the planet,
Like that her thought and all her soul in heaven.
And she is crowned of good and glory's blinding
That over the other's such a radiance shed
These scenes of earth above from heaven descended
With outspread wings to rest upon her head!

The face of one sad and traced with sadness,
The record of a life with pain and grief,
The other shining with seraphic gladness
Yet softened with the sorrow of a saint.

The one I know and knew. The old love rises,
And my heart trembles, and my eyes grow dim—
May God accept our still grandest sacrifices!
I gave my life and all my hopes to Him!

O Sister Heloise! Clara! Angel!
Earth born but here again, and from above!
Love thee not alone in those Evangel
To thy daughter's mother, thy gifts of love!

And so, I pray thee pass to me, who have
Still strive, unworthy as the second best,
Who cannot for the moment forget the world,
Nor yet am wholly ready of the West.

Jes. Strong has kindly furnished us some of her daughter Nellie's letters, written during her summer trip, the first of which we present here. Our readers will find them delightful.

CONCORD, July 30th, 1880.

Dearest — As you see, I am on the go, in fact, really too much so to write any regular letters; for when with travelling from one place to another, and exploring the different cities when stopping any length of time, there is little opportunity for regular writing.

If I stay in the house at all, I am glad to rest a little, or to see, though most enjoyable, or fatiguing. So far however, I find chiefly the pleasant side of it. I have been in Eschenau, an old town interesting in itself, but situated most beautifully in the midst of mountains and valleys. The celebrated Wartburg is within easy walking distance, the scene of Wagner's Götterdämmerung; with the pictures of Saint Elizabeth and the room where the old Sauerbrunn was held in the times of minstrelsy. In a side building, where the room where Luther stayed nearly a year in 1521 was, is a great part of the Bible. The room is a most charming and inspiring one, and is very interesting. In the room, I saw the old Bible, the old chair, the pictures of the Sauerbrunn, the old, etc. The side of the wall is so high that I could not see how he threw the

ink bottle at the devil, and people have carried off pieces of the wall as souvenirs. This is now forbidden, but the guide stoutly obtained for me a piece of the tree, the trunk of which is placed here where Luther was hiding when secured and brought to the Wartburg. He solemnly declared it was genuine; at all events I shall preserve it and think so, which is just as good.

In Frankfurt I was alone. The party with whom I am going through Switzerland had not visited Munich, and as I had been there, I preferred to go on the *meantime* to Frankfurt, up the Rhine to Cologne. I have gotten along charmingly alone. Frankfurt was crowded with strangers, as the great Turner Fest was being held there. Thousands came over from America—some families from St. Louis were there—though I did not get to see them. The city was beautifully decorated with flags, wreaths, flowers, etc., and in every street, and on every house (and with "Welcome" in everygreen were hung. Of course I kept as far away from the Turner Hall as possible, being alone, and it was probably as well; for the evening before I left they had fire works, and by some accident the whole mass exploded, seriously injuring some ten or twenty people, killing one young lady. As there were some ten thousand people present it is not doubtful that no small proportion were hurt.

Every corner is a sight to see. You may wonder what value such a guide is, when I tell you that by carefully studying the plan of the city and things as he goes on, he can find his way everywhere, and avoid all the night as easily and safely as if he lived there all my life. It is a beautiful city, greatly enlarged and improved in the last few years, with elegant public buildings and long avenues out of the city lined on either side with trees and handsome villas. Several of the old towers that were the entrance to the city in the days when it was walled in are still standing, and form a most picturesque appearance. The inner part of the city has the quietest, little streets and houses, particularly in the old "Juden-gasse," where the houses are of poor masonry, so narrow and closely built, with no pavement on either side. There I saw the house where the first Rothschild lived. Think of it; so much wealth accumulated in such a hole!

I have collected pictures of the most interesting things in each place, they make such a beautiful album to peep at as a souvenir. I saw also, Goethe's Birth House, bought by the city, and arranged just as exactly as it was in his time. His room, banniers, writing materials, and pictures of and presents from his various loves, Lili, Lotte, Frederica, etc., etc. His mother's room and things also, are preserved.

From Frankfurt I went to Koblenz and took the steamer for my long journey for trip up the Rhine.

The river itself is much larger than I thought for being about the width of the Hudson at N. Y. in most places, and some times a good deal wider. It is now, in consequence of rains, not at all green. The trip was certainly most delightful, for the scenery on both sides is very beautiful; but as far as nature is concerned, it does not compare with what I saw on the Hudson. Its main lies greatly in its old poetic and historic associations. Castles, either old, some times well preserved or rebuilt, but mostly more or less in ruins, rise along its banks. I can give you no idea, even if I had time to write, how it all impresses one.

I am now as you see, in Cologne, a large old city with 130,000 or more inhabitants. The chief point of interest and the one that keeps me, is of course the Cathedral, which is the most wonderful building I have ever seen. It is conspicuously situated, and simply massive, occupying a whole square in length and width. The two towers are already near the sky and they are still building on them. The Cathedral was commenced in 1248, the work ceasing from 1600 to 1800, and beginning again in 1817, since when it has gone steadily on and is still under way.

I cannot begin to describe to you its magnificence. Everything is on such a gigantic scale, and is so

carefully planned, that it is beyond description. To go up to the tower where you have to buy a ticket, you can see the treasury cabinet, where there are quantities of rich presents and precious stones without end. There is also the celebrated Don picture, painted probably by Master Stephan Lochner, in 1460, and representing the mother and child surrounded by worshipping saints; also a picture by Overbeck, "The Ascension of the Virgin Mary."

After visiting the Cathedral, I walked with my Baedeker all over the city; but there is little else to describe, and besides I must close this long, long letter.

NELLIE STROHL.

—Miss Evelyn Blissell is teaching in the Rock Spring School.

We have just received a letter from Mrs. Fannie Langford Shepherdson, of '02, correcting the statement in the September number of *OUR MIRROR*. That she was not a graduate. We are very sorry to have made the mistake, and glad to correct it; but can hardly feel much blame, as after hunting high and low for Miss Langford we only gave up when informed by one whom we thought ought to know that she had not graduated. Miss Shepherdson resides in Paxton, Ill.

ST. LOUIS HIGH SCHOOL.

Graduating Exercises.

FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1896.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

PART FIRST.

Music—Song of Praise.

INVOCATION.

- | | |
|---|----------------------|
| 1. Latin—Invitation. | Lewis J. Black. |
| 2. Essay—English and French Ideas of Liberty. | Mary D. McDonald. |
| 3. Essay—Hope. | Mary J. Ford. |
| Music—"The Night When the Night" | " " |
| 4. Oration—Self-Reliance. | Henry D. Smith. |
| 5. Essay—Friendship. | John A. Williams. |
| 6. Reflection. | Elizabeth C. Howard. |
| Music—"The Evening Song." | " " |
| 7. Oration—The Future of Woman. | Frank C. Hill. |
| 8. Oration—The Future of Woman. | Elizabeth C. Howard. |
| 9. Essay—Education. | Mary J. Ford. |
| Music—"Working." | " " |
| 10. Oration—Things that Count Nothing. | Elizabeth C. Howard. |
| 11. Essay—Self-Development. | Mary J. Ford. |
| 12. Oration—Self-made Men. | Mary J. Ford. |
| 13. Essay—Faith in Our Object. | Mary J. Ford. |

PART SECOND.

- | | |
|--|----------------------|
| 14. Oration—Friendship. | Joseph P. Carr. |
| 15. Essay—Education. | Mary J. Ford. |
| 16. Oration—The American Republic. | Louise T. Howard. |
| Music—"Hallelujah." | " " |
| 17. Essay—All Science Leads to God. | Elizabeth C. Howard. |
| 18. Essay—The American Republic. | Elizabeth C. Howard. |
| 19. Oration—National Unity. | Elizabeth C. Howard. |
| Music—"The Laughter of a Child." | " " |
| 20. Essay—Night. | Elizabeth C. Howard. |
| 21. Oration—Personal Influence. | Elizabeth C. Howard. |
| 22. Essay—Friendship. | Elizabeth C. Howard. |
| Music—"Friendship and Valor." | " " |
| 23. Oration—The Past, Present and Future of Our Country. | Elizabeth C. Howard. |
| 24. Essay—The Future of Our Country. | Elizabeth C. Howard. |
| 25. Essay—The Future of Our Country. | Elizabeth C. Howard. |
| 26. Essay—The Future of Our Country. | Elizabeth C. Howard. |

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS.

PARTING HYMN.

BENEDICTION.

*Exeunt.

CLASS HISTORY.

CLASS OF '93.

The graduation of this class were:

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Lewis J. Black, | Frank C. Hill, |
| John A. Williams, | Joseph P. Carr, |
| Elizabeth C. Howard, | Elizabeth C. Howard, |
| Elizabeth C. Howard, | Elizabeth C. Howard, |
| Elizabeth C. Howard, | Elizabeth C. Howard, |
| Elizabeth C. Howard, | Elizabeth C. Howard, |
| Elizabeth C. Howard, | Elizabeth C. Howard, |
| Elizabeth C. Howard, | Elizabeth C. Howard, |
| Elizabeth C. Howard, | Elizabeth C. Howard, |
| Elizabeth C. Howard, | Elizabeth C. Howard, |

Elizabeth C. Howard,
Mary J. Ford,
Elizabeth C. Howard,
Elizabeth C. Howard,
Elizabeth C. Howard,
Elizabeth C. Howard,
Elizabeth C. Howard,
Elizabeth C. Howard,
Elizabeth C. Howard,
Elizabeth C. Howard,

Elizabeth C. Howard, after graduating, remained at home devoting her time to music, her friends and housekeeping. Her health was always delicate, and as the years passed on it grew steadily worse until consumption claimed her for one of its many victims. She was a quiet fragile girl, but she displayed the temper of which heroes are made, when a year before her death she went quietly and alone to the doctor's and demanded to know her fate, and then as calmly took her decision. "You cannot live a year longer," and proceeded to make the most of that time. She died in the spring of 1870 and lies in the Belmontian Cemetery.

Mary E. Conannon is remembered as the potteress of her class, and as possessing unflinching good temper and the ability to say comical things. She has taught ever since leaving school, to the exclusion of any exercise of her literary ability. She was married Dec. 1872, to Mr. Wm. M. Eyles, attorney at law, in this city, and moved to their home on Oak and Prairie Avenues, where they are still living. They have had but one child, which died when quite young.

Eleanor Conannon is now in Oakland, Cal. She taught in this city for several years after graduating, but has given it up. She has acquired considerable local reputation as a landscape painter, that being at present her favorite pursuit. She is also quite a finished musician, having pursued that study for years with great constancy and perseverance.

Katie Ford, whom we remember as the embodied spirit of mischief, is now Mrs. Davis, and resides in Paris, Ky. She was married in St. Louis in 1867, and moved to her present home in 1871. The rest you will copy from her letter. "My life has been a happy but not eventful one. We have a daughter in her 13th year, a son four, and our baby boy 'ten months old. Our home is very beautiful, in the blue grass region, the garden spot of Ky., and we enjoy its many advantages and comforts. My time is fully occupied with flowers, the dairy and garden, my children, and household cares." Mrs. Davis has time, however, for some pleasant recollections of school days and friends, and expresses a continual interest.

Emily Hixson taught for seven years in this city after graduation. In 1869 she lost her sister Katie, a disease which affected her most seriously and from which she never entirely recovered. This loss was intensified not a great while after by the death of her mother. In 1875 she married a gentleman from Chi-

cago, a friend of her brother, and removed to his home with every prospect of a happy life after so much sorrow; a prospect that was cut short by death after one year.

Ella Smith, on finishing at the High, took the advanced course at the Mary Institute. She then remained at home till her marriage to one High School Principal, H. H. Morgan, in 1868. They have one child, a boy, to whose interests Mrs. Morgan seems devoted, having spent some time abroad mainly to the purpose of perfecting his German education. Mrs. Morgan herself is a fine German scholar and employs much of her leisure time in making translations from that language.

Miss Teed attended the Normal School, and after graduating taught in the city schools until her marriage with William H. Wood, of the same class. She then lived at Fulton four years, in this city awhile, and then at Carondelet. Her present address is Pontiac, Ill.

Clara Whiteman devoted most of her time after leaving school, to drawing, though occupied at the same time in teaching, and holding the position of head assistant. The close attention and indoor life, affected her health after a time and in consequence, her family moved to the country in August of 1870. Since then she has employed all the time possible in outdoor work, such as cultivating plants and flowers, raising poultry, etc., and as a natural consequence has entirely recovered her health. She lost her father April, 1870, and is now alone with mother. They live at the homestead on the Clayton Road, west of Kings Highway, near Forest Park. She is at present trying teaching again in the Peabody school.

Of Alexander we have been unable to learn any thing, except that he is believed to be in the insurance business in New York city.

Billon was employed with Pulsifer, Soudler & Co., in the provision and pork business as salesman for about three years. After that he was farming in St. Louis County for about two years, when he was employed with Johnson & Sawyer in the paper business, where he remained about two years not a half. He again became a "man's nobleman" till 1878, since which time he has been with F. O. Sawyer & Co., in the wholesale paper business. Frank is still single, a fact much to be regretted.

Carr clerked awhile in the butter and cheese business with Owen & Co., and then entered upon the same business for about seven years. He married Miss Lizzie Paulk, a daughter of the former well known proprietor of the *Massouri Republican*. His wife died about three years ago, leaving him with one child, which soon followed its mother. He was mar-

ried again to Miss Lizzie Paulk, sister of Hon. J. L. D. Morrison, and is conducting a large flour mill near Carlyle, Ill. Their union is blessed with two children. Joseph was one of the sufferers by the disastrous Southern flood fire, but was lucky enough to escape with his life, as was also his wife.

Fred Cochran spent the first year after graduating on a farm for rest and recuperation. He then attended Dartmouth College, where he graduated A. B. in 1868. He served as clerk, and then book keeper and cashier for John J. Roe & Co. till 1877, after which he entered the firm of Burd & Cochran, beef and pork packers, their successors, where he still lives "in hopes." He says he has at his life been determined to enter the "hazy," having had dozens of "appales" but in the whole truth must be told (we told him it must, of course) he believes that the matter is now an assured future fact. Happy man! May he not be doomed to another disappointment.

Donaldson entered Washington University and graduated there in 1867. He then entered commercial life as book-keeper for Dill, Lomen & Co., saw millers, and then for B. S. Grant & Co., commission merchants. Next he became discount clerk and teller in the Commercial Bank, which position he still holds. He is unmarried.

Dyer entered Westminster College, at Fulton, Mo., in September, 1863, and graduated in June, 1866. He studied French and literature at home for about a year, and then "hid him away" to the classic retreats of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, Va., where for a year he studied mental philosophy and political economy under Dr. McGuffey, modern languages under Schele de Vere, and Greek under Prof. Gildersleeve. He then studied theology at Union Theological Seminary at Hampton Sycey, Va., for about four years. He preached one summer in this city and in neighboring churches. In 1873 he commenced teaching at the Polytechnic School here, and was principal of the Washington School after teaching at different other schools. He is now principal of the Jackson. He was married in March, 1873, to Miss Emma W. Ransom, and the happiness has been increased by the advent of one girl and three boys.

Dr. Franklin we know nothing further than that he was librarian of the law library at one time, and that he has spent the greater portion of his life since leaving the "Old High" in teaching schools outside of the city.

Lightner died within a few years after graduating. As one of his teachers the writer may be permitted to state that he was a good student but while at school. We believe he died while in the harness for the Union during the late war.

Lewis J. Block, the eldest son of his class, received, on graduating, the Washington University scholarship, and entered that institution as a sophomore, but a falling of the eyesight necessitated his leaving early in the course. He then spent two years in California, returning in 1865 and graduating under Chancellor Chalmers in 1868. In 1871 he went to Jacksonville, Ill., where he has remained ever since as Principal of the High School. He was noted for his literary ability while at school, and now it seems to have been quietly building up that reputation, having already made his debut as an author.

Mudd attended Washington University a year, and then entered Pope's Medical College, where he graduated M. D. in 1866. He was assistant physician at the City Hospital for about a year, and in 1867 went out to Montana, in a medical capacity, we believe. He commenced the practice of medicine in this city in 1869, and is still pursuing his profession, being associated with Prof. J. dan T. H. His name is known all over the Union, and the whole world. He was married, in 1870, to Mrs. Albright. They have two boys and two girls living, one girl having died. The Doctor is a successful and contented

Scott has been in the wholesale grocery business ever since leaving school. He worked about three years for Scott & Pitman, which firm has been since Scott & Son, for about three years more. He then resumed a clerkship with Moody, Michel & Co. for about seven years, and with Adams & Co. for about one year, after which he received an interest in the last mentioned firm. He married Miss Maunier, a daughter of Dr. Gutz Moses, in 1868. Their hearts have been gladdened by the advent of six healthy boys, which he will match against any other six or one breed and equidance in Christendom. We absolve him from any blame for the unsatisfactory result of the last census of our city. Long may he wave!

Wood entered the three months' service before graduating. Afterwards he became government aid in the inspection of baggage on steamboats for contraband goods. He served till the end of the war in the quartermasters' department, most of the time as chief clerk. He then studied medicine at Pope's College, and after graduating, served one year as assistant physician at the City Hospital. He then became assistant physician at the Fulton, Mo., Insane Asylum, at which institution he remained four years, having charge of a ward, and the last four or five months of the entire institution. He resumed the practice of medicine in this city, practicing successfully as long as his precarious health permitted. He died in April, 1877, leaving a wife and three children to mourn his untimely loss. He was married to Miss Mary Teed, of the same class, just before going to Fulton. The remaining children are two girls and a

boy, one boy having died. Wood was the most friendly, industrious, truthful, and conscientious boy we have ever known, and his untimely did not belie the promise of his youth.

[The remaining names will appear in the next No.]

The following article, which is transcribed from a February *Ukiah Democrat*, from memory, is inserted at the request of a subscriber who having "been lost" himself finds it too good to be lost. The two incidents following are actual experiences.

Every country life has its excitements, and they have a advantage of never repenting themselves.—Ed.
Mr. Katrin. Most every body writes something—
—her paper now a days, and so I tell you vat happened in last summer.

You see, Katrin, dat is mein frau, say to me one say: "Sackery, don't you go to put some aigs unter in ot you hen chickens?" I say, of course, I will Katrin. A. H. I think der aigs and goes by der two year old ot hen chickens vas in der hay now, and so I tell you.

You see, I never vas very big, up and down; but I is pretty big round der middle, so I get me a barrel I get up. A. H. Mr. Editor, shust as mein head is up and I is next day, I has look in me der face, and I I jump back dat als parrel caved in and I fall out and vas stuck fast. I fit so tight, mein vest vas push up into a mein arms. A. H. I holle for Katrin, and ven she come out and see me in der parrel, and me in two off hat and axes, she shust lay down under der hay and laff and laff. I say, vot for you laff you old fool? and she say "Oh! Sackery, vep off your shirt and pull down your vest." And as I was I think Katrin she speak pretty gut English; but I only say, Katrin don't you go to pull me dis parrel out? and she say "O course I say, Sackery." Den she lay as down on one site and I take hold of der doorsill, and she gif me "pull, and I pull. "Denner and blitzer Katrin, shup dat!" You see, der vas hats in der parrel; and ven I go in, I fit so tight dey head down; and ven she pull dey shunk me in all round. Den I dell Katrin to dell neighbor Hans to bring me his saw and saw me out dis parrel.

V. H. Hans he come, and ven he see me in der parrel, he like to shplit mit laff. Ven he vas half enough and vas goin to saw me der parrel out, Katrin she say to me "Hold on Sackery till I get a battren of dat oterskirt you haf on." Vel, Hans saw me der parrel in two; and I shust get out mein karte and little off mein hoofs and throw dat confounded old parrel in der wood pile; and der the next time I set when I don't get me a parrel, I get a hay.

You see vas in der haas, Katrin she say to me soft dice, "Sackery don't you goin to put some aigs unter

dat old blue hen shuckens? "I say out my great in diabolical," Katrina, n' else you say dat again I'll set me a bill of disavowment so help me sho meens gramma. And she don't say it niter no more.

Yours,

SACKERY VANDER BLENCK STOPPEN HEISEN.

MILKING THE COW.

Mr. Editor.—Last summer I told you how I did set the old blue hen shuckens, and how Katrina, dat is mein frau, almost setp'd herself int' half at me and now I tells you how Katrina, sho milk n'ow cows you day von I was away from home mit gizness. You see Katrina, sho often say to me "Sackery, putty n'ow you go vay on dat liddle drap, putty n'ow I tells me how you manage dem cows." Well I say, "Katrin' on dat is a very easy matter; youot you open dat liddle gate from de outside and let de cows in der lot. Den you make open der anderer gate and make de kalbs in der lot mit de cows. Den von de kalbs have suck enough, you tie a liddle rope round his neck and tie him mit der fence; den you milk de cows. But first, I say, you must get de cows a liddle even so day don't run out mit de kalbs ven you make de gate open.

Well Katrina, sho say dat was easy; and sho don't could have any trouble about such a liddle job as dat, and sho say it v'ooman's work you all so easy like dat, sho could not mind being a v'ooman.

Well de next day I milch'd mein horse and go off about dat gizness. Ven I v'oom home, after I had mein supper, and was schlinke mein lappo I say, "Katrin' how get along mit dem cows?" and vat you tink mein frau sho do? First sho lull, den sho cry, and next sho get mad and say sho never vill no more dry dem cows to milk so long as sho live. Den sho tells me how sho had suck lull mit dem cows. Sho say ven de man was getting pooty low I shuck de milk pail and calla Peter dat was mein liddle boy, and skaters for de pasture, von I got me about half vay dere, I remember I had no corn for de cows, and I tells Peter to run quick back and bring me some. Den I call on shlow and look at de sunset and tink how pooty de trees and hills and corn fields back mit I come to de lot. But boy Peter don't come yet, so I tink de cows in de lot, and den I vat a liddle v'ile, and den I let de kalbs in all right, and I tink der was no need of any ruck. Den I put de rope round de kalbs' neck, and I tink I can do just so well as Sackery. Putt dat time I see dat larry Peter come poking along mit der corn, and I dicker half at der rope to pull dat kalb away. I gave one pull and he don't come; den I pull harder, and den mit all my might, and den I got mit and kock dat kalb, and he run off mit me and jerk me down and sick'n mein nose, mit hurt mein knee, and I let go mit der rope.

Den both cow and kalb come in der pasture and I put up and schlap Peter's nose in den top mit cows and come quick and den you, meinsch, he schmel down and half away. Den we see de cows lull in der lot and after I run mit I am hot and tired and mad, den went on, but shery-roped mit was gone, de kalbs was shuck'd, mein knee was black and blue, and mein nose was kinder end of a por pologun sausage. Well der was no no crying after schlap milk, and den I got Peter's kinder schlap, pick up mein lucket and schlat for mein haime. I told you Sackery I don't advise dat sun and trees as I walk home; but I shust dank all der v'ile how you vill half at me and make fun of mein nose.

Now, Mr. Editor, von Katrina sho say anythings about de blue hen shuckens, or dat herserk vat I hat on, I shust say, "Katrina, ven you going to start a lologan factory again, or "Vil you git me out leetle lesson in milking," and sho shut up right away.

ALUMINITIES.

—We are indebted to Mrs. Julie Pitt, of '78, for the following items of her class:

Mrs. Alice Ables lat home on State street between Park and Carroll.

Mrs. Mary Bacon is now Mrs. Trece, address 13th near Hubbard.

Mrs. Corn Bates is teaching; address desired.

Mrs. Hilda Clements, Miss Kate Doyle and Mrs. Ida Dyer are all teaching.

Mrs. Eckhardt formerly Miss Fannie Eggers, lives on Monroe and 13th.

Mrs. Alice Frank (Mrs. Bates); address request.

Mrs. Cora Forbes is at home on Olive between Beaumont and 27th.

Miss Laura Hochman and Miss Laura Hirsch are teaching.

Miss Virginia Howard (at home); address desired.

Miss Adine Johnson (Mrs. Maury); address 1512 Papin street.

Mrs. Rosalie Lafranchi is teaching, and lives on 13th and Pine.

Mrs. Nellie Lynch is teaching, and her home is on Lynch and Granddell Avenue.

Mrs. Clara McLeod and Miss Cornelia Marten are at home.

Mrs. Katie McNeil is married; name unknown.

Mrs. Ida Nisen is teaching, and living on Walnut street, No. 2220.

Mrs. Fannie Skramke lives on Park and Woodrupp Avenues.

OUR MIRROR

—Miss Jeanne Ren is now Mrs. Rockwell, and the writer believes she is living in Denver; address wanted.

—Miss Clara Tausig lives on Dolman between Park Avenue and Hickory. We have heard she has quite a reputation as a singer.

—Miss Mary Waterman is a teacher in the Kindergarten. Her home is on Compton Avenue and Morgan.

—Miss Blanche Watkins is Mrs. Matthew Cooper, and lives on the Belmonte Road, No. 3664.

—Miss Lillie Taylor and Miss Mattie Webster are at home, the latter at Taylor Place, the former on Walnut between 21st and 22d.

—Samuel Burton is married, and is living in Chelsea.

—Edgar Russell is a well known artist of the city and member of the Sketch Club.

—Frank Edwards is a physician, and lives at Webster Station.

—Jacob Friedman is a physician in the city.

—Joseph Parker, who was Valedictorian of the class with Skinner & Bartlett, still owns.

—The following items of '77 are furnished us by Miss Margaret French:

—Mabelia Harris is residing in the southern part of the city, and has been studying music for the past few years.

—Bertha Langsdorf, who is remembered by the class as the one excelling in all examinations, is now German English teacher at the Madison School. She was an excellent scholar, and is considered the same as a teacher.

—Clara Lord is now Mrs. Buile.

—Corra Mc Intyre is busily engaged at school.

—Ellen F. Myer has a great talent for drawing and painting. While at school she devoted considerable time to this art. She attended the Normal after leaving the High.

—Addie Ramsey is now in Europe.

—Nannie Tarzents, since graduating, has devoted some time to music and elocution.

—Fannie Wachtel is teaching. Address desired.

—Ruth Warren is teaching at the Ames School, and resides in Woodland. She spent a delightful summer in Newport, Boston, and other resorts.

—Thomas W. is a teacher at the Madison School, and resides on Kemmer Place. He is desisting his efforts to become a poet.

—Charles and Edmund Hale are still giving their time to study.

—Miss Minnie Murray is the widow of a teacher in the city.

—Miss Carrie Hicks has been some time recovering.

—Rube Letcher, of Marshall, was in town last week.

—Miss Bertie Mc Kinney, a third term member of the High, is teaching in Tennessee.

—Miss Belle Carroll '76 has been awarded a European Architecture this summer.

—Miss Gertrude Garriques has been in the city a few days ago. The blow was a severe one, and she is feeling better.

—Miss Callie Curtis of the Junior class of the High School of the Sacred Heart, has been teaching that charity league at home.

—Miss Anne Wood of '77, who was a member of the class, and was married to a man of the name of Mr. J. B. Mesley, of Warren, Ohio, is now in the city.

—Mary E. Wallace, of '72, who was a member of the class, and was married to a man of the name of Mr. J. B. Wallace, of Warren, Ohio, is now in the city.

—Miss Hackett, of '78, who was a member of the class, and was married to a man of the name of Mr. J. B. Hackett, of Warren, Ohio, is now in the city.

—Lynna W. Allen, of '79, who was a member of the class, and was married to a man of the name of Mr. J. B. Allen, of Warren, Ohio, is now in the city.

—A. Hackett, of '79, who was a member of the class, and was married to a man of the name of Mr. J. B. Hackett, of Warren, Ohio, is now in the city.

—Carroll Allen of the Junior class of the Western Grove; Miss Dennis of the same class is also a resident of the same place, but has gone this year to Wellesley College, Boston, Mass.

—Miss Ellen Whitney of '91 is writing at present for some Eastern publishers and promises a very pleasant letter, to send something to the MIRROR, when present work is disposed of. She is now teaching at the High School and the same work. Though lost to sight, she still, like memory, lives.

—Mrs. Brooks, of whom we have heard before, is now in the city, and is teaching at the High School. She is a very pleasant letter, to send something to the MIRROR, when present work is disposed of. She is now teaching at the High School and the same work. Though lost to sight, she still, like memory, lives.

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Brown and Mrs. Brown were impressed even then by the impression that she was not likely to be content with a quiet life.

—Mrs. Brown is still confined at home though, aside to go about rather more than before.

—Wm. A. Hilsley, of 79, has been in Louisville for the past two years, occupying the position of mining engineer. After graduating he worked at surveying for the engineer department of this city; afterwards he held successively the position of engineer in the construction of the Southeastern R. R., and of engineer in charge of constructing the reservoir for the new water works in Milwaukee. He is still unmarried.

There is another lady in the home of Chas. Hilsley, but when we write for particulars, we get none but that of her unusual brightness, which of course we all know of better kind. Particulars about a lady means age, name, color of eyes and hair, etc., etc.

Mrs. BAYNE has begun her work of vocal training at the Mary Institute with renewed vigor. Her devotion to the minutest details in the profession demand constant and repeated recognition. Her discrimination and judgment are unflinching and progressive; she held the first of her delightful musical reunions for this year at the Mary Institute, the occasion being a farewell reception given to Miss Kate Bousberg, by her friends. Miss Bousberg has been a pupil of Mrs. Bayne's for some time, and has developed a lovely voice of rich, mellow quality of large compass, and even throughout. She leaves the city to pursue her studies abroad, and will without doubt be heard from at some future day and collect added credit upon the teacher who laid so sure and true a foundation. The programme consisted of piano solos, by Mrs. Bousberg; vocal duets of Rubinstein & Reinecke, by the Misses Tansig; song of Donizetti, Schira and Caruso, by Miss Bousberg; song of Rubinstein, by Mrs. Bayne and one of Liszt's songs by M. Bayne.

SUGGESTIONS IN SEASON.

The woman whose task calls her to meet the world will go forth as unconsciously and as absorbed in her work, as a business person in his market. Fortunate and guarded in personal conduct, or will be to meet in the heat of business, better than the butcher or baker who are at home. When good women have faith enough in their own convictions to endure the contrast of seasons, hard working outsiders, to trust them, and even, it need be, support some wayward-

ness and eccentricity; when most men, paying women for having to put head or hands to honest work, instead of having their lives open to temptation of sloth, selfishness, caprice, morbidness; and when women, single or not, learn to thank God for work, there will be less complaints of afflictions caused by business women.

Men and women alike were made to work, and to suffer temptation. Let no woman think it strange or exceptional if she meets it in its dust and dust-dangers, because most repulsive form. A man who has seen more of the world than you or I have, writes that there is appointed to every man and woman born into the world sleep, usually a better sleep, and that we must pass through this thick water at some time of our lives as certain as that we must die. What need is there of making a law for us, there are puddles at the street crossings? These women are to be counted very happy who have been free from the touch of dust when walking side by side with the young belle, primed up at Long Branch, or passes the dimness and guarded fancies of pious homes with quick, daring eyes, at the church gates. Those whose outdoors is a room sheltered may consider the fact that a hundred times cannot wash the bloom from the cheek, or the perfume from the forehead; that through one willful touch may mar the delicacy of the skin, the earthiest clouds of life may beat upon it without consequence to the skin.

Of all weapons in a woman's armory, none so soft as a little self-possession, and none so useful. Men do not mind a woman who handles her penance across the face of one who utters a blasphemy, a rail, gauge, or pours forth the vials of her wrath upon him in vitriolic English, half-mouthed with the glance of contempt, and an "I do not understand" or marked politeness from a woman who understands herself. The old habit of becoming proscribed unreasonableness as the best method to create business. I venture to say, however, more abundant if they attend strictly to business, more apt to be women in society and on shopping expeditions. It's a matter of taste; but the question will come up, when noticing the style of some very dicker business women, whether disheveled hair flowing to the waist, or costumes which would not be out of place at a picnic party, are obviously appropriate to the desk and the street.

If women fixed their minds on doing their work with skill, accuracy and dispatch, they would impress men whom they meet as too absorbed for gallantry, and halt the annoyances they encounter of would escape their attention. A preoccupied air is the most successful damper to such speeches as a woman's ill-will to listen to, and prudence is her as effectually as a most kind protects itself from being mated. At this moment a young working girl passes the window, playing with a parasol, pink ribbons in her hair, eyes glancing "inher and you," with flowers and love enough on her but to "rattle the bells," notwithstanding. A sign looking out, "Attention Wanted," would not make the motive of all this plain. Convenient enough of this, but in no way expedient, and if the eyes were not so hateful, one might wonder the breath remark that "innocence is not vain." Confined (this with the sober air even of an offshoot, with a wheel in his hand, will wear as he goes down the street.

BOOK NOTICES

We have received from Dr. T. F. Rumbold, his new work on the "Hygiene of Catarrh." The book seems thorough and exhaustive, treating of every phase of this dreadful, heretofore so insidious and general a complaint, and giving the minute directions for counteracting its ravages and preventing a return when cured. The little matters in this accuracy of other things, prove the most important agencies when their number is taken in consideration. An important feature of Dr. Rumbold's successful treatment consists in his placing the hygiene of the body in every part, rather always above the use of medicine; the latter indeed being used principally for allaying local inflammations and irritations of the mucous membranes. Minute directions are given for the care of the throat and nasal passages, ears, teeth, etc., when the body has become permeated with this disease. It is often the case that catarrh has taken a strong hold on the system before the patient, absorbed in business or pleasure, realizes any thing of his danger. This book will open the eyes of such, and explain many things they have not realized before; for instance one indication is a constant and increasing irritability, accounted for by friends and relatives as a proof of an unregenerate state. If not attended to these symptoms will often approach very near to insanity and in some cases run into it. The effects of tobacco are also given in all their varieties. The work is one that every person can read with profit, and find in it much to set him thinking.

This work is the first of a series and contains only the symptoms and characteristics of the disease. The treatment is to follow.

We have received from G. I. Jones & Co., a copy of the "Exile," "A Dramatic Epiphany," by Lewis J. Black, of '63. The poem, which is in blank verse, reproduces the experience of a philosopher who, having become gaged with the world's pleasures chooses a life of utter seclusion in his magnificent and beautiful home.

"A life of thought, calm, passionless, seldom
 moved by whiffs of fiery emotion, calm
 And resolute to pursue the course of duty,
 Rethought in the deepest, straight, undeviating
 With a halo of our atmosphere."

This life proves all satisfying, until one day he accidentally meets a lovely girl playing on the seashore with her brother. His long pent-up affection asserts itself, and he plans to beg leave of his parents and chase his new love down to

The poet, the crown of womanhood—All Time
Her head should wear a subtle slight ornament
That emphasizes beauty.”

Having been smiling and laughing from infancy, and amidst scenes of men, he has a sense of humor, and meets the parents' absolute power with a smile, but makes anew the freedom to his own nature, and more sternly to the father's. From infancy, his poem might be longer with good effect. It contains many beautiful expressions, especially in the descriptions of nature. In a few places, however, the materials of its untroubled smoothness are left in the native state. Mr. Black does not always discern the justice, judging from some other compositions, of his own discrimination and delicate expression, and has played in a marked degree, that favorite, as it is called verse, one of all things most unpoetical and the subtle grace of children's poetry is almost entirely

One reading of this poem leaves the impression that the plot is but the surface, and that the real agents are to be looked for and seen beneath the

SKETCHES FOR READING. WITH AN ILLUSTRATION upon
Election. By HENRY W. JACKSON, B. A. St.
Louis: G. I. Jones & Co., 1889.

This volume by the author of *The Rhetoric of the Novel*, like the other is, the result of long experience in the classroom and reveals that the classroom is not without its many wants. All and well as it is, it is not so much wanted simply on the plea of its being *easy*. But while we are glad to find a remedy for a disease, rendering in the time-honored phrase, "the student," the author has taken pains to select what is of genuine worth in the great mass of literature now accessible. The *Essays of St. Louis* authors there are, especially the works of Messrs. H. H. Morgan, Wm. T. Harris, and Wm. M. Bryant, which will certainly attract attention.

One notable feature of the work deserves special mention, as it is not often met with in booklets of this kind. The author has, wherever possible, made use of original editions of the works selected from. Wherever omissions have been made, care has been taken to note the fact in some way. Thus, in the first, for example, treated as a number 1, the first part of the page is P_1 , P_2 , P_3 , P_4 , H , and so on, and the

The following is a short, but not complete, list of the properties of the function χ that is introduced upon Remark 1. The following lemma is best to read in conjunction with the next classes, and the next two lemmata. In short, it tells us that χ and μ are related to the p -norm and p -entropy.

Our Mirror.

Humans Nihil Alium.

Vol. II.

ST. LOUIS, MO., NOVEMBER, 1880.

No. 7.

OUR MIRROR.

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IN THE INTERESTS OF THE

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BEA—TIFUL SNOW.

For the Mirror, by special request

I looked from my window; hush! it was so.

The ground was all covered with beautiful snow
Delightful to see, rather cold for the feet.

Quite charming to look at but not fit to eat.

'T was down on the ground and filled up the ditches,

On the seat of the window, and into the branches.

It so be you ventured to travel outside

And in doubtful apparitions fairly confide

But then when it melts the climax is found.

When the snow turns to slush will quiet unison abound!

Profanity seems above par among men.

No need of a stream for the use of dunes then.

And the women, dear creatures! go juddling about,

Their skirts all be diaphanous, their lips all a pout.

Their stockings once white all covered with mud.

Their whole *soot* ensemble, i. e., all their duds.

In such a condition, they can hardly be civil.

For in short, they each one of them look like the—an
angel.

But still all go plunging and skipping along.

Determined to leave out the burden of song.

That meets them so often, and that song you know
Is the praise of the beautiful, beautiful snow!
And that beautiful snow, I must sing that I freeze.
That my nose is rebellious with surges of snow.
That snow I must sing that my hair be on fire,
Or a Scintilla buildeth my funeral pyre.

A DUTY OF CITIZENSHIP.

One of the leading men of our day has said of the government under which we live, that it is "a government of the people, for the people, by the people." In these words its character and spirit are most aptly described. *By the people*, because each individual citizen, by his vote, has a part in directing the affairs of government. His vote determines the character of the constitution of the republic, selects the men who enact its laws, and the men who execute them, as well as the men who interpret and define the spirit and requirements of these laws. He is practically a self-governing citizen, only one condition being involved, viz., that he vote.

Does he always fulfill this condition? becomes then an important question, for a most important trust has been placed in his hands and a grave responsibility rests upon him.

It must be confessed that he does not. An election is in progress, and the two parties have their candidates before the people. Our citizen stays away from the polls. Neither of the tickets suits him. They are not good men. "But are there not good men in the community for whom you might vote?" you ask him. "Oh, certainly; but they are not the nominees; to vote for them would be throwing votes away." "Well, why are they not nominated?"

Our citizen shrugs his shoulders and is silent. You are coming now to the primaries, and he doesn't care to talk about them. They are a necessary feature of our political economy. But he remembers a close room, the air heavy with tobacco smoke and the floor slippery with tobacco juice, where he is elbowed by men boisterous and profane—the "blowers and strikers" of his ward—whom he does not care to meet socially; and although he knows that at the primaries men are selected to be the standard bearers of his party before the people, to define and represent

its principles and frame the issues of the contest, he never goes there. Yet his role is needed there and there are enough men of his stamp in his ward to make the primaries orderly and decorous if each would manfully and loyally net his part. The primaries are the source, the fountain head, the political cause. The stream does not rise higher than its source; pure water does not come from an impure fountain; nor is the effect ever greater than the cause.

There is also the apathetic citizen, who does not even know when the primaries are to be held, and who, on election day, sticks to his desk or shop or takes a holiday, perfectly oblivious to his duty as a citizen.

Bulwer says: "I honor an American as the citizen of a grand republic, trying his best to accomplish an experiment in government in which he will find that the prosperity he seeks to create will sooner or later destroy his experiment." Although Bulwer was more than a mere novice in statescraft, yet every American who reads this criticism instinctively resents it as unfounded. That prosperity and success do involve dangers, however, to nations as well as individuals, no one denies; and there may be a grain of truth in the utterance of the English statesman. One of the two great parties is in possession of the government of the republic. Its principles and the measures advocated and adopted by it have the endorsement and support of the people. Prosperity and success attend its rule. Relying on the support of the majority, the individuals of the party grow listless and apathetic, neglecting to vote, until the result of an election discloses to them the startling fact that practically the reins of government have slipped from their hands, falling into those of a party inimical to the best interests and welfare of the nation. The affairs of government are thrown into confusion, and loss and injury untold result to the business interests, while misrule and even anarchy may follow, for by default the popular will has been subverted and the spirit of the constitution violated.

It belongs to the press of the country to urge this duty of citizenship, line upon line and precept upon precept, until everywhere and at all times men shall thoroughly and rationally discharge this obligation of true citizens.

A FRIEND of ours, whose wife presented him with a little girl during the recent political excitement, compromised matters with said wife in a rather peculiar way. Wife was for Garfield (sensible woman, we think); husband for Hancock; so to reconcile matters they concluded to let the girl bear the name that should be symbolic of buried difference, and that was Handfield.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONSTANCE, Aug. 14, 1880.

MY DEAR —:

You see I am still in Constance, and a very pretty place it is. I came here a week ago, and am to visit here until the others come from Tyrol. The hotel I stop at, *Constanzer Hof*, is very large and handsome, situated in an extensive garden on the lake, and surrounded on the three other sides by handsome summer residences, and is, altogether, very delightful and retired. It is not very tall, and I have nothing to do with the guests. There are several parlors, reading rooms, etc. The dining hall is very long and elegantly frescoed, and with pictures painted at intervals on the walls, representing the most beautiful views on lake Constance.

The lake is charming; a great expanse of water, green as emerald, about thirty-six to forty miles long, and, in some places, nine miles wide. The Rhine flows out of it just below the hotel, and is, here, quite narrow, and green as the lake which forms its source.

To occupy my time, I hunt the reading room every evening, and having found a place where I can hire notes (having expected to obey —'s injunctions, I brought none with me) I beguile about two hours of the morning at the piano, chiefly reading at sight, or repeating old pieces. The one drawback is, that it attracts an audience, although I select the time when every one is out that evening. One German lady took me for a Swede on account of my being so blonde, and decided to address me in German, though she speaks both French and English. Another lady wanted to know if I was a pupil of Van Hlow's. One gentleman walks in regularly, and seats himself silently in a sofa corner, reads his paper and seems to enjoy it. When the audience increases, I am forced to cease.

The pleasure is cheap enough. I have had all the music I could use for several days for 125 cents. I wonder we don't have such institutions at home. Another proof of the trustfulness of the German business man, I must tell, that the music dealer let me take away a pile of notes every day, classical music, and expensive, and did not ask for the money until I had got through. I wonder if they find that this supreme confidence develops the sense of honor in mankind, and so insures his honesty.

I received the papers with the accounts of the two conventions. I read, lately, a long account in one of the German weeklies, *Garfield's*, discussing past Presidents and the present unanimous. It ran down Grant's rule, and praised Garfield enthusiastically, placing him above Hancock. The Germans will have it that the latter has German blood in his veins. There was a good deal of Carl Schurz in the article,

I suspect he had something to do with furnishing the writer with statistics.

There is not much to tell in the way of news. The chief things of interest in the city itself are Munster, an old cathedral, and the house and monument of John Huss, burned here in 1415. The monument is placed on the spot where he suffered martyrdom, and where, one year later, another hero, shared his dreadful fate.

I hope next week to be on the move again, and shall have more of interest to tell you.

Yours as ever,

NELLIE STRONG.

CONCORDIA, Cloud County, Kansas.

DEAR EDITRESS:

I have intended writing ever since I reached Kansas, but find my time almost entirely occupied.

Some one made quite a mistake concerning me in the July Mirror. I was, according to that, in the class of 1877, instead of 1879, and was going to Kansas with my family, instead of alone, to teach for a year, at least.

On my coming here, I knew no one, but I have, already quite a number of friends.

Next to seeing one's friends is to read or hear about them. For that reason, if for no other, I watch anxiously every day, from the 23d of the month to the day I receive it, for my MIRROR.

(We regret the severe trial our correspondent's patience must undergo some months.—Ed.)

I enjoy it so much that I am beginning to think that I cannot well get along without it.

I have become quite fond of my school work, and find all very pleasant; but regret that I shall not be able to attend either the January or June Alumni meeting. My friends, I hope, will not forget me entirely while I am out here.

Remember me kindly to them all.

Very respectfully,

MINNIE E. McFORD.

MR. EDITOR.—I should like to tell you just how much I like to pay. Dat pay he likes fun nifty vell, and he bout for fun more as mein dog hunt for rabbits. Dat little job mit der cows vas do him lots of gut, and he laff very much ven his matter vas not aroundt, but dat soon vas oil, and he dry somedings to find out more frish vas. Dat pay he vas schmart, and he vas not long about dat pizness. You see, Mr. Editor, I haf some nice fat pigs, and Peter, he know vas vas a boombide bee nest; so right qua k he tink to have mit de pigs some fun.

Vell, I see him more as einst go by mit der basket mit corn, and at last I say, Peter, vot for you feed dem pigs so viel. Und he say, oh, fater, you come mit me, und see how you vill laff. Katrina, she hear

him say dat, and she go long, too. Peter, he go on first to der bees nest, und call de hogs, und goes away a little off to see der fun. Vell, de pigs run in and root and grunt, and shirr dem bees proty gut up.

Pooty quick dose bees begin to buzz aroundt; but der pigs only flap dere ears and shake dere heads. Den a pee he light just on a pig's back close to his tail, und den der fun begin. Dat pig he run und squeal und twist his tail; but der bees shittik right all der veil. Den he lay down und roll over; but dere he vas yet. Den he give one big squeal, back him up to a tree, und rub der bee off. By dis time de hogs vas run all roundt, every one mit a bee on his pack, und sometimes two. Dey run und squeal, twist und grant, roll over, und den run und back up to a tree.

I vas stand mit my hands on my sides, because I laff so much dey hurt, ven a pig run schwiechen mein legs und I set down just so hard like ven I dry to ride dem roller schikates. Den Katrina und Peter shoop laff at der pigs und yust holler mit laff at me.

Yust about dat times a pig backs against me up und rub der bee in mein shirt.

I tell you I got me pooty quick up und I schlap mein back till I minsh dat bee so flat like nothing. Katrina she stand und laff like an old fool, und a bee vat had no pig (you see den pigs vas pooty scarce by dis time) he light on Katrina's head und shittik his feet in her hair und buzz und shittik like eferydings. Py sheemey I den vas any dime for laff. De vay dat romane dot run, und yell, und fight, und make der fly vas enough to make a dog laff. I tell you she vas nat ven der bee vas out und she bat dime to see how I laff. I say, Katrina petter ve call it schquare; you can no more hair lose, und I bin too sore in mein pack, petter ve go home. I think I not like to see any more of Peter's fun."

Yours,

SOCKERY.

P. S. Some dimes I delis you pout how I dry to ride dem schikates.

S.

A common grievance in connection with the distribution of the tickets for the annual meetings has so frequently come to our ears that we feel obliged to ventilate it, and so give the last instance. A lady in one of the older classes who has never failed in paying a single year's dues, though often obliged to forego the pleasure of attending the meetings, was, last year, missed by the collector, in his rounds. Naturally, she supposed he would come in time, or that she could pay at the June meeting; but when the time came around no ticket was sent. Now, if this was intentional, it was simply disgraceful. A good many tickets had better be wasted upon persons who have intentionally neglected payments than that one such person as the lady referred to should be slighted in this way. Perhaps it was a mere oversight, but too many such occur, and more care should be evinced.

ALUMNITIES.

—Susie Kinkaid, of '72, is married. Name wanted.
—Solecia Elderman is teaching, and lives in N. St. Louis.

—Miss Octavia Marlow, of '74, is married. Name unknown.

—Miss Julia Fife is going to Kansas City to spend the holidays.

—Miss Belle Shields is summering this winter at 1116 Madison.

—Lillian G. Wilson is married; now Mrs. Spencer. Address wanted.

—Ella Burgess has returned to Baxter Springs, Kansas, to teach.

—Miss Benton, of '80, leads her class at the Washington University.

—Geo. E. Allison is fast gaining a reputation as a short hand writer.

—John P. Jones is working for the St. Louis Stamping company.

—Mr. Cook has been sick for a week past, and unable to teach school.

—The address of Emma L. Mathews is desired. A schoolmate wishes to call.

—Geo. Cassidy, of '75, is a photographer on 6th and Franklin avenues.

—Chas. Sprague, of '75, is living in N. St. Louis, on 12th and Jackson places.

—Miss Fannie E. Hockema, of '79, is also singer in N. Presbyterian church.

—Mr. Maggie R. McPherson is teaching at the Douglas. Lives in N. St. Louis.

—Geo. B. Copp is a physician. Lives on the corner of Benton and Jefferson avenues.

—Miss Annie Langhlin is devoting herself entirely to vocal music this winter.

We would like to receive a contribution from Chas. H., of '74, aka Martin Jane Flinders.

—Miss Agnes Davidson, of the same class, is teaching a private school on Benton street, with good success.

—Edith Houston, who by the way did not graduate, is said to be the coming artist in a dramatic point of view.

—Myer Epstein is a professor of music, and has superintended several entertainments in this city, in conjunction with his cousin.

—Mr. David Corbillo, of '63,—David the Psalmist,—is leader of the choir in Dr. Butler's church.

—Miss Nowakowska, of '79, spent a large portion of the summer in Kansas, and is now continuing the study of music under the direction of Prof. Moore.

—Where is Henry B. Davis? We have been unable to get any word from him for some time. Is he married, or is he making arrangements to serve his country in the new cabinet?

—We are informed that the graduating exercises of the next class will take place in the High School Hall, a return to old-time regime, which certainly seems a sensible proceeding.

—M. W. Hind and Frank Hicks, of '71, have moved their office to 503 Olive street, away from the gas building. How they will survive away from the immediate proximity of their natural element is yet to be determined.

—Mrs. Annie Langhlin, of '77, has consented to accept a position on our editorial corps. Mrs. Langhlin should have been there long ago, and all of her many friends who take the paper cannot help being delighted with the arrangement.

—Nat Hazzard, a member of '66, though not a graduate, is now with Duncan, Miller & Co. He is tenor singer and choir leader in Dr. Beards' church. We hear great praise of his past and present good nature and looks, and unflinching jobbery.

—Harry Knox, of '74, is teaching at the Washington University, and as his time for the past few months has been spent to a considerable extent in the interest of the City Museum, it is fair to suppose that he knows something about shooting. Eggs. Why should he not make a success in teaching the young men how to shoot?

—Unquestionably we hope that we offend, by offering and sending this Mirror to some one who don't want it. In all humility we wish to state, that whenever we so offend, as we understand we did in the case of Mr. Bassel, that we take it all back, and that if it were not for the anguish depicted in our countenances for such a deplorable blunder we should immediately try to lend the breach by getting him to paint our portrait. We are sorry, however, that he should have implicated Prof. H. in the mistake, as the address was asked and given simply for the convenience of our any loving friends visiting the city. If anybody don't want this paper, say so. Just now we hang, and feel perfectly free and independent.

—Miss Lattie Stewart, of the class of '80 is teaching in some town in Kansas. Her address is not

known, but if some one interested in her welfare would kindly volunteer, there is no doubt that her success would be assured, or we should immediately send her the *Mirror*, and the double-barrelled inspiration conveyed through its columns would be the stepping stone to a career.

—We have received articles from two new contributors this month: Miss Ellen Whitney, of '91, and a member of '71, who desire to be nameless. If Nathan Frank would only keep his promise we should be supremely happy. There used to be a tradition that failure to keep promises was a feminine foible. Are times degenerating?

—Jas. A. Martling, a former teacher of the High School, and who is remembered as a friend as well as instructor by many of his old pupils, lately died at his home near Los Angeles, Cal. Various articles from his pen have appeared from time to time in *Our Mirror*, and that they have in the highest degree added to whatever of merit may be its due, is the verdict of many of our readers.

—On account of illness in the Editorial corps, the resignation of one of the members, for which a season of mourning is highly proper, and peculiarly severe weather, we are short of Alumni matter this month; there is lots of it around, but it is under the snow, frozen up, etc. We promise to dig it up and throw it out in time for our next.

For the same reason the class history of '84 is postponed.

—A letter from Mrs. Sheperdson, Fannie Langford of '83, correcting the statement in the October number that she did not graduate, arrived too late for our notice of it to be inserted in the proper place, among the alumnities. Fearing it may have been overlooked by the readers, we wish again to withdraw the assertion, and add that she stood among the first in her class. Mr. Sheperdson resides in Paxton, Illinois.

The following items, of '77, are from a new contributor, who is disposed to make things lively:

Miss Agnes McDonald, of '77, is teaching.

Miss Jennie R. Partridge is at school somewhere in the East.

Theresa Weigel is teaching at the Lucile.

Henry C. Thombs at Cornell.

Nannie Tarrant is taking lessons from Alf C. Relyea, a former High School boy.

Annie H. Laughlin, formerly Drowne, is going into rapid consumption—at sixteen paces. Come all old High School friends and get some, while they last. Residence 2900 Scott avenue.

bring about results that are deplorable, and the more so because they occur early in the school life where mistakes can be less afforded. There are two results:

—Chas. Hall, after spending a year in Europe, has returned to commence the practice of law in this city. His smile is as enchanting as ever.

—Poor Hattie Packard's sweet face was soon shaded by the heavy crepe known only to the deepest grief. She lost her mother, and we believe is now at home with her father.

—Kate A. Jones may be teaching, but if so, regrets it without doubt. She is the jolliest, best natured, handsomest little Irish girl the High School ever turned out, and writes very good poetry.

—It is high time for the successor to the Editor-in-chief's chair, to be hunting him or herself up, as the allotted two years will be up in the spring, and it seems that the measure of success which has attended the paper thus far should be allowed to bear its legitimate fruit. For the encouragement of said successor we will state that we heard a gentleman of high standing say, that if he were a High School boy he would make *Our Mirror* pay a profit of at least one thousand dollars per year, without interfering with regular business.

—C. F. Wash, class '88, is superintending the erection of smelting works in Durango, Colorado.

—Jas. L. Carlisle, class —, has been appointed deputy marshal, having given up the practice of law.

—For the first time in many years, we hear that the treasurer of the Alumni has a surplus in his hands.

—Miss Jennie Ward, of '78, has been visiting friends in Clinton, Ohio, for several months, but is expected home soon.

—Bill Baker, class '74, is local editor of the *Kansas City Sun*. One of his class-mates says, "Bill is a good fellow, and ought to get married."

—Miss Wall, of Jan., '80, is assiduously applying herself to the acquisition of French, and Miss Rabelmann, is devoting the greater part of her time and thought to vocal music.

—Chas. Nagel, of '88, has been elected to Jefferson City as a Republican representative from the first district. A more popular or efficient gentleman could hardly have been chosen.

—Wanted: Whereabouts of the Executive Committee. Any one hearing of the whereabouts and condition of said com. will confer a favor and receive a reward proportioned to the size of the news communicated.

—A man who is familiar with Alumni workings gives it as his opinion that the attendance at the

ALUMNITIES.

—Susie Kinkaid, of '72, is married. No—

—Our new collector, Mr. Hartman, is on the war path. Though we have not seen any of his scalp, looks as yet, for the benefit of the marriageable ladies in our circle of friends, we would state that he is young, good looking, a bachelor, and ———

—please give him a dollar.

—By a misunderstanding of the printer, discussed only at the last minute, and much to our regret, Miss Whitney's article was reserved for next number.

—Mr. Will Pommer is obliged to resign his position on the editorial staff, owing to great professional work.

EDITORIALS.

"It is a wise mother who teaches her sons how to sew, and her daughters to use saw, hammer, and nails, because there are exigencies in the lives of most men and women when it is useful that they should perform certain services which are not customary to them."

This text is actually copied from a fashion book, but its words are full of wisdom. For two reasons, mothers who have the time would be wise to so teach their boys and girls: First, for the one given, though the interchange of work in this case benefits the boys, rather more than the girls. They are often thrown entirely upon their own resources in this direction than girls; and what is more helpless than a man who can't sew on a button or darn even the tiniest hole in his much abused socks!

True, this is considered so completely a woman's business that the remotest female in the world is by some inseparable law considered under obligations to perform these little favors, when no one connected by blood or kindred, is found to throw herself in the breach. Now we think there are times when even a husband or son might at least *see to his own buttons*, and be thankful that he knows how. For instance, there's a tired mother with inadequate help in the home, and three or four children to clothe, train, heat, and body, and generally look after. Now four or five children means twenty pairs of stockings to be kept in order aside from the grown ones, and never less than five or six hundred buttons to be kept in place. Such a woman never has a minute to spare; while the average man—well count up, average man, and see, even when your day's from six to six, if you don't have at least three hours to do nothing in but read your paper. (Not half what you ought to have of course, but at present we are only making comparisons.) True, you are tired, albeit the stronger sex,

and a woman *can't* *see to* *her* *own* *buttons*—but don't you think some morning when your wife has been up all night with the sick baby, and is trying desperately to get all six ready for breakfast at once, and keep her own face smooth and hair immaculate at the same time, don't you think when you find that inevitable button missing, that if instead of saying, "My dear, could you stop just a moment and sew this on?" (it only takes a *moment* to drop baby and comb and brush and half buttoned apron, to hunt up and thread a needle and sew on a button, you should do it yourself, *in silence*, don't you think she'd think the *old* *buttons* had come? I do. But why shouldn't you, and why shouldn't the oldest son whose most arduous labors are in the school room, and on the skating pond or base ball field as well learn to look after his own clothes, as to turn them over to the oldest daughter who in rare cases out of ten has far less spare time than he.

Yes, you; it is a woman's work, but so is supporting the family a man's work; but did you never, never see mothers and daughters doing part or all of that when there were men folks around? And it is somewhat harder. Since there is no law against a woman's earning the money, and turning it over to the husband, there can't be a very severe one against his sewing on his own and even her buttons. But I'm afraid the only way to bring this about is to break them in when very young, say about six months; for a boy made out that he is born to rule very young.

On the other hand, sometimes the house overflows with mother and daughters, and but one poor man to look after them all. In any house there are a large number of nails to be driven, a tack to be placed, a little glue and ingenuity to be applied here and there to save a bill at the cabinet maker's after a while. In such a case it would be shameful to call upon the tired father for help. Let the girls do it all, and save him all they can; but girls, be very judicious about commencing it in your own homes, when you get them.

For another reason, this interchange of work is beneficial in itself, both to boy and girl. If the latter is industrious, the style of work relegated to girls, sewing, embroidery, drawing, etc., will be sure to absorb too much of her time at a sacrifice of health, and independence; if she is lazy, as too many girls are, though from the fault of training, rather than nature, there are dissimulations about the use of steel tools, that will some times draw a girl out of this, when the time worn sewing, crocheting, etc., are powerless. For the boy, what household life moments, the ruin of our boys, might be employed in "helping mother," if they could get over the idea that it is *unmanly* to use a woman's implements.

The hardest boy we know, one up to all games

and play, who "wouldn't take a dare" from any one, and who thinks "a man has no right to marry until he is perfect in every art to protect his wife, not only from ordinary ills, but from flood, fire and accident of all kinds, can sew and darn, embroider and knit, and likes it."

The suggestion is worth putting to the test. Half the wear and fret of raising little children would be saved if the mother could contrive to keep them systematically and pleasantly busy, and in raising the two sexes in this way, the little ones would have something in common, and be less prone to seek society outside, while still too young to be trusted away from home.

SINCE the change in our Public School Superintendentship, other and seemingly natural changes in the management of the studies, have been anxiously but vainly looked for by thoughtful teachers. It is not necessarily detrimental to Prof. Harris' faithful management to find that in some respects his system was very faulty. A keen and logical thinker who intensely enjoys the work, and has much leisure will inevitably outstrip his time and contemporaries in his close analyses of cause and effect, and in theoretical applications of means to ends. His thoughts, supplied and corrected by all sources of philosophy, history, literature and untrammeled by the many drawbacks that beset the actual application of their results to practical life may almost attain perfection in their workings. But when one comes to make an actual application of these fine drawn and advanced theories to the details of life, it needs a more than ordinary quota of practical knowledge to avoid mis takes. And in this very element the abstruse thinker is most likely to be lacking, and hence should be most willing to constantly test the value of his ideas in the hands of his subordinates. A faithful and conscientious teacher of long standing is surely able to pronounce intelligently upon all reasonable theories of government or study advanced by the superintendent. To deny this, to assign to our host of Public School teachers, the disgraceful position of mindless automatons grinding out the ideas of a higher power, is to declare the system a failure in all the greatest results claimed for it. Yet, judging from the conversations of the most intelligent ones of this class, we do not gain the impression that it is customary to consult a teacher upon the working of this or that theory, but rather, the conclusion is drawn that upon their silence in a measure depends the retention of their positions.

Prof. Harris' "Spiral System" may not be seriously defective, but some of the details work miserably. Ideas that in themselves are excellent, and that would work as unobtrusively in the millennium as does the solar system, from being introduced out of time and place, with no allowance whatever made for friction,

bring about results that are deplorable, and the more so because they occur early in the school life where mistakes can be less afforded. There are two results to be gained from study: the actual accumulation of facts and mental training; and while the latter is the one true object, there are cases and cases where the concession should be made of placing the other first. With numbers of public school scholars, for whom the training is most imperative, because circumstances so soon crowd them out of school, all is lost in the desperate effort to teach them everything at once. A system of education, which has for its basis the supposition that all its recipients are to follow brain work for life occupation, must make serious mistakes. The opposite course of dealing with all the lower grades as though the few fleeting years were to be their sole legacy of help from learning would be infinitely preferable.

What little they learned would be learned well, and in such a manner as to help them in life. And the few to whom it was allotted to go on would enter the higher walks of education with clear brains, and a zest that had not been sated by indigestible nibbles at everything that was to come. And eventually, we should not hear constant complaints of class after class admitted to the Branch High whose scholars spelled miserably, wrote abominably and spoke most ungrammatically. Where is the evidence even of mental training in this state of things? These scholars when young can prate of rhomboids and parallelograms, and of similar sometimes from various sciences; but can any one affirm that this will compensate for slovenly work in all other directions? Accuracy must be the foundation of all successful mental training, and under the present plan of cutting up the study hours into infinitesimal and confusing bits, accuracy is simply impossible.

We forgot last month to chronicle the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association. Serious omission! But no one need imagine that it was inferior to all others in wit or wisdom, or that it failed to provide carefully for the coming winter reunion.

But an Alumni Association Committee that deals in no heavier business than the management of hops and very light finances? Is it just the thing, or at all to our credit? A paper sent to our table the other day from a dishonored spoke of this Association as including a great number of the influential business men of this city. It includes also men of position in various other directions; men and women whose hairs are beginning to show touches of gray, and who may be reasonably supposed to have gleaned from life something worth contributing to such an Association, to make it more even that a social factor. Could something be done to draw in more of

this very practical but very necessary element. Sentiment is an excellent thing; we need a great deal of it, but it mustn't be the only foundation stone. There was talk last winter of establishing a lecture course under the auspices of the Alumni Association. There is talk of a Club to include all genuine workers in the various intellectual paths (and the long suffering multitude as audience) but still nothing is done. We should at least have our share in these things, as a body, and not as distinct individuals, absorbed and lost in dozens of other smaller but certainly successful organizations.

Our platoon that is made in the rules for the admittance to the Normal School is eminently satisfactory. None will be admitted now except those who have first graduated at the High School. This gives five year's time after leaving the grammar schools to prepare for teaching, and little enough time it is. It seems hard, of course, on the young girls who feel that every moment that stands between them and a much needed salary, but in the end it will prove more of a help than a hindrance. Anything that will break up the migration in the teacher's market, and show our girls that there are other honorable ways of living, is to be hailed with joy. On no one was the past regime harder than upon teachers themselves. The occupation was glutted. There was no justice in cutting down salaries or crowding on work that could not be resorted to with impunity; because if we objected, behind was a waiting eager crowd ready to promise to do the work at any price. Now we may hope things will be different and teachers have a little chance.

RED TAPE.

This is an abomination, even in the places where custom has sanctioned its existence, but all the more when it ties up the usefulness of an eminently practical institution as a public *Reading Room*. Now, wherever the fault lies at the door of Mr. Crunden or elsewhere, the fact is patent nevertheless, that useless rules and pedantic formulae so being one as he enters the library reading room that without he knows just exactly what he wants in the shape of a periodical, he is at sea so far as the spending an hour or two of recreative study is concerned. And who does know just exactly what he wants? The purport in seeking the room is recreation in seven cases out of ten, and if in presence of that he is required to make out his own naturalization paper, wait an indefinite length of time to be served for his *only* application, then it it happens to be something that is not what is expected, and the same business has to be gone over again, the spare hour is used up, and off he must go with nothing secured save a feeling that he has been defrauded.

But again if he has been so fortunate as to obtain what is wished and as the result of absorbing interest two legs at his chair become divorced from the carpet, he is informed that it is desired by the directors that all six legs of that establishment should be kept on the floor, or a sudden freak of nervousness seizes that gentleman of the Irish gender who proclaims over the course of the dust brush, and with more zeal for the fulfillment of his duties, than consistent with comfort he proceeds to curia his lady bread.

Now these may seem slight grievances so they are, but in the aggregate, and when measured by the necessities of the place, when we consider that it is the right of frequenters there to the greatest amount of comfort possible, when order and decency are observed, then slight grievances do become vexatious, mounting in the highest degree, and many a one in consequence feels like giving the room which under the present regime seems to be preferred to their company.

THANKSGIVING.

The list of conditions for which we have cause to be duly thankful has been carefully prepared by the *Globe-Democrat* and the day has been observed by the public generally, as well for reasons given as in pursuance of a custom followed for years. Families, corporations, municipalities, all have joined with the now and then exception of some individual or company who could see nothing in one day more than another, all being alike to them.

We have heard of one New York concern that for years followed the plan of working their employees on Thanksgiving, Christmas and New years. They employed about 1,000 hands, but such a course so opposed to American policy could not prosper, and the result was one long failure. That such instances of profound selfishness are so rare is another cause for thankfulness.

Knaupp & Kramer,
CARPETS
Oil Cloths, Mattings.

LACE CURTAINS, WINDOW SHADES.

No. 411 Franklin Ave.,

St. Louis, Mo.

theory of Paley, that selfishness is the root of all goodness. * * * She has received no instructions from the singing master, but a well governed temper has taught her to modulate her voice, so that it is always musical, and never too loud or too sharp. She looks with astonishment at the books which her children bring home from school, but while regretting her inability to aid them in their studies, she can teach them habits of attention and make them cheerful under their first discouragement, nor did it ever occur to them to despise their mother because ignorant of things which she never had an opportunity to learn."

There are indeed such women, but what is it that gives them this power? The lack of education can not deprive them of this inherent individuality, and it is very doubtful if the most elaborate education can create it, or do any thing more than simply to elaborate and beautify its perfections. This intuitive nobleness, this natural ability to command the respect, love and obedience of dependants, despite all adverse circumstances is needed no where more than in the mother of a household, and no where is it so visibly lacking. Without doubt, men are as often deficient in this quality as women, but the effects do not seem so deplorable. If a man cannot fill one place he can step down to another. If he cannot lead the army he can follow in the ranks. If he cannot rule the nation, he can swell the tide of those who make the nation by obedience to its laws; but a woman once elevated to the high position of motherhood, cannot resign, but must try to fill the place, however incompetent. Who will tell us in what lies this secret charm, and by what means, however artious, it may be obtained, or if it ever may be any more than counterfeited, when not inherited? The woman who possesses it, speaks and is obeyed; advises, and is listened to; comforts, and gives the peace she wills. The possession lies not alone with the good, for many pure, good, useful women are singularly without it. It cannot be that its possession depends entirely upon previous training or circumstances. That would be too cruel, for in nearly every case the woman does not realize her lack until the immediate need is upon her, and all intellectual training out of the question. And how pitiful is the lack! The children for whom she could die, but cannot govern, grow up around her in turbulent waywardness, if not in actual wickedness. Her body grows flaccid, her tongue sharpened, and she gains the reputation of a termagant, a woman who will have her own way because of words and actions which often are the dispiriting outcries of nerve and heart incited beyond control. For it is a mistake to suppose that the woman who scolds, is the woman who has her own way. Such a woman does not need to scold, scarcely

needs to speak. Her manner is probably commanding, but not her voice. Why should she contend for that she possesses already?

For the pitiful woman who lacks this force of character there *must* be some help, some process by which she may grow to the dignity that commands respect and obedience, independent of outside help, for often that not least, hand and brain are so filled, there is no time for outside help. The daily discipline of life, the slow adding and taking from that goes on in every heart, though unseen, is all the time helping on this result, but meanwhile the children are growing up, the daily demands are being answered, and when the end is gained, it is only in time for the grave from which comes help for no one. If we could only know in what one trait lies this secret power, if some one in triumphant tones would proclaim it so that every woman in the land must listen and comprehend and obey, life would grow easy and happy, and home always the refuge it should be, but too often is not.

DOES MIND ACT UPON MIND INDEPENDENT OF MATTER—continued.

In most instances, mind acts upon mind in some way by, or through, the power, or agency, or influence of matter; i. e., by Sight, Smell, Touch, Hearing. A sees B, or hears B, or smells B, or touches B, and either A, or B, or both, mentally recognize the facts, the Seeing, the Hearing, the Feeling, the Tasting, the Smelling—all lead to a recognition through the effort and power of matter. Those which are termed Odyle or Animal Magnetic differ from the ordinary mind communications, as the Agent is sometimes 100 miles from the person to or by whom the communication is given or received, as in the case of Mrs. Shelly and her brother in Canada, found in one of the earlier numbers of "Our Mirror."

These sometimes, are the result of intended Magnetic action; at other times they are the results for which we cannot account; though both kinds seem to be mental, and independent of the ordinary operations of material action and manifestation. And both when we look mentally into the manifested facts, are different from what is termed Spiritualism.

There are indeed parts, in which they seem to be alike; but no spiritualism which I have examined will stand the test of close scrutiny, as do those odyle actions and manifestations which I have examined and heard before you. Those called, and bearing the appearance of spiritualism, as that of Katy King and others of a similar character, have all, so far as I know, been proved a deception.

I will now bring before you an action, and appearance Spiritualistic; though not in any way connected with what is termed Spiritualism.

The occurrence took place in my sister's family some 10 years since. My nephew, I will call him by his given name, Philip, about 65 years old, lived with his unmarried daughter and son, about 8 miles from the home of his only sister, then about 60 years old, who had no family at home but her husband. As was very common, the husband of my niece retired to bed one evening some hours or more before his wife; and as usual fell asleep: and between 9 and 10 o'clock the wife retired to bed very quietly, her husband not awakening. No sooner had she laid down and closed her eyes, than her brother Philip stood apparently at the foot of the bed! Startled at the appearance she instantly opened her eyes: He was gone! She closed her eyes again: He again stood before her. She kept her eyes shut for some little time, observing his position and appearance: He looked fresh, healthy, and smiling. She opened her eyes: He was gone! She shut her eyes again: He again stood before her: She waited a few moments and again opened her eyes: He was gone! She again shut her eyes. He appeared no more! She shut and opened her eyes several times, but nothing natural again appeared! She then awakened her husband and stated to him the appearances and manifestations: He thought it must be a dream! She informed him that the first appearance was, when she had not been in bed two minutes! He gave up that idea: Thus bewildered they conversed an hour or more and finally fell asleep, and rested quietly till morning.

Next morning while they were at breakfast, a man drove his horse and carriage in the road fronting their house: he hitched his horse and came in. Almost his first words were—"Your brother, Philip, died last evening!" It proved that he died very suddenly, as he had been sick but a few days. I was stopping in Prov. R. I. at that time, though my home was in the west. They sent for me to be present at his funeral: I did so, and saw the sister and husband then but nothing was said at this time of this strange appearance.

I was at her house a short time afterwards, and received from my niece and her husband the whole particulars, which I then noted down.

In the article on Mind and Matter in the last number, two mistakes were made on the 7th page, 22nd & 5th lines counting from the bottom.

The first correction reads;

"magnetizer, and told them the answer which etc."

In the second correction, the 1st three words, "I taken it," should be left out entirely.

—Miss Adelaide Gray, class '79, was married Dec. 20th, to Mr. Montrose L. Garnett, of Seabolt, Missouri.

CLASS HISTORY.

CLASS OF '84.

Edwin M. Nelson,	Alfred C. Wood,
Anthony Mittenberger,	Alfred E. Riese,
Hugh Devlin,	Julius E. Greffet,
	Frank E. Cook,
Anna Forbes,	Maggie Barnett,
Loretta Allen,	Mary H. Mattox,
Mary E. Harlock,	Louy Graham,
	Helen Berry.

Ed. M. Nelson, entered Hamilton College, at Clinton, New York, in the fall of '64, and graduated in '68. He taught school for two years at Aurora, New York, and then went to Cincinnati, where he pursued the study of his chosen profession of medicine. During his residence there he served for one year as clerk of the Board of Health. He speaks of his year's residence in the Cincinnati Hospital as the happiest one of his life. We may be permitted to suspect that there were some elements of his life, not immediately connected with the hospital, that entered largely into the enjoyment of that year. After completing his course of professional study, he returned to the city of his boyhood's love, to engage in practice, and has now been here six years. Besides attending to his practice, he has during the last year been the managing editor of the *St. Louis Courier of Medicine*, a Journal that is securing an excellent reputation among the best medical periodicals of the country. We regret that we cannot give a satisfactory account of Mrs. Nelson. The excuse which the Doctor offers for not presenting his friends to his wife, is, that he himself has not as yet met the lady. No one would have predicted in our school days that Ed. Nelson would be the old bachelor of the class; but so far as appearances go, he is further from any solution of the matrimonial problem, than he was when he brought the bunches of pansies to school and laid them on L's desk before she came to recitation, or systematically forgot where the lesson was, that he might have an excuse to call on her and find out.

Julius E. Greffet spent eight years after graduating in business with Gray Kimbrough & Co., filling various positions. In the early part of '78, he went to Europe for his health, combining business with pleasure, having been appointed a commissioner to represent Missouri at the World's Fair to be held at Vienna. His fluency in the French and German languages—acquired at our Alma Mater—gave him a readiness of presentation which secured him a good centre through all the avenues and fields of life so familiar to the native, and so difficult to the stranger, not thoroughly conversant with the languages, and driven to the inevitable resource of the guide-book, so often referred to by Mark Twain.

His route lay through France and Northern Germany, as far east as Liepsic. He returned to St. Louis and organized the Groon School Company, became its first president, and managed the business successfully for four years. In 1878, he was married to Miss Rosalie Gantier, of class '11, and daughter of the late Marc C. Gantier. He again visited Europe, this time going through Great Britain, France, Switzerland and Italy, called on the late Pope Pius IX, and saw the crowned heads. He returned to St. Louis, and is now a member of the firm of Langdon & Greflot. They have one child.

Alfred E. Riess, after graduating, continued his studies in Vienna for three years. After finishing his course he decided the Rhine to the district of the Franco-Prussian war in which he was engaged as assistant surgeon for about one year. At the termination of this war he returned to his native city, and settled down to follow his profession under the shadow of the church, which his father built. He became a member of the Faculty of the Homeopathic Medical College of Missouri and belonged to the Missouri Homeopathic Society. As a surgeon, he ranked among the first. In Sept. 1875 he was married to Miss Minnie N. Kilpatrick, daughter of the late Joseph Kilpatrick, and on Sept. 4th, of the following year he died, and was buried on the anniversary of his wedding.

The following resolutions were adopted by the board of trustees of the Homeopathic Medical College:

WHEREAS, It has pleased an all wise Providence to remove from our midst, our esteemed friend and colleague, Dr. A. E. Riess, therefore

Resolved, That in the death of our friend and colleague, the college with which he was connected, has lost an able teacher, and the community an upright and valuable citizen.

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the death of our associate, and extend to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy.

Alfred C. Wood, was born in St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 7th, 1846. After graduating he served in the U. S. Penion Office, and about the close of the rebellion in the army, he entered the regular army, and was, upon his application discharged therefrom by order of President Grant.

On his return trip, while stopping at Marion City, over Sunday, he accidentally shot himself in the ankle, in consequence of his pistol falling from his belt, while changing his army uniform for citizen's dress, in order to attend church with a friend. The wound was not dangerous, but in consequence of the bad practice of a local surgeon at Marion City, gangrene set in, and on the 27th of March 1869 he died in the bloom of manhood.

Hugh Debra after occupying various positions in business firms of St. Louis, went to try his fortune elsewhere; when last heard from, he was engaged in printing in Philadelphia.

Freeman Willman left school three weeks before his close, enlisting in the army. He did not receive his diploma, notwithstanding, his associates filed a written petition to the Teacher's Committee, for that purpose.

Francis E. Cook, after completing his course at the High School, attended Phillips Academy of Exeter, N. H. and lastly, Williams College, Mass. where he graduated in 1868. While at Williams he took what was called the "Moonlight Prize" for oratory and founded the college paper, the *Exeter*, was also Bennett poet and Ivy Orator, and composed the Ivy song, since so popular. In this year he was appointed principal of the Exeter evening school, and assistant principal of the Wooner day school. In 1869, became principal of the Weston school. In 1870, became principal of the new Douglas school, and President of the St. Louis Teacher's Association. In 1871, was made principal of the Fourth Branch High school, organizing the same. In this year he also married Miss Anne Alexander. They have four children, one girl and two boys. In 1870, the Murphy school was added to the Douglas management. He was one of the founders and first President of the St. Louis Society of Pedagogy. The same of the Kant Philosophical club, and also one of the founders and editors of the *Western Messenger*. He is recently been chosen a member of the Supreme Council of the Legion of Honor, also one of the Supreme officers of the Order, and also belongs to the committee appointed to revise the constitution of the order. He has been an occasional contributor both in prose and poetry to various periodicals, aside from his school work, which has become to him a "labor of love." He has adopted literature as a field of endeavor, the fruits of which will hardly appear for ten years.

Mary E. Harlock entered the Normal School in Sept. of 1861, and graduated in '64, since which time she has followed her profession unintermittingly, and we can say, safely, that she ranks among our most successful instructors. In 1870, she was married to Mr. Morgan, deputy clerk of U. S. District Court. For several years they have been members of the Liberal Literary Society. They have one child living—a girl.

Helen Berry, after graduation at the High School, graduated the following year at the Normal. She followed the profession of her choice, teaching, for three years. She was married Sept. 15th, 1868 to Charles W. H. Brown, architect and foreman of the firm of Randolph Bros. Architects of St. Louis. In

1871, they moved to Moline, where they remained three months. They returned to St. Louis, stopping in the city only a short time, then moved to Chicago and were there during the rebuilding of much of the city. In 1872, they returned to the city of St. Louis, where they have decided to remain. She again follows her profession and is now teaching in the Douglass school. They have two children, a girl and a boy.

Mary B. Mattox graduated at the Normal, the year following the High School graduation. She spent the four succeeding years in having a good time. Was then married by the Rev. Albert Myler, of Kentucky, to Henry W. Allen, also of Ky., but living at that time in St. Louis. He was junior member of the firm of John G. Allen & Son, wholesale drygoods merchants, since removed to Sedalia. They have four children, three sons and one daughter, and though almost won over to the "Queen of the Prairie," she cannot forget her old home and its pleasant associations.

Anna Forbes devoted much of her time to the study of music. She was married on the 8th of Jan. 1867, to Mr. James H. Braackmire, wholesale grocer. They have resided in St. Louis ever since, have four children, three girls and one boy, (and I believe) have just returned from traveling in Europe.

Anthony Mittenberger since leaving school has been engaged in commercial life, either as book-keeper or cashier for quite a number of firms. At present he is cashier of the St. Louis Beef Canning Company. His only experiences in public life he says were in occupying the position of the first Secretary of the Public School Library, and also of the High School Alumni. He is still a hat-helot and does not hesitate to boldly confess the fact.

ST. LOUIS HIGH SCHOOL.

Graduation Exercises
OF 1884.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 22d, 1884.

ORDER OF EXERCISES. PART FIRST.

Music—Process to the Lord.

PRAYER.

1. Scripture—St. John	John M. Nelson
2. Essay—Material Success in Life	Anna Forbes
3. Oration—Fruitfulness of the Age	Alfred C. Wood
4. Poem—Imagery	Miss
5. Poem—Wealth and Debt	Margie Barrett
6. Oration—Fruitfulness of the Age	Anthony Mittenberger
7. Poem—Love and Beauty	Josephine Allen
	Miss

8. Oration—America	Alfred E. Mann
9. Essay—Epiphany, Daughter	Mary B. Mattox
10. Oration—Self-Defense	Hugh Devlin

MUSIC.

11. A Dialogue—In German	
12. Essay—Life	Mary E. Backus
13. Essay—Woman as a Heroine	Loret Graham
14. Oration—The Lessons of History	Julius E. Giffert

MUSIC.

15. Essay—Honesty and Policy	Helen Berry
16. Valedictory	Frank E. Cook

MUSIC.

REPORT OF PRINCIPAL.

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS.

SINGING AT THE GRADUATING CLASS.

READING BY MR.

BY FRANK E. COOK.

See the ship—the tempest round her,
See the storm-king tread each sail;
Lo! her helm, the bark most foundry
Do for the mad and maddening gale.
Her mast soon embark upon the
Dark and short sea of life,
Gleam the helm, and watchful stem the
Wave and rock with danger's tide.

Why should we give way in sorrow?
Fate but arms our course to sing—
Dashed but on the waves
Angels roll the rock away.

Then, farewell, to distant shores,
Hail to noble our school-house hall,
Nature's untamed lesson book
Live to show and tell the tale.

REPRODUCTION.

Otto Kuffner of '75, has removed to St. Paul, Minn. The following letter from him gives his impressions of things in general in a most delightful manner.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Dec. 1880.

DEAR FRIEND:—In response to your kind invitation for "mince pies," extended to all the old High School friends, I beg to be set down for one. I know that they are good by my personal experience in the years gone by, and can assure you that I should be able to appreciate them now as much as then. I believe it is nearly three years since I had the pleasure of being entertained by you, but during that time, I have kept the memory of those spicy pies fresh and green, and hope my present application for them will reach you "while they last." Don't be afraid of making them too hot, because things are rather cold up here, and it does a person good to get something warming. Twenty degrees below zero is a common state of things, and stimulants are in demand. However, this climate is very invigorating, the winter still more so than the summer, and whenever any of our St. Louis friends are complaining of weakness in general, pale cheeks, inability to enjoy life, etc. etc., by all means advise them to come to the Northwest, and spend a season on the prairies of

Minnesota. I can warrant them that the bracing atmosphere and the fresh northwestern breeze will send their blood coursing through their veins with double rapidity, and make their cheeks and eyes glow with the enjoyment of life.

You may smile at my enthusiasm for my adopted country, but our Minnesota ladies will bear me out in what I say. They look like living beds of jewels and roses, and are plump and chubb full of vigor and life. Not that I would disparage the beautiful face and queenly appearance of my St. Louis friends, for we often hear the country resounding in and with the praises of the beauty, grace and sparkling wit of St. Louis ladies. For the two latter qualities I do not doubt they are greatly indebted to our dear old High School.

But you will ask what has caused this sequence of ladies from mine pies? Nothing, except that sometimes I am inclined to think that they bear the same relation to life that the pork does to dinner, and ought to be enjoyed only in the same proportion, and that

"Wir kommen drei Eulen leicht zu viel ihm!"

If we fully follow our inclinations.

Now if you haven't lost patience with me after this last little piece of impudency, I will tell you how the world has been using me since we last met.

After I graduated at the St. Louis Law School, I went over into Illinois, and of course, met with the usual disappointments that awaits a hopeful young lawyer. The world kept on revolving on its axis to supreme ignorance of, and not in the least disturbed by the lonely swinging of my shining shingles. Then the concert having been taking out of me, I naturally looked around for something better, and concluded that the healthy atmosphere of Minnesota was what I wanted; being also influenced by the success of some friends and colleagues who had settled there, I pulled up stakes in Illinois and pitched my camp in St. Paul, the metropolis of the northwest, and I am well pleased with the change.

Although this climate and soil are so congenial to the old law tree as almost any you can find, and the branches and limbs of the law are well and thickly spread, yet the rapid progress and development of the country serves as from an overgrowth, and there is always room for one or two more, even before one gets to the top.

St. Paul itself has improved considerably since I came here, which is not quite a year ago, and I know of more than a dozen large blocks that have been erected or finished in that time, not to speak of the numerous residences, etc., which are continually going up. St. Paul's reputation as a city and as a place for transacting wholesale business is so firmly established that it will be impossible for any of the newer towns to distance or even catch up with it in the race for

supremacy in the northwest and to hold one of the great cities of this great country of ours. There is considerable immigration pouring in here, both foreign and native. The foreign element goes exclusively into the country, while the native discredits itself equally between that and the city. It is this constant flow of immigration that gives the young men a better opportunity to rise here than at home. Nearly one third of the population being themselves strangers, we naturally without an established reputation, have nearly as good a chance to catch their business, as the old heads covered with glory and dust.

Well, I hear if I keep on talking I shall detain you from important household duties, which by the way, I hope are not weighing too heavily upon you. So good bye for this time, with my warmest regards for yourself and husband.

Your Friend,

DEED KUEFNER.

ST. LOUIS, MO., NOV. 17, 1880.

Mrs. STONE:

In a letter from your daughter, she gives the key to her indelible exertions in attaining a thorough musical education. Although only designed for the pursuit of her own family I have thought some of her school companions might be interested in what she has written. I therefore inclose abstracts from her letter in reply to a message from one of her friends, that she heard she was improving her health by her devotion to her musical studies, "all for a little glory."

Mrs. LOUISE A. STONE.

"As for Stone's remark, please tell her for me that a 'little glory' is an extremely pleasant and gratifying thing to win, and that at all events, it is more desirable to work towards it and that will bring glory than to work hard without the hope and promise of reward to cheer us on." "Tell her more than this, that it is not the glory I am working for, that I might never attain, and yet I would study all the time. 'Played a P. every when I left home.' He who says that will never mount very high in the world. We can all say that if we choose, and fold our hands, contented only to exist, no matter how or only laboring enough to earn the necessities of life. We can do this and slide along some way, not caring whether we are thorough in our profession or not. But that is not my way of thinking, I have my music like a living human thing, with all my heart. According to my view, I stand only on the threshold of the real temple of music as an art and looked longingly

upon the treasures he and my reach. Here I have come nearer to them I have learned to know them well, and I am slowly appropriating a small measure of them for my own. To do this is my greatest happiness. We must must love the highest when we see it. I have seen the highest now, and I can never rest till I attain in some degree, to it. When I hear Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann and Mendelssohn played as they should be played, it to me a real joy. How much nonsense, if I may myself, warily interpret the genius they have given us.

Perhaps you will laugh and say *enthusiasm, eras estium*. It is that enthusiasm that is born in those who not only work, but who love their work; it is the intense students of art, and makes all the difference between a life which is all *præsum*—a common, plain weary, daily routine and a life which, with all its prose, has also its poetry—an inner world of its own, in which one not only exists, but lives and rejoices in that life. We must all go through our tasks, day by day, and serve out our appointed time; but what decides whether we are happy or unhappy in so doing, is, I think, the motive with which we work. If the feeling is there which turns even dull duties into pleasures, and which causes us to recognize in that for which we work, our highest happiness—let it come around what it will, a person, or an art, then we know what is to really live. With out this feeling—this motive power—it is at best but a sad drudgery which we must undergo, because we are in the world, and can not well get out of it before our time. So no commiseration if you please, I consider myself rather to be envied; and that I, who as you know, am a very practical individual, not prone to flights or fancies, say this proves how true I feel it. As to health, I never felt better. I am so full of life, and spirit, and energy, that I should be unhappy if I could not expend my extra supply of vigor in hard work."

NELLIE C. STONE.

THE FISH.

(With the "The Fish" by William.)

—Sweet is the month of summer,

Sweet is the month of June,

And the month of June is the best

—Sweet is the month of June,

And the month of June is the best

—Sweet is the month of June,

And the month of June is the best

—Sweet is the month of June,

And the month of June is the best

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And the month of June is the best

—Sweet is the month of June,

And the month of June is the best

FARMINGTON, Mo., January 20, 1881.

Mrs. D. H. STONE.

I inclose an article for the MIRROR. Would have sent it sooner, but from your letter I supposed it would be too late for the coming number.

If suggestions are in order, would it not be a good idea to ask for short letters from members of the different classes, signed with the real name of the writer, and telling what they are engaged in at present? We could discuss our householding, our labors, what we read, and exchange ideas on various topics.

I know very little of my classmates. Minnie Triplett, '67, you know, is teaching in the city. Fannie Anderson, '67, is Mrs. James Post, and lives out on Easton avenue. Wilhel Hazard, '67, is book-keeper for Snider & Holmes, where Mr. Fisher buys his paper. So I happen to know of him from that.

Nat. C. Dryden of '66 is living in Troy, Mo., and practicing law.

Very truly

SUSIE MCK. FISHER.

DREAMING AT WORK.

It is too early to begin the spring work, and as the winter work is all done, this becomes the season of odd jobs. There are generally a lot of trifles on hand, waiting for just such a time as this. My work, though by no means a trifle, at this season for the last dozen years, is a silk quilt. Each year, when I embark it, I resolve to finish it. Not that I expect to use it, for I think there is nothing so handsome as a bed all in white, but then having set my needle in that quilt, I want to finish it. It is a great waste of time, cutting up bits of silk and then sewing them together. I could not begin to tell the number of pieces in my quilt, and as I have already wasted so much time on it, I'll spend no more in counting them. It is the hexagon pattern, and a paper pattern is cut for each block. For this pattern I have used old letters and books, and right here I think is the secret of the little work I have accomplished. It is an album, in the wrong side. As I sit and sew, "other days come back on me, as recollections come," for each scrap brings a memory of the past. I sat and dream while my needle is idle. Only a scrap, but from it I can easily bring to mind the whole. Here are some of my spelling lessons, written in such a Spencerian hand, that even now I feel a thrill of pride to think I ever wrote so well. Here are some of my school compositions (we did not call them "essays" then), and among them I find one, which I read in the hall when I was a girl. How well I remember how frightened I was at the very thought! It was about a pet chicken I had, whose

—(P. H. K. Baker, of the Evening Star.)

name, Richard Sanderson Luedin McK., proved too much for him, for he disappeared one fine day, and I mourned his loss for a long time. Here is a scrap of a letter from a classmate, who, after graduation, went to Yale. His interesting letters were full of college pranks and jokes.

Here is a piece of a letter from the dear old grandmother, now dead. Heaven bless the grandmothers! What would this world be without them? And sad it is to think they are seldom appreciated as they should be, until it is too late. We do not realize what they have been to us, until we see our own little ones around their grandmother's knee. Young America may notice that the mean and verb do not always agree when the grandmother talks, but the kind and loving heart is there. This is an age of progress, and we expect our children to be wiser than we are.

Who scoffs at school girl friendship? Here is the record of one which has lasted since school days, and the last letter which I am putting in the quilt bears the date of but a few days ago. Here is a scrap that brings back a memory of so many years ago, and even now I can laugh at it. I could not have been more than eleven years old, and it is my first novel. Should I ever write another one, and become famous, my publishers could not unearth this and give it to the world, nor is the custom now. How well I remember the whole affair! We organized a club at school, of those who had literary aspirations, and to me fell the novel writing. It was written in a blue backed blank book. The heroine's name was Beatrice, and the hero's (alas! for what Mr. Carle called the "antics of the drama") was John. I believe at that time my boy sweetheart was called by that good but homely name. Beatrice lived in a fine old castle in Virginia, among the Rocky Mountains. I am not ashamed to acknowledge that my geographical ideas were very misty in those days. I have forgotten the plot, except that Beatrice was to be stolen and John was to restore her; but the novel never reached the place where they were married and "lived happy ever afterwards," as the fairy stories, without due regard for grammar, always say. My teacher put an end to my aspirations by suggesting in a little note that I give up novel writing and study my lessons.

Love letters, too? What girl hasn't a pile of them to laugh over. It makes one feel young again to read even a scrap of them.

But the quilt is almost done, for I am engaged now in what you might call "evening" it out. And a word of advice to you. If you do make a silk quilt, never, never make one by the hexagon pattern. The finishing is too hard work. A still better advice is, do not make one at all.

Farmington, Mo.

SCOTT McK. FISHER.

—Will some one inform us who is the Class Historian for the girls of '74?

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The Executive Committee is supposed to consist of two representatives from each class, and to meet occasionally for the transaction of such business as has to be done, to keep the Association running. The following, together with some who have declined to serve, are the ones appointed in Feb. '80 to serve one year. Those marked with one star have never attended the meetings, and those marked with two stars have attended occasionally.

- '59. Edw. C. Robbins.
- '60. Geo. Rousseau* and Miss M. B. Stone.
- '61. Miss S. T. Marton.
- '63. Mrs. H. H. Morgan.*
- '64. Mrs. Anna F. Brookmire.
- '65. Fred. M. Cranden.
- '66. Nathan'l Meyers.*
- '67. David Goldsmith* and Mrs. H. Wiederholt.*
- '68. Chas. Nagel* and Mrs. J. Dutro Plumb.*
- '69. Nathan Frank* and Mrs. Julia Betts Parsons.
- '70. Ellis Peper and Miss V. E. Stevenson.
- '72. Edw. H. Greve* and Miss Corolina M. Schiebr.
- '72. Frank Hicks and Mrs. L. J. Blatner.
- '73. Miss L. Hindman.*
- '74. M. W. Huff and Miss F. L. Sherrek.*
- '75. Chas. C. Sprague.
- '76. H. B. Davis* and Mrs. Carrie W. Pittman.*
- '77. Louis M. Carpenter* and Mrs. A. D. Laughlin.
- '78. Miss Bessie Davis.
- '79. Miss M. H. Hoke.
- Jan. '80. J. E. Hartman* and Miss Kate R. Arner.
- June '80. A. Cook and Miss A. E. Cowan.

The Executive Committee met with their usual unparalldled good humor, Friday, 7th of Jan. The usual number was to be seen also; one really begins to wonder if something very serious wouldn't happen if more than seven or eight should by chance drop in to these meetings. One new face appeared to relieve the monotony, that of Mrs. Julia Betts Parsons, of '69; but some one had kindly stayed away to make room for her. Positively no class later than that of '74 is represented at the meetings. What faith in our ability and conscientiousness as an executive committee have we succeeded in instilling into the hearts of our contrivers! Couldn't eight medals be struck off, or some high-sounding "Resolved" be

printed in our ishall?

We finished off a great deal of business at this last meeting, and one particular member was also finished off most gracefully, presumably entirely to his or her satisfaction. All arrangements for the coming January meeting, were reported in excellent order, and the programme, printed in this number, shows that we have not yet exhausted the list of willing workers of this Association. All who have the pleasure of knowing "Bunnie" Thomson will be delighted in seeing that he is resurrected to contribute his share.

THE cause of those not desiring tickets to which they are entitled, was truthfully presented and full reasons given, which will be found in another editorial and also in the little card accompanying the programme (which every one is positively requested to read.) In this connection, however, it is just as well to state that the employment of a collector is not intended to be considered a regular thing, in fact never has been so considered. In some cases it has seemed imperative, but the amounts to be collected are so small and distances so great, that you see in a minute that no collector with any respect for our finances can afford to undertake it.

THE question of the payment of back dues still comes up, and once more we state plainly that only those who joined under the new constitution, which took effect in '74, and have since dropped out, are required to pay such dues, and if you pay them now they won't be so large as if you wait a year or two more.

Repeated assurances were made during the meeting that every body is coming to this Reunion, and our President displayed the most laudable disposition to have everyone satisfied and happy at that time. The old Germania, be of course, the trying place. It bids fair to rival the dear old Central in our hearts and memories if this keeps up. We don't propose to promulgate all the business transacted at this last meeting, so will just add that one very persistent and obnoxious spirit was kindly humored with the permission to carry out a wonderful plan by which every body is to know instantly who is present during the evening.

As usual, a committee is appointed to look after strangers, but if the strangers themselves would not hesitate to apply to these gentlemen and ladies, (who if possible, shall be induced to wear some distinguishing mark,) it would materially diminish the chance of being over-looked. We are really a very diffident community, and it is this and not lack of cordiality that influences us.

Miss Wright, the faithful secretary, declares her unalterable determination to resign. It will be a

real loss, but it is indeed true some others were assuming their share of this work. The Corresponding Secretary also is determined to withdraw. Finally the hand he has no bottom, and is convinced that he is only making it no bottom.

He is very good natured, however, and if some assistant could be provided, might be induced to work a little longer. Why should not some lady help? Miss Katie Jones is a most active little body, and is dancing too much for her health, we are sure; why not give her some of this work to do and relieve Mr. Knox, who is really growing thin under its non-performance.

ALLUMNITIES.

- Albert C. Davis has a son.
- Elizabeth Brooks is married.
- Maggie Meyer, of '76, has a son.
- Hugo Sienleuk is in St. Paul, Minn.
- Miss Anna Allan is still teaching in the city.
- Julia Chase, of '74, is at home in Carondelet.
- John P. Jones resides at 819 North 12th St.
- Miss Octavia Marlow is teaching at Rock Spring.
- Pauline S. Koch is a German teacher in the city.
- Mary Lee is married and living in Chicago, Ill.
- Annie Gehrke, of '76 is teaching in the Penbody.
- Judith McDowell is at home near Little Rock, Ark.
- Miss Jessie Lansing, of '76, is quite a society belle.
- Miss Clara Calhoun, same class, is at the Pestalozzi.
- Marion S. Pryor is teaching in the Franklin School.
- Amanda Kennedy is teaching in the Hamilton School.
- Miss Addie C. Pierce, of '76, lives in Bunker Hill, Ills.
- John A. Gillfillan we are informed is a explet at West Point.
- Nat. Meyers of '66, is going to, or has removed to the East.
- The address of Miss Mary Walker is Elwood Station, Carondelet.
- The delay in this month's paper is owing to a change in the management of the printing office.—

—Clara Hagrock is now Mrs. Scudder, and lives at 3115 Pine street.

—Miss Abbie Starr, of '75, sent in a number of letters this month.

—Miss Stephen J. McElwaine, and Miss Mary Sumners are both teachers.

—Miss Mary B. Brown teaches at the Lincoln, and resides on 20th and Olive.

—Miss Kate Shanessy, of '76, is studying as diligently as when at school.

—Eveline Allen is married, and we think is out of the city. Name desired.

—Anna Wilson is married, and living in, or near Philadelphia. Has one boy.

—Anne Richardson has joined a Catholic sisterhood, and is in a convent.

—The Normal School boasts of the presence of Miss P. Rowe, of class of '79.

—Will Long, of '80, is married and living at 2317 Cass Ave., has three children.

—Miss Lulu Cost, of '76, is teaching in the Presbyterian, and resides in Park Place.

—Since our last issue Mrs. Matilda Easton has lost her other twin boy, little Ned.

—Miss Mary H. Shepherdson and Miss Kate O. Timmonds are teaching in the Carr Lane.

—Mrs. Emma Kohu Frank has a little son, about two years old, to whom she is entirely devoted.

—Eleanor Whitaker has been teaching in the Dodder, but at present has a leave of absence.

—Miss Ella Corzina is devoting her time to music. She sings in the choir of the Second Baptist Church.

—David Bell is like a streak of lightning, first you see him, and then you don't. His address is 1619 Chestnut street.

—Mary Graham is teaching in the Clinton School, and Miss Frances Griffith in the Stoddard; residence 284½ Lucas Ave.

—Mrs. Maggie Holthoff Holman, of '71, has a kaily boy four months old and resident 3704 Page Ave. She was married a year ago last Sep. to Minot L. Holman a classmate.

—Eugene McBeth is still in the city, but though his classmates inquire after him, his whereabouts are not exactly known.

—Miss Isaac Beaureys, of '76, has taken the veil in a convent in Florence instead of the one formerly stated. She taught school in this place for a year before taking this step.

—Miss Laura Fisher lives near 11th. st. on Chestnut Ave. She was at one time much interested in nurse; is probably still so.

—Will some one enlighten us as to which is which, Miss Mary E. Houston and Mrs. Mary E. Houston. One of '71 and one of '77.

—Frank P. Crumlen, of '76, is trading in Texas for a St. Louis house. An old classmate declares that he is growing very handsome.

—Miss Anna Boyden, of '76, is teaching in the Presbyterian, but still finds some time to devote to society, where she is a great favorite.

—Lucie Bell has obtained a leave of absence for a year from the Stoddard School, and has gone to Hot Springs for her health.

—Wm. Hamke, who is still pursuing his studies in Europe, attended the rendering of the Passion Play at Oberammergau last August.

—George Gilliam studied law in the city after leaving the High School. Is now living in Peoria, Ill., and doing very well in his profession.

—Nellie Gormly, a three years member of '76, is now Mrs. Hogan and lives in Versailles, Mo. She has a little girl about eighteen months old.

—Mrs. Rosa Lane Wilson is now keeping house in Chicago. The first year of her married life, she spent in Europe, and her accounts of her experiences with the French people are very amusing.

—Miss Lillian Stewart, class '80, made a flying visit to this city during the Christmas holidays, and called on a few of her friends. She is teaching in Kansas, in the "land of milk and honey."

—Julia Lettle, of '76, is now Mrs. S. W. Watkins, and her home is in Boscawen, Marquette Co., Michigan; we have begged a short abstract from a letter lately received from her. She says: "How are all the old scholars, and what has become of Minnie Hackstaff? I have lost all trace of society every one."

I live away up in Northern Michigan in a small mining town, where there are not many our people, but we manage to have a pretty good time all together. Sleigh rides and dancing are the main amusements in winter. I want you and Nell to come up next summer. I think you would enjoy it for awhile, it is so different from any thing in or near St. Louis."

—Mrs. Watkins displayed marked artistic ability while at school, and has commenced taking lessons again. She has one little girl named Susie, who reaches the mature age of three next March.

—Mrs. Brewer is still at home, unable to teach.

—For Mrs. Watkins benefit, we state that Miss Monte Hackett is teaching in this city, and possesses the happy faculty of making warm friends wherever she goes.

—Mrs. Ira Smith, formerly Flora Fleak, of '74, made a visit of two weeks to Mrs. J. E. Griffet, formerly Rosalie Gualtier, of '71. She has now left the city to reside permanently in South Valejo, California. Her address is, South Valejo, Cal.

Care of Puget Sound Lumber Co.

—Addresses wanted of the Mosses, Inez George and Maggie Hopton, of '71.

—Will Baker is editor of the *Evening Star*, of Kansas City, instead of the *Sun* as stated in our last. He writes, "I assure you it is with keen pleasure that I receive any news of the old boys and girls; God bless them. I have thought of them continually in my some what erratic career, and always with the wish that I might meet them soon."

—The "Fountain of Youth" was presented for the second time at the Mercantile Library Hall last Thursday night. The cast was the same as at the first performance and all did their allotted parts with some taste. Several solos, duets, one quartette and a chorus are gems that were loudly applauded by the fair audience present. Mr. Pommer, the composer of the opera, was presented, in the middle of the performance, by Mr. J. P. Colby, with an elegant ebony, gold and silver baton. It was from his friends at the east and chorus, and bore the following inscription: "Prof. W. H. Pommer, from the Pommer Musical Union, Jan. 20, 1881—Fountain of youth." Miss Mamie E. Fairchild, for the ladies of the union, also delivered a complimentary address, and then presented him with an elegant basket of flowers. The professor was taken by surprise, but made a neat little speech of thanks.

Mr. Wayman McCreery has completed all arrangements with the Chicago Church Choir Opera company for the production of his comic opera, "L'Atrique," which will be given on the boards of a Chicago theatre some time in February. The company will come to this city and show the beauties of this opera to the St. Louis public. Mr. W. Schuyler is the librettist, Wayman McCreery the composer, and Mr. Louis Mayer wrote the orchestral parts, all St. Louisans.—*Globe*.

Every effort was made this time to have the Glass-Block complete, as the fragmentary manner in which have been obliged to present many of them, is a constant thorn in the side. A few last items, however, were received just too late and have to be reserved for the next.

TIME SYSTEM ABOARD.

On Monday evening, the 18th, inst., the last of Prof. Rees' lectures on astronomy at Wash. University was delivered by Mr. E. A. Engler. Subject, —Time System Aboard.— The lecture, a synopsis of which has been previously published, was full of information, and a larger portion of that information pointed clearly to the fact, that we of America and especially of St. Louis, are far behind the times; the reputation we are achieving in the line of "Old fogeyism" is clinging to us in this, as in most directions. In comparison with other systems, Mr. Engler referred to the time system in this city as a "vigorous infant."

Reference was made to the New York time ball; and the suggestion having been made, that the same or a similar thing should be introduced here, either through municipal application or private generosity, it seems quite feasible that our at present "vigorous infant" may soon acquire respectable proportions. There is, to accomplish this, a need of some little money to secure proper instruments, and effect certain necessary changes, already proposed.

The Greenwich method for keeping and distributing time for, and all over England was explained at length, and gave rise to the suggestion that a system somewhat similar might with propriety be adopted, allowance being made for the greater extent of our country in longitude.

This might be effected by establishing time meridians exactly one hour apart, which could serve as the standard meridians for the sections of country extending one half hour on each side of them.

Mention was also made of the Paris system; and the Pneumatic system in Paris, the latter being the fruit of private enterprise.

A review of the whole matter is beyond our time and space, but a summary of the points touched, may be made in this that our needs were in this lecture clearly pointed out, and the sources and means of relief suggested.

EDITORIAL.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

At every recurring Alumni Re-union, complaints are made by members who claim to have paid their annual dues, but who did not receive cards of admission. The constant repetition of these complaints merits an inquiry into the cause of such oversight.

Every one paying his or her dues receives the treasurer's receipt, and the treasurer credits him or her with the amount paid. Before each entertainment, the treasurer hands his book, in which all amounts received are recorded and credited to the proper



Human Nihil Almond.

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IN THE INTERESTS OF THE

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EDITORS

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AFTER THOUGHTS.

FANNIE ISABELLE SHERRICK.

Sometimes in the dusk I wonder,
If the sunlight glows away,
Fills some other heart with gladness
As it filled mine in the day.

Like the sunlight in the shadow,
Are the deeds of good we do;
And how fair the tread of sunshine
If the life be pure and true.

Poets long have sung the praises
Of a brave and noble life;
Yet how few of us are strong,
Struggle bravely in the strife.

Oh the days were drifting by
Down the golden stream of time;
And our hearts are beating sadly,
To the music of a rhyme.

Shall we dream away our life-days?
Or in deeds of truth and light,
Mark the hours of willing labor
With a hearty glad and bright.

Grand is he who brave and fearless,
Works for truth and love of light;
Though in teaching for the sunlight
He may perish in the night.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. LOUIS
HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION BY
A. B. THOMSON, ESQ.

In coming before you this evening, at the call of the Executive Committee, I am mindful of the bond of union between us, and shall not forget to express my attachment to Alma Mater, and to recall the pleasant memories that cling around her; memories that grow more pleasant and dearer as the years pass away; growing ever more charming under the enchantment distance throws over them. Whence is this enchantment, that distance lends to so much we love to look at? Is it not that in the close stirring struggles with the details of passing events, we fail to see the beauty of the whole historic scheme of which we are some of the parts, as when we examine the details of the foreground of a landscape too closely we lose sight of the beautiful whole of which it is a part? But seen from a distance, either presents us beauty in full power, each detail sinking into its proper place as a part of the whole. And how the heart and imagination delight to revel amid the flitting lights and shades, shadowy forms and dreamy suggestiveness as in the misty distance in a beautiful picture. And right dearly should we cherish all such pleasant memories of the past, for in the struggles of the present they illumine our way and keep up the courage of our hearts by lending a part of their enchanted light to our hopes of the future.

Sad is the condition of one who has not the wealth of these treasures of memory, the only wealth of many a sad life, which has found in them all its luxuries. All our human hearts love these beauties as our eyes delight in the beauties of form and color.

and his mighty achievement a simple commercial enterprise of every day life. I need not dwell upon the mighty changes that have followed the invention of the steam engine. In no department of life have ever been its effects more greater than among the factories and their laborers. A mighty revolution has been made. The slave system of the eastern nations gave place to the modified slavery of the Roman system. With the fall of the Roman empire, the slave system disappeared, and on the revival of learning and commerce was succeeded by the guild system. This is gone and with it the apprentice system. And to-day we have the corporation and steam engine system. A system that is growing and invading every department of labor as rapidly as machinery ever is invented to do the work to be done. In the olden time, if a new industry was to be started, the patronage of the state or some noble of authority was obtained and the patron supplied a sum of money. If successful a large number of workmen were employed, some apprentices, some masters. Persons' skill and taste secured advancement in the factory. A guild was formed when the industry became sufficiently important, and again personal skill, taste, tact and executive ability gave advancement. Immense fortunes were realized by a few, and a good living for thousands of good workmen, and existence for thousands of inferior ones in the workshops throughout the land. But to-day a number of private persons subscribe a certain amount of capital for a corporation. Men specially educated in training schools or the school of experience, are given charge of its affairs. Suitable machinery is purchased and just enough persons employed to direct and manage its labor; the steam engines are started, and the one factory does more work and turns out more product than could have been done by all the factories in Christendom engaged in that production before the introduction of steam machinery. What is to become of all the laborers not employed in the new steam factory and who are thrown out of employment thereby? Moreover as many of the persons now employed will be women, a disproportionate number of men are left idle. This process is actually and rapidly going on throughout the Western world, and is invading the Eastern despite the opposition of the older governments and its effects are becoming distinctly visible and appreciable.

It is true, new fields of labor are opened, but still the fact remains, that the steam engine and machinery would not be labor saving if they cost as much in labor in one direction as they save in another, and experience has proven that they do cost less than they save, and that the laborers have been driven to seek other fields or sources of support. Hence the great emigration from Great Britain, Germany, France and

other European countries. The conditions, however, which invited immigration into this country are rapidly disappearing. Emigration from the Eastern to the Western states has been a marked feature of our national history for the past ten years, as is shown by the census returns, and especially so during the past three years, as the condition of Missouri, Iowa, Arkansas, Nebraska, Kansas and Texas show. According to the census of 1870, the centre of gravity of population was in Ohio near its centre. The census of 1880 will show that it has moved further West, near to Cincinnati or perhaps the boundary of Indiana. Already the cry is heard of the depressed condition of labor in New England and the Middle States. Throughout the world the state of affairs is discussed and various remedies suggested, and various schemes for improvement and relief are being tried. Inviting the corporation system, the laborers have united in trade unions, contributed money for relief funds, and tried to oppose capital, by a combined attack upon its desire for gain and fear of loss. But men must not whether idle or employed and among the laboring classes, selfishness is as strong, and broad liberal charity as scarce as elsewhere, and trade unions have been failures. But a partial solution of the question seems to have been reached in another direction.

It has been discovered that while the steam engine has many virtues it has some faults. The introduction of machinery has undoubtedly done much to cheapen the necessaries of life, and to bring many comforts and luxuries within the reach of persons of small means. But at the same time the effect of decreasing the amount of hand labor required to accomplish the work done, has been to leave the laborer about where he was before its introduction, assisted, as his condition has been, by immigration from all parts of Europe to Australia and America.

But while the steam machinery can do so much, it has one fault at least, it has no taste. A machine will do one thing well, and produce one thing in endless amount at a marvelously low cost, but it must follow its pattern exactly. If the pattern is poor the result must be uniformly poor. If the pattern is good, the product will be all the same, none better, none worse. A machine never acquires taste, judgement or skill by practice. Hence the value of the product of a machine often depends altogether on the taste and judgement of the designer who makes the pattern or model. This element of good or bad design is to-day becoming more and more important in a great many departments of production all over the world. In an article in the *North American Review*, on the important topic of art education, that every manufacturer and artisan could read with profit, Prof. Welf calls attention to the fact that the

wealth and commercial industries of nations have in several instances been largely due to their art products, or to the taste that has influenced design. He says: "it is mainly the taste and beauty of design displayed in all forms of French production, French tapestries, satins, carpets, wall paper, porcelain, glass, bronzes—everything in short in the manufacture of which design may fill a conspicuous place, or in the production of which taste is required, that has yielded France in the past, such wealth in return for the product of her industry." At the first great International Exhibition in London in 1851, the English became aware of this fact, and were then made conscious of the entire absence of taste in design in their own manufactures. The result was the establishment of Art training schools throughout the kingdom, the chief of which is the "South Kensington in London," which have changed the character of English manufactures, wherever beauty of design is a requisite of success. Such an entire revolution have these schools effected in ornamental design that in some respects, the English now exceed other nations in the beauty of certain kinds of manufacture. Where they were far behind, they are now in advance, and this has been the occasion of new stimulus and new effort on the part of the French, that has led them to take similar steps for furnishing popular art instruction, which may enable them to regain and maintain their former supremacy. The schools of art established in the United Kingdom numbered originally 147 with an attendance of 29,000 pupils. The number of pupils receiving instruction in drawing and design was in 1878, 727,874, an increase of more than 100,000 over that of the previous year and that in 5238 schools, and the total sum appropriated up to that date for the establishing and maintaining schools and museums of art, amounted to about 17,000,000 dollars, and the investment was thought a profitable one for the state. These statistics furnish some indication of the importance this eminently practical people attach to the subject of art instruction, and they are cited in detail as being more convincing to American minds than would be the higher claims of art which rest upon more exclusive and subtle grounds. The English are not a sentimental people. The statistics cited are not the result of fanciful show or vagaries nor of that ignorance that relegates drawing to the sphere of mere accomplishment and art to that of mere entertainment. They are rather the result of a hard-headed sense of the value and importance of artistic design as a source of national benefit and wealth. Consider the number of instances, the many occupations, in which artistic design is a requisite or where taste is exercised with marked effect: in objects of all kinds that surround us in the home, in vehicles of all travel, in all articles and ornaments for wearing

apparel and in all kinds of ornamentation, and articles for commercial, civic or religious purposes. The absence of taste in the manufacturers of articles that otherwise exhibit excellences is often the occasion of condemning them altogether. Beauty of design as well as perfection of workmanship is what chiefly builds up a great business like that of Tiffany & Co. or the Gorham Co., whose jeweler and silversmith are said to excel all others, having by means of the artistic quality of their work, secured the market of the world for their manufactures. Some of our manufacturers of silks and tapestries have competed successfully with even the better class of foreign production. But in all these cases you will observe that they import their designers trained for the most part in the schools of France and England, and pay these designers larger salaries than our presidents of colleges receive. There are designers for upholsterers in New York who receive salaries greater than those of the members of the Cabinet at Washington City, and these large salaries are paid simply because it is discovered that the main success of the business depends upon the taste displayed in designing their work. This should be sufficient to suggest of design that it has commercial value. But more. In this country, Musselmans, acknowledged to be the first in the list of the states to recognize the necessity of bringing about a closer and more cordial alliance between art and manufacture, and a state that has done more in this direction than any other, has found it necessary to put forth greater effort than ever for the accomplishment of these results.

The following extract from a report of a committee appointed by the Manufacturers and Mechanics Institute of Boston will show the value they attach to technical instruction or art instruction as applied to the products of manufacture.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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In this I hopefully attempt a statement and argument why God is one and yet three, and claim he will be many? Of course a definition of the sphere of a creed will have first to be discussed. A creed as to speak ought not to be philosophic, but scientific. That is, the Bible must be considered as containing all the data of a creed, just as the Cosmos contains all the data of a science. By Cosmos I mean all outside the soul of man and the unseen by the five senses. Man gives the data of Psychology. The Bible, the data of Theology. Philosophy includes all the results of ratiocination upon the laws discovered in the three general sciences of Theology, Psychology, and Cosmology. So declaring theology a science with data and a perceptive sense called, phrenologically and scripturally, Spirituality; Psychology a

science with data and a sense suited consciousness, and Cosmology a science with data and five physical senses, we will clearly see that philosophy is something beyond all of them, and of all of them not lacking data; but those data are not revealed phenomena or particulars of three substances but scientifically induced laws or quantities; and in place of perception being the mode of the knowledge to be gained, reason is the mode. Chronologically speaking, and it is the clearest speaking, Cosmology as a synthetic faculty begins, and as an analytic faculty ends the work; while in science it is an analytic faculty begins, and as a synthetic faculty ends the work.

Cosmology and psychology have been allowed to enter the Creeds of the Church, or the Creed of the Church, as some would say, because all holding not to the Creed of the Trinity are and not to be of the Church; when in fact the one most typically cosmological and psychological in its Creed is only a state not a Church, and mathematizes the firmest Protestant holders of that Creed. This mixing of two foreign sciences with the one science of theology native to Revelation has given rise to great fundamental errors in the doctrine of Godhead, and has been the cause of dispute and anathema. The errors I conceive to be these:—An attempt to define the origin of two of the so-called persons of the Trinity, and to define spirit as different from matter in being indivisible, yet not showing that indivisibility being granted in the usual meaning it does not follow that spirit may not be many. If there is another it is in the use of the words Person and Persona, Person not being recognized as the synonym of the Spirit, and so another way of saying the same:—God the Son is a person, but so was Adam, "which was the son of God;" God the spirit is a Person, but a person is a spirit. God the Father is a Person and a Spirit, but all only proves that a person may be God, or becoming a God! (John 1:12). "Person" when used except as the symbol of a statement, as a help to our faith, can only be used as a help to our ignorance and weakness which is the very essence of idolatry, and the cause of the fall of man—has to be wise beyond what was revealed. Its a surrender to the soul and body, to psychology and cosmology, of what belongs to spirit and theology; in one word—of what belongs to the revelational.

Now I appeal to the words of Scripture and say man knows the beginning of nothing not of any class of being. The Bible only reveals the coming into this world of the two—Son and Spirit. The terms "eternal generation" of the old Constantine theologians is simply a contradiction in terms. It is an inscientific statement, and the offspring of philosophy based on a wrong science, and worse, an invasion of the wrong domain. "Generation" implies a beginning, so neces-

sarily both Son and Spirit must be creatures, which the Trinitarian most strenuously denies. And "eternal" means without beginning, which he just as strenuously affirms! I hold it true that the entrance of false philosophy becomes false in science, false in place, or false in reason, and is the chief cause of heresies; and this when joined with pride of place, ecclesiasticalism, is guilty before God of nearly every heresy on the face of the globe. Bishop Alexander in northern Africa, philosophized on the Trinity one day and clear minded Arns saw his assumption and mistiness, and denied his conclusions. He was forced into heresy from both the above causes, scholasticism and ecclesiasticalism.

To the sphere of the Creed of Trinity is the revealed coming into this habitable world and their inhabitation of us either in cosmic, Adamite and Christian creation or regenerative presence. This changes the whole basis of the discussion of Trinity, enlarges the view of Godhead, and stimulates by defining the limit of investigation, both cosmological and psychological while the theological is allowed to remain in its place and gives its generalities to aid in the true philosophy.

Now taking what light theology has given on cosmology and psychology, as presented in my "1+1=1," and "1+1=3," we are prepared hospitably to write an answer to our proposition that 1=1+1+1+1. Judging from the two humanized modes of operation—life and love, as expressed actively and sensibly in creation and union, there can be only two known causes why God is a unit and yet triple and may be many: He is one by the Love of Him, and three by the Life of Him. Here is to be recognized the fact that creation as revealed and known, namely the union of spirit with formed matter by means and mode of soul, cannot be predicated of God's being three, that is not revealed except as an exercise of his life in becoming more than one. This is a fundamental principle of creation common to the creator and creature. This is too the truth in idolatry that gives it its potency. Idolatry is a truth so far as it is a search after many Gods! It was this truth in diabolic hands that caused the fall. It is a fact that the problem of Eden was to make matter eternal for the first time; and that could only be by making matter spiritual and all men gods, and grades of gods, the fundamental fact in idolatry, Gods in the creative and redemptive purpose, the grades being among those having matter embodied. Grade is inherent solely in matter, not in spirit, and spirit is graded by matter in its two conditions of insensence and sin.

Spirit life being perfect in itself has no need of growth or recuperation. It necessarily becomes productive. The reason it is not so in man is because of the limitations of matter; though its formed

matter, or body, given it subject upon which to exercise its creative energy and any hindrance to the relation in the fact of non-suitableness and non-development caused by creative start or hindrance by sin. Man was only in the "image of God" to be in his likeness" and Adam failed and we are sinners.

How did God become, is necessarily an all-pervasive question, not to any an idolatrous one, as God having begun to be is an absurdity. It is non-conceivable, that is, God absolutely considered. But we is the sphere of matter. Even its origin is not within the sphere of science, for we can only conceive of formed matter, and only by faith do we know the origin of "the things that now are." But God rationally considered is the great permissible, and possibly study of the origin of the Deity. He so revealed is God's answer to the human craving for the knowledge of first things, and the cure for idolatry; because, first, it is not the mystery claimed, not so much a mystery in any sense as the origin of a fetus or seed. Even His second birth, resurrection, and ours because of his, is not a mystery; the mystery being that we become spiritual without it. It is a definable action and a work. And because, second, this origin is so high, all attempts at man's creation of Deity seem so far short of God's creation of Deity that they fail, become such abortions. Ingersoll's audacious blasphemy should be instead of an "Honest God, the noblest work of man"—a dishonest God the only work of man!

How God became more than one, is an allowable question when defined as above. It is a fact that God is more than one. In man's imaginative worship He is closely such. In the Bible and Christian creeds He is more than one. Experimentally He is more than one. Love and its resultant union make Him one, and life with its resultant creation make him more than one. What should be the definition of the resultants of Love and Life in Deity is a question. Also, what we ought to call Him, One and Three. All we are allowed to call Him in the scientific study of Scripture are Father, Son and Spirit, as Three, and God as one. Having a word as liable to abuse and new conception as person, the poor man's creed is better than that of philosophical theologians.

"Three in one
And one in three,
The noble one
He did for me."

But origins are only rational, revelational, or irrational.

Rational, as above. Revelational, as the Son revealed the Father, and the Spirit, the Son, Creation, as of the Cosmos, the Adam, the Christ, and in our regeneration.

The mystery in Godhead is not a mystery of

origin, for that is not *revelationally* given; random, for that is plain, non-of-creation, for that is reasonable; but why He, as the governing spirit, is only three and not less or more. The "manifesting spirit," or angels, we are not allowed to know except in their service. We, as men, are the fractional spirits in the spirit sense.

It is evident that God as the "spirit of lives" (Hebrews 9:14:25, 27) did become three in His gospel; many as he revealed "manifesting spirit," and is the "Father of spirits" to every man who has entered the world. How we know not; with what actual result, also, we know not, except in Cosmos, Adam and Christ. This only is revealed. We have, of course, what light "only begotten Son" gives, but that refers to the birth of the Virgin, and "first begotten," to the birth of the Earth, as neither refer to the origin of the Son of God who became the Son of man. He is using as I coming into the world and the mode of it, we know no more. "Son," other than rationally, we does not conceive of. The doctrine of his generation is a philosophic blasphemy, instead of the truth talked of mystery—and as mystery *is* *shy*. The self "procedure" of the Holy Ghost, and Christ's sending him, was plainly into this world. So we are barred in progress where His life is spoken of except in the one fundamental fact that life is pre-emptive and the spirit's product is equal to Him, or less, solely as He will, not having any necessity that his issue shall be *equal*, as in beings created in form of matter through motion of soul. The equality of the three is plainly revealed.

Any grade temporarily considered in the Godhead, whether of work or office must be, because also of will, of love. And as the love makes the grade, it also makes the union. "The same in substance," etc., is of life, the union is of love; sameness and unity being very clearly distinguished ideas, and in all we know of sameness it is cause of repulsion;

One fact is clear in Scripture—the son of God, "became the son of man," and "the son man become the son of God." The first by birth of the Virgin and partaking of her weak and sinful humanity; the second, by suffering, perfecting that very human nature into divinity and by resurrection becoming complete son of God with two new natures added. By his victory reaching officially till after judgment day the highest place in Trinity. As the Father had been the revealed one and judge, so now is and will be Christ. But there is a passage that shows He is to be subject as creature after judgment day (1 Cor. 15: 21-28), where God shall be all in all and all the Godhead and Gods many shall be one God in love. (See refs. in John's gospels and Epistles, Heb. 2; and "Love the bond of perfection.")

We have learned to contemplate the surrender from what he was and became, and from what he is ever to remain. The everlastingness of His love in the past is too much in our thought—not its everlastingness in the future. But without it, Love's own greatest cry in human hearts meets no response in Him—for "As I live, I ever want to be," is love's greatest yearning and *purpose*. Love results in changes and is satisfied only with the unity produced; but just as the unit of the union of 1+1, spirit body, is a living soul, higher than body and lower than spirit—so the union of divinity with humanity results in the *mediator*, Christ, lower than God and higher than man; but he became God—Heb. 1—because matter may become *spiritual*, but not spirit. (1 Cor. 15) Surrender is the essence of love, Christ in life one with the other two, in love becomes again one with the other two, and has gained two other natures made one in spirituality. This awfully sublime surrender of His love is so self-obliterating as to forever remain less than He was, that he might be like us and save us, satisfied only to be one forever in love that He and the Father and we by the spirit might be forever one! That thought breaks my heart more than the everlastingness of old of His love, and my tears are the only utterance of my gratitude. He may have have my blood for His eternal servitude! The Father putting one lower than Himself, above Himself, and then that one once equal becoming forever lower than He was—is "love divine, all love exelling."

ALEX. M. DARLEY.

ST. LOUIS HIGH SCHOOL.

Graduating Exercises.

OF THE YEAR OF '92.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16th, 1895.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Music.

PRAYER

Latin Salutation	R. Duncan McEller
The Power of Love	Sarah V. Ruth
Reckless Dangers	Julius B. Ables
Love and Work	Kate E. Moore
Music		
Announcements "Footprints on the Sandal of Time"	James Donaher, Jr.
Thought and Action	Ellis M. Wilson
The Student's Hope	Dwight B. Rogers
The Great New Kingdom	Edward M. Clifton

Special Invocation—McEller's Exhortation

Music.

The New Nation	Julius B. Ables
Over	Julia P. Lanning
Government and Patriotism	Sarah V. Ruth
The Feasibility and Importance of Progress	William H. Clift
Churches and Churches	Edward M. Clifton
Music		
Influence of Friends (verse by agent)	Julia P. Lanning
Early Days (verse)	Sarah V. Ruth
Days of Time	William H. Clift
The Future and the Past (verse of the Choir)	Edward M. Clifton
Music (verse of the Choir)		
The Deserted House	Sarah V. Ruth
Music		
Valedictory	Edward M. Clifton
RECEIVING OF DIPLOMAS		
Music		
BENEDICTION		
CLASS HISTORY		
CLASS '92.		

This Class consisted of nineteen members, ten girls and nine boys; names as follows:

Sarah J. Berensford,	Luc Childs,
Susan E. Clifton,	Sarah R. Moody,
Julia P. Lanning,	Kate E. Moore,
Lizzie McEnteehan,	Sarah V. Ruth,
Ellis M. Wilson,	Lizzie M. Griffin,
Julius A. Ables,	Wm. H. Clift,
Dwight B. Rogers,	Frank M. Clenden,
Edward H. Carrier,	Richard Penby, Jr.,
Dwight H. Mellor,	Davis B. Rogers,

of Julia Lanning we have been able to learn very little. She was married about ten years ago to Mr. Hollis Prescott, formerly of Union, Ill. He died very suddenly leaving her with a little daughter and son, dependent on her own exertions. She applied herself in consequence to gaining a knowledge of telegraphy, and is now one of the most valuable and efficient operators in the Western Union Telegraph building, which position she has filled for several years. We cannot forebear inserting here, the cordial remark of an interested class mate in hearing this. "Yes," he said, "Whatever Julia Lanning undertook she would be sure to stand at the head." Mrs. Prescott's address is No. 2600 Cottage Grove ave., Chicago.

Late M. Childs after three years most successful teaching in the St. Louis High School, was married to Mr. Price Fell, a son of one of the most prominent and respected citizens of Bloomington, Ill., in which place they have resided since their marriage. Mr. Price Fell is Secretary and Business Manager of an extensive Chair Manufacturing in Bloomington. He is a graduate of Williams College and is a person of literary taste and fine business qualities.

They have but one child, a lovely boy of about ten years, who is *exceedingly* bright and beautiful.

Mrs. Fell has not abandoned literary pursuits since her marriage, but combines them with domestic life.—She has studied especially German, French and History, and is a very attractive and esteemed member of the refined and literary circle in which she moves.—

Wm. R. Cist, soon after leaving school resided an appointment in the Naval Academy. As his interests centered in a life in this direction he entered upon it with great enthusiasm and remained nearly two years. At the end of that time however, at the urgent solicitations of his mother, he succeeded, though, with great difficulty, in withdrawing from the position and returning to St. Louis.

He then entered the house of Chase & Osborn, where he remained for eight years, working steadily up, until he occupied a position of traveling salesman with a very lucrative salary. He withdrew from this for reasons entirely creditable to himself and entered the house of Stern & Co. When, at the end of a year this firm broke up, Mr. Cist removed to New York, and is now engaged with the firm of Humes & Co., of that City. His employers testify to his unfailing good nature and fund of intellect, and would be glad to hear from him *any time*.

J. M. Crunden, on graduating received the scholarship for the Washington University, whence he graduated in '68, having the honor of delivering the Salutatory. His excessive labors in teaching during the entire course made the attainment of this no easy task. His record of work performed during those three years would do credit to any man. In the fall of '68, he began teaching in the Academy of the University, a position that was offered him, by the way, before the close of the year in June. He taught here until within six weeks of vacation, being also employed in the night school at the Polytechnic. He was then appointed Assistant Principal at the Webster, and served one day with so satisfactory a record that he was appointed next day to the full Principalship of the Jefferson. The following year he was charged to the Benton, and was shortly after offered the position of instructor of mathematics and eloquence in the Washington University, which was finally changed to a Professorship. He retained this position about four years, at the same time giving private lessons in eloquence, and having innumerable entertainments with his recitative powers. The natural consequences followed. He lost his voice entirely. A summer in Tenn., and a winter in Colorado finally restored his health, and in January 1872 he resumed the duties of his present position as Librarian in the Public School Library, where his faithful and ungrudging work is known to

all. Mr. Crunden has some ground, for various reasons, as there has not been time in his busy life to make a selection.

Edward Currier, entered the Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, after a very long boyhood here, and graduated in '69. He then returned to the city and taught the physical sciences in the Central High. Of the sciences he made a special study, devoting himself to a student's work in a degree very detrimental to his health, which he could not remedy. His vacations were spent in Oshkosh, Minnesota, and other places in a vain and persistent effort to remedy the lost treasure, until his death, which occurred about the year '73, while still teaching.

James Helly, since leaving school has been as full of variety as the most exacting world demand, and displays a *very* fund, and power of mastering adverse circumstances that is simply wonderful. It could be printed in detail it would read like a romance. His first venture in the world at large, after graduating was as a shipping clerk in this city, but an advertisement for performance by an amateur dramatic club, having attracted his gaze, he joined it and made a successful debut in St. Paul. His connection with the company lasted but a few months however, as they disbanded and demoralized the whole. After getting in the way of departure, he made himself a way of paying Mr. Helly his salary. For many days he does not seem to be in this gentleman's probability, so he early faced his empty pockets, and took his way to Omaha and immediately obtained a position in the theatre, where he remained four years, being especially advanced to a first class position and paid a salary. Success being too much for him, he grew dissatisfied, and changed to a position in a R. R. Office in Omaha. He now began to take a more serious view of traveling out the pet project of his life, and was fishing himself as a public lecturer. His first venture was made in Omaha, and was in every way a success. A large sum of money rolled in, and rolled out as easily; and Mr. Helly took his way eastward in search of new fields with fairly the way he was able to make and make fortunes at will, a fact that future circumstances proved well founded.

His travels took him through the Northwest to Ohio and back to Kansas, and during them he assumed many roles for advancing his power, and having his chances for seeing the world in phase. Lecturing however was his main tonic and his subjects ranged through Temperance Hygiene and Physiology.

While traveling through Southwest Wb., he met and became engaged to a young lady, who proved the anchor he needed. Since this marriage, the date of which we have not been able to ascertain, they have settled permanently in Rochester, N. Y.

where his success in his chosen profession remains unbroken. He possesses a collection of paintings illustrating his lectures on physiognomy worth \$10,000, which gives some idea of his standing in that field.

He visited this City in the winter of '75 and '76, at the solicitation of a friend, and delivered two lectures at the Mercantile Library Hall.

David Rogers or Davis as he styled himself has drifted entirely out of the range of his classmates. He was a Southerner to the back bone, and has probably taken up his abode in the South; though when last heard from, he was in business in Kansas City.

We have been able to collect a few facts of two or three members of '65 who did not graduate, but are still remembered and inquired after by their classmates.

Anna Matlack married a Mr. Parsons, who died about two years ago. She resides in this city.

Geo. A. Strong who left at the end of the 3d year or beginning of the second is a prosperous Attorney in New York. Office 120 Broadway. He writes very pleasantly of his recollections of old High School days.

Belle Lanning is now Mrs. H. H. Candee of Cairo, Ills. She was married in 1868. Her career at the High School was made impossible by the breaking out of the war. Her mother being dead and her father wishing to join the navy, she was sent north, and after three years spent at Monticello and Rockford Seminars, engaged in teaching until her marriage. Having but one child (a bright boy of ten) and a most indulgent husband Mrs. Candee has been able to keep up a course of self improvement that is simply tantalizing to learn about. We take pleasure in giving the details of her plan for accomplishing this, for the sake of the encouragement it may be to others not so fortunate. The study of German being one of her desires, she followed it two years under a master, then for two years became a member of the Society of Boston for encouraging study at home, in which she continued the German by correspondence. For the last three years she has been engaged in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, commencing the course at its beginning, and expecting to graduate with its first class in '82.

This course of study is the most practical and comprehensive for home progress that is in existence, and is one of the marvels of this 19th Century. The class now numbers over 20,000 pupils in this country Europe, Sandwich Islands, &c.

We hear of Mrs. Candee also in connection with several important literary clubs and scientific associations indicating an unusual degree of culture on her part. We take great pleasure in hunt-

ing up these details of her busy life, for the sake of its active protest against the mental stagnation so many girls and women sink into on leaving school.

APPENDIX TO CLASS '64

—Maggie Barnett is now Mrs. John Tonkin and lives near Erie, Penn. She has five children, four boys and one girl.

—Lucretia Allen married Mr. Henry Phinney, and has four children. Her home is in Alton, Ills.

—Lucy Graham was married soon after graduating to Mr. Wyllis S. King. They lived in Kirkwood a number of years, but are now in Mattoon, Illinois. They have five children, three girls and two boys.

ALUMNITIES.

—John Holman, of '72, is a surgeon.

—Mrs. Anne M. Ehler, '72, has a little son.

—Miss Anna Schurr, '75, is teaching in the Lyons.

—George Cassidy, of '75, is married and has one boy.

—Miss Ella Rosenbaum, '75, is married. Name not known.

—Lizzie Amos, '72, taught about a year, then left the city.

—Miss Bertha Bannister, '75, is teaching in the Webster.

—Mrs. Brewer is at last able to resume her position as teacher.

—Miss Eveline Allan, of '75, is married and living in Kansas.

—Miss Louise Budd, of '75, is quite a society lady of this city.

—Mrs. Blatter, formerly Lizzie Jecko, '72, has two children.

—The address of Eugene McBeth, '75, is Twelfth, near Chambers.

—Miss Batchelor, '72, is head assistant in a South St. Louis school.

—Wm. Kirchner, '72, is a rising young architect in North St. Louis.

—Ethelind Holop, '72, died about the year '76 of hemorrhage of the lungs.

—Henry Dale, '75, is engaged with Patterson & Co., stationers, 3rd, near Olive.

—Ella Griffith, '72, graduated at the Normal in '76 and is now teaching in the Benton.

—Miss Lena Tarrant is a fine elocutionist, whose name frequently appears in the papers.

—Mary J. Connolly, '75, is now Mrs. Hunt, and lives in South St. Louis. She has one child.

—Miss Ada Benton is class historian of '75. We certainly ought to hear something from her.

—Miss Mary Hogan is floundering among the corps of charming young teachers at the Peabody.

—Elizabeth Mansfield, '72, graduated from the Normal in '73, and is teaching there at present.

—Mary E. Hill, '72, died of consumption in the year '76, at the home of her uncle, Wm. McKee.

—Anna Wilson, '75, is married and living in Philadelphia. Will some one please send the name.

—Miss Laura Fisher lives at 1221 Cloutman avenue. She is devoting her attention to vocal music.

—Miss Berthea Beaud is teaching in the Laclede, and Miss Carrie Hight in the Penrose; both of '75.

—We have been promised some accounts of Mrs. Brookmire's European travels, for an early number.

—Miss Annie Hart of '72, has entirely recovered her health, and is devoting her leisure time to music.

—Miss Amelia Gotteck, '75, is teaching in the Laclede. She spent a year in Europe a short time ago.

—Wm. Horton, '72, has been married for two or three years to a daughter of Mr. Broadhead, of this city.

—Mrs. Nat. Myers and wife left for New York Thursday, 17th, to take up their permanent residence there.

—Lucy Page, '72, is Mrs. Dr. Hardaway, and has one very lovely child. Home, Washington avenue and Sixteenth.

Katie Tracy '74 was married on the 16th inst. to Henry Ganser of Peblair's Silver plating establishment, Cincinnati.

—Of Edwin Thomas, '72, we can only learn that he was looked upon as the best boy of the class by the feminine portion.

—Miss Mattie Charles, '76, a young society belle, is gaining many friends and admirers by her winning and fascinating ways.

—The two ladies, Miss Johanna A. Martin and Miss Mary G. Martin, '75, both taught for some time in East St. Louis.

—Miss Mattie Seely suffers from constant bad health. She spent some time in Texas for this reason, but we believe has since returned.

—To what class, belonging to the same family, Miss Isadore Moss, Miss Fannie H. Moss, now Mrs. Thomson, we believe, and Wm. Thompson?

—Bertha Noble, '75, for a while after leaving school taught German in the Annex; but we are unable to obtain any present information of her.

—Annie Constand, '72, spent a year in Europe studying art, and has since devoted herself almost entirely to it. Her home is on Locust street beyond 26th.

Lillian J. Lewis, '72, studied drawing for two years in the Washington University Art School; but was obliged to give up the pursuit on account of the strain upon her eyes.

—Miss Mollie F. Houston is a member at '77. Miss Mollie F. Houston of '72 is now Mrs. Dr. J. G. Harper, address, 2725 Chestnut. She has a sweet little girl about eight months old.

—John Gillilan has not gone East as yet, but is still in the city. We hope John Russell knows his own whereabouts, for we begin to think we can't inform him if he doesn't.

—The address of Della Thompson, '78, and Mrs. Hoyt, is required; also we should like to know, in particular, how her name came to be on the boys' list, and as Merrydelle Thomson.

—Wm. Harding, of '72, is in business with his father. He married Miss Sally P. Hight, cousin of Miss Carrie Hight, three years ago. Their home is on Olive and Fifteenth. They have one child.

—Dick Tansig, '76, has returned to the city and made his appearance at the January Alumni meeting. He has been perfecting himself in the profession of "horas, holes and tallos," in Philadelphia, but has returned to practice it in his native city.

—Wm. Pickett, '72, was for a while engaged in mercantile pursuits in this city, but has since disappeared from view. All we can learn of him is that his classmates thought him a *farmer*, and we think under those circumstances he might again have himself to their notice through the columns of *Our Mirror*, as "a thing of beauty," should be "a joy forever."

—Mrs. Susie Fisher promises something for a next month. She is one of the spotted little bodies, she must be little, we are sure, who has been able to master instead of being mastered by the cares of home and children, and while making them a comfort to herself and family, still find time for some other occupation to keep brain and heart from stagnating. She has three children, two girls and one boy.

—Miss Fennora Sargent of '79, will graduate this spring from the Homoeopathic Medical College. She has been prepared for examination for some time, and meanwhile to see both sides of the question and fill up the time, she is occupied in studying the Allopathic school. A physician of the city declares she is one of the most thorough students in the college; but that in the reputation she has borne straight through her school life.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The semi-annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held at Germania Hall on the 28th day of January.

There was, as usual, a large and appreciative audience, who listened to the literary portion of the entertainment with a great deal of pleasure. The applause was well and frequently bestowed.

Miss Carr's introduction of the class of '81, was a model of good taste and style. Our President responded with his usual graceful and forcible manner, which always has a tendency to put the new comers entirely at their ease, and intimates them with solemnness to the mysteries of the organization. The vocal solo of Miss Tansing was pronounced by the critics, to be grand, and the Association is to be congratulated in having this rising young warbler.

Mr. Thomson's address was certainly a surprise. It is not generally supposed that working has a tendency to increase the literary and oratorical powers of anyone. We congratulate Mr. Thomson, on the fact that discounts, protests and dry figures have not succeeded in withholding his taste for literary productions. Although we have no reason to complain in recent years, we think we recollect, certain ladies of his class, who have productions (poetical) from his pen. Now that the smoke of the battle has cleared, will not some of them produce the aforesaid for the benefit of the many readers of OUR MIRROR? Miss Cozzen's vocal solo was rendered in exquisite style. The applause being, we think, the sincerest testimonial of her ability.

The farce was very amusing and kept the audience in a roar until the final. All the characters were good and deserving of special mention. Want of space forbids. Our old standby, Mr. Cook, succeeded in maintaining his established reputation as her "Cynon Burckel."

At the close of the entertainment the annual business meeting was called. As there was no competition on the old officers were re-elected. The dancing programme was long and varied, and the Hall was thronged with merry dancers until a late hour. Among the many present, we noticed Mr. and Mrs.

Laughlin, Miss Mary Huggins, of Barker Hall, Ill.; Miss Fannie Waters, Miss Abbie Starr, Miss Nellie Starr, Mr. H. H. Morgan, Mr. Leo Bassett, Mr. Dick Tansing, Mrs. Brookmire, Miss Martha Hoke and a host of old and young members of the Association.

In conclusion we congratulate the Association upon its thriving condition, and upon the number of real members who attended the entertainment.

EDITORIAL PLEASANTIES.

PERHAPS no place is so rich in Jeffersonian experiences as the office of a Justice of the Peace. It is a pity, however, that so many of them depend for their "points" upon a knowledge of legal requirements. The following is a recent occurrence:

MARRIED SECOND CLASS.

A young woman who had been married a year came to the Justice in very great trouble because she had been married only "second class." A lady friend had called her attention to the fact that her certificate so declared, and she was in great distress lest there was something wrong about the matter, and she was not a full fledged lady. A close inspection revealed the fact that in the smallest possible type, the printer had indicated the protocol, the blank by giving the number of its class! The Squire restrained his mirth as best he could until he had duly explained the matter and sent her on her way rejoicing.

BARELY MARRIED.

This reminds us of another incident where the principal spokesman so to speak of a rather large wedding party resisted all urging to sign his name to the documents as a witness, but allowed another to take his place. After the ceremony, and when the rest had left the office, he explained to the astonished Justice that he had married the woman to the man, but not the man to the woman, because he had used the phrase "man and wife," instead of "husband and wife." The Squire has been careful ever since not to leave any opening for an objection on this score.

THE MIRACLE OF SALVATION.

We cannot vouch so fully for the truth of the following story, and if it be an old one (though new to us), we recommend that it be not repeated as a true one without a satisfactory examination. It is good enough to be true, and to bear being "twice-told." Mr. Jones (a colored brother) had been a great gambler among his race previous to his conversion, and was not yet quite certain of having accomplished his

salvation. At a "spontaneous" meeting soon after, he related a dream, in which, after arriving at the River Jordan, he observed two remarkable persons on the farther side in very earnest debate, one of whom was of the "purest splendid white complexion, and clad in similar robes, while the other was in every way, in "joker" parlance, as "black as the ace of spades." Something told him it was the Lord Jesus and old Nick, and that they were disputing about the possession of Brother Jones' soul. Finally he saw them sit down to decide the matter by a friendly game of dice, and the devil—beg pardon—his Satanic Majesty, threw three sixes. Thus, O! innocent reader, it may be necessary to explain to you, is the highest number that can be thrown in one throw with three dice, and a very rare occurrence, indeed. The guilty, i. e., knowing soul of Brother Jones needed no such explanation, and he gave himself up for lost. However, he next saw the Lord take up the dice and, remarked: Jones, eventually, "as I'm a livin' sinner be throwed two sixes and one seven." Now, brethren, what looks me up the question whether the good Lord cheated the wicked, with somehow don't look fair and square, or whether it shows that I can't be saved no how and I'm gone, etc. "Brother Jones," said an old gray haired demon, "you're all right, praise de Lord, but wasn't much by which you was saved. It's by a miracle we was saved, for if we got our deserts we would all be damned."

SPEAKING IN TONGUES.

We know at Knoxville during the late war who was employed as porter in a Government office, who was well educated. He had been intrigued by the glittering promises of Mormonism to embrace the faith in the land of exultation in Utah. He has now turned from the error of his ways and returned. While with the Mormons he had been made an elder, and used to explain to us in what manner he exercised the gift of "speaking in tongues." We recollect the following sample:

In fathers;
In sons;
In models;
In clowns;

Uttered more notes one syllable.

This certainly has a Latin "twang," though the Latin scholar might find considerable difficulty in arriving at the sense of it. The non-classical reader will understand it just as well when written in the vernacular.

In fir (ar) is, in oak (ome) is;
In mud (ol) is, in clay (ome) is.
Cue a mare out oats!

REMINISCENCES.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 15th, 1881.

Eaton Minnet.

Out of the mists of ten years which have elapsed since I left the dear old school to enter the arena of life, as the old graduates say on commencement, and recollection sometimes lingers in many times. I have been in Florida several years. North pine for nuts during long days almost alone with my own thoughts, and it has never failed to bring up through the clouded past. Many a time when I sheltered myself in the lee of the house or desk at noon, I have thought of it, and that is "the time when I made class F, in the second year."

There are not many of my old classmates who will remember the affair. It was during in the spring, when spirits are high and I had been a little more mischievous than usual, I believe, and the professor's patience had become somewhat impatience from wear, and he warned me to desist. Shortly after wards he left the room, and I addressed myself to my studies when he suddenly returned. There had been quite an important report during his absence in my neighborhood, and he caught the wind as he entered. He immediately came to the conclusion that I was the cause, and ordered up to visit Mr. Morgan. I was uneasy, but I felt gayly and went. Mr. Morgan considered the case and ended by making me a class all by myself. I enjoyed that distinction until I left the school. I did not discover for whom I had suffered until some months later when I was informed that Hall was the man. When he sees that he will understand that retaliation has overtaken him at last.

Whenever I think of this incident I always see the good, kind, gentle face of Prof. Cuzzens as he looked at me that day. As I say it has come back to me in the exuberance of Florida, and the snows of Superior, and well, I think, until in the course of nature I shall out.

W. F. DYKES,
City Editor, *Evening Star*.

Mr. Eaton—Please send the address of Miss Noyes, Miss Sherrock, Miss Rippy and others of the June Class. I would like to visit them when I run down to St. Louis next month.

WILL BAKER.

We had hoped to have this Class complete in one number, but the weather has made any thing like successful planning utterly impossible. The girls shall make their appearance next number at any rate.

[Ed.]

Our Mirror.

Human Nihil Allegory

Vol. II.

St. Louis, Mo., March, 1881.

No. 11.

OUR MIRROR.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
IN THE INTERESTS OF THE

HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Editors:

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BOYER HOUSE, West St. Louis, Mo.

H. E. KNOX, *Editor*

205 N. 10th Street, St. Louis, Mo.

HALF-WAY JOHN'S.

By IRWIN RYBELL.

Beholded I fellow-travelers—In holiday forth to-day.
I doesn't quote no speech yes for what I has to say.
De sermon will be berry short, and dis here sin de tex'.
Dat half-way cholin's aint no 'count for dis worl' or de nex'.

[Dis worl' dat we's-a-tublin' in is like a cotton-row,
Whar every cullud gentleman has got his flur to hoe;
And every time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a-growin' 'til he smother up his crop.

When Moses led de Jews across de water ob de sea,
Dee had to keep de Jews, jes' as fast as fas' could be;
Do you s'pose dat dey could elder hah succeeded in der wish,
And reach de Promised Land at last—if dey had stopped to fish?

My friends, der was a garden once, whar Adam libbed wid Eve,
Wit no-one 'round to bodder den, no neighbors for to rileve,
And every day was Christmas, and dey got der rations free,
And everyting belonged to dem except an apple tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake come snoopin' 'round—
A stomp-tall rusty mowse-in, a-crawlin' on de groun'—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and hid der face,
Till de angel oberseer he come und drove 'em off de place.
Now, 'pose dis man and 'noman hadn't 'tempted for to shirk,
But had gone about der garden's, and tended to der work,
Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' whar dey had no business to,
And de debil nether'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's had den! If 't heebber do, I say!
Tut at your mask and shide it, and den's de time to play—
For eben if de crop is good, de rain 't spile de bolts,
Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a-plowin', and a-hoein', and a-scrupin' ob de rowa,
And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you owes;
But if you gits a-scrupin' every time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to leddy upon everyding you's got.

Whichever 'tis you's drivin' at, be shore and drible it through,
And don't let nuthin' stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a nigger foolin', den, as shore's you're born,
You's gwine to see him roopin' out de small end ob de horn.

I tinks you for de tention you has gits dis afternoon—
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-singin' ob a tune—
I see der Brother Johnson's 'bout to pass aroun de hut,
And don't let's hab no half-way cholin's when it comes to dat!

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. LOUIS
HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION BY
A. R. THOMPSON, ESQ.

[Continued.]

The report states that in the six New England states there is employed in manufacturing enterprises capital amounting to the sum of \$500,000,000. Employed in these industries, simply as productive artisans or mechanics is the vast army of 500,000 per-

sions, who receive annually in wages the sum of \$300,000,000, and who by the labor of their hands and by directing the applied forces of chemical and physical science, use \$500,000,000 worth of raw material and turn out as a product materials for use and beauty, which sell in the markets of the world for more than \$1,400,000,000."

"A wide practical generalization shows that in all these vast industries there are but two fundamental elements, raw material consumed and labor put upon or mingled with the raw material. A piece of steel worth eight or ten cents, by the application of skilled labor is converted into a useful tool or instrument worth \$10. A pound of cotton worth twelve or thirteen cents is made to carry a value by fibrillation five or six times the value of the raw material. In New England the highest development of the cotton industry shows raw material carrying a value increased by fibrillation to fifteen or twenty fold. If we turn to the cotton manufactures of Europe we will see that in France they carry the fibrillations far beyond what they have reached here, while in such goods as the Hamburg trimmings we will find the raw materials carrying values even greater than in the case of the steel. If we examine the other leading industries of New England, we find the same state of things true—labor consuming raw materials, and laying them under tribute, to be the carriers, as it were, of the concrete wealth produced by skilled labor, into the markets of the world. But after all we find \$500,000,000 worth of material yielding but \$1,000,000,000 worth of product, an increase of but one fold, in the average of all the product, while in England it is much greater, and in France it averages about ten fold, reaching in the case of some fine French trimming goods one-hundred fold." And why? Because they use more skilled labor, and labor of greater training and taste, and so improve the quality of the product as to make it carry many times more value. So great is the value of art and design in these countries.

The same report goes on to show how the demand for finer work, and more artistic results has laid under tribute all the resources of chemical and physical science, creating new industries to supply new demands, causing improvements in old methods and machinery, and repudiating old by new, and in each, and every instance demanding more scientific knowledge, more manual skill, more artistic training. For instance—the effort in the part of a Boston chromolithographer to reproduce the design of a highly artistic vase, required first the labor of an expert chemist to produce a new ink of proper tint and quality, the introduction into the paper mill of new machinery, and new chemical processes to produce a paper so firmly knit in fibre that it would retain its consis-

tency through the gradual drying and compression necessary and have a surface so soft and so delicate fine to receive, guide, and fix the innumerable suggestions of color, and yet retain the governing power through all impressions so that the colors would not crack or peel off. A new form of lithographic press was constructed, in which all the complicated motions were delicate and precise enough to deliver their result at exactly the angle and pressure, and in the right direction, and with the proper force, in a greater, now less. But raw was not all. It takes several weeks to print a collection of fine chromolithographic works. In that period, especially summer, we have had at times of atmosphere which affects its humidity, and as paper is so sensitive as a barometer to atmospheric conditions, a shrink or swell according to the differential degrees of moisture in the air. From the time that one of this printing began, it was necessary to control the condition of the atmosphere, and here again the aid of science was called in. The ponds could at about fifty cents a copy, after having laid under tribute the sciences and art of the country, and added thousands of dollars to the wealth of Boston, without consuming an additional dollars worth of raw material and still supply the outcome of an art, then derived from a vase.

The same thing holds true to a greater or less extent in every branch of industry, which makes use of color, or of form to enhance the value of its product. The fact should be noted that the advancement of all the higher industries towards art; the effort is made to make the product more beautiful. Indeed, decorative art itself in its highest development is but thought and feeling crystallized by science and skill.

I have dwelt upon these matters to show, that not only has artistic design a high commercial value, but that among the most intelligent and far-sighted manufacturers in this country, this value is directly appreciated. Appreciate not only in its relation to particular manufactures, but as one of the most important elements of success in our efforts as a nation to encourage and establish large and profitable manufacturing interests throughout the country.

The centennial exhibition has done for this country, to a considerable extent, what the exhibition of 1857 did for England. The comparisons instituted between American and foreign manufactures, revealed the unequal character for excellence in design and workmanship of American products, and their general inferiority to those of foreign origin. The fact was apparent that the inferiority in the point of design was greater than in the point of workmanship. Immediately, with that quick grasp of ideas peculiar to Americans, an effort was made by the leading manufacturers throughout the Eastern States to improve

the designs of their goods. Foreign designers were imported by some, and native talent employed by others.

The result has been a marked improvement in design. But the execution of new and more elaborate designs, demands greater skill on the part of the workman, and more delicate and accurate machinery, where machinery was used. So the character of the workmanship has improved with the design.

But improvement in skill is an individual matter, and under the stimulus of increased pay, is rapidly acquired, while the knowledge and skill necessary for good designing, are acquired only by long study of the principles of the Art of Design, and long practice in their application. Hence, the improvement in design has not kept pace with the improvement in workmanship, and today the larger proportion of our productions that have merit of design, are stolen copies of French and English patterns, inferior to the originals.

A friend of mine, who is often in London on business is in the habit of visiting establishments devoted to the manufacture of artistic work, one morning in September last, visited Mr. Cowtan, an acquaintance of his, who is at the head of one of the largest furnishing establishments in Great Britain. The house has a world-wide reputation for its artistic designs. My friend expressed great admiration for certain designs and complimented Mr. Cowtan upon their artistic merit. Mr. Cowtan offered to send a number of them to my friend if he would accept them. This of course he was glad to do. As he was to leave for Liverpool in a day or two to take the steamer for home, he requested that they be sent to the steamer direct. You may imagine his surprise when his acquaintance asked - why, are you an American? Answering, that he was, he was still more surprised by being told that that being the case he could not have the designs, for if he were to take them home with him and let them be seen by manufacturers, that in six months they would appear in the hands of an American salesman who could offer them to Mr. Cowtan in his own office in London at a price below that which he, Mr. Cowtan, could make them for himself. The designs are now at the School of Fine Arts in this city, not for the inspection of manufacturers, but for the use of students.

The development of the art-idea has been even greater among the consumers of the country. At the centennial exhibition, the superiority of goods of foreign origin for beauty, was so apparent, that a large class of buyers immediately demanded a higher grade of goods than had before been offered for sale generally in this country; and those goods were most eagerly sought, that most nearly approached the foreign in their beauty of design and workman-

ship. This improvement in taste, and this eager search to gratify it, has developed into a wide-spread or national feeling and demand for better things in all lines of manufacture in which beauty is an element, that has been of immense value to the country, and which should be encouraged on every hand, as promising to be of infinitely greater value in the future, though it is derided by some thoughtless and some ignorant persons, as a foolish and extravagant mania or craze or fashion.

It is quite true that good taste has not always been shown, that the desire to appear artistic, where the elements of art were not understood, has led to extravagances that have reached the limits of the hideous and ridiculous. The spirit of personal independence however, so strong among Americans, has led to the gratification of personal taste with great freedom, which has been most fortunate; for it has led to observation and thought upon these subjects; and such rapid and marvellous improvement in taste among the masses of the people of a nation, as has been exhibited in this Country since 1876 has never been seen before.

And so much feeling for something better, and so little art education to guide it, there have been and will be many mistakes, and fashion will run riot amid the extravagances of ugliness. But out of this striving is slowly coming a better taste for the really beautiful, which is never out of fashion. Beauty presents itself in many forms, characters and colors. One may be met in one or demand at one time, but the others are still beautiful and never out of style. The gothic forms of architecture may now be most in use, but the Grecian forms are not quite out of fashion though over two thousand years old. The beautiful vases of Limoge, so enchanting to those who really appreciate their delightful suggestions of color, may be most in vogue at present, but the clay or marble or bronze vases of simple Grecian beauty are not yet out of style, and the more nearly they approach the older ones, the more they are in style at present. The floor-laces of Venice, the simple mull of India, the gorgeous brocaded silks of Florence, the magnificent velvets of Spain, the furs of Hungary and Russia, have never been out of fashion, though their weak imitations have risen and fallen a score of times, and they never will be while man's nature holds that divine spirit which turns his heart to the true, the good and the beautiful.

I commend these truths to our manufacturers for thoughtful consideration. The increasing wealth and taste of this Country is demanding better wares, and as wealth and taste increase, still better will be demanded. Can the manufacturers of St. Louis appreciate this. Is there any good reason why St. Louis should not produce furniture as good in design and

workmanship as is produced in the East? When Mr. Wheatley and Mrs. Diddle demonstrated the fact that Cincinnati could produce the most artistic and the best pottery produced in the United States, a new industry was created, which now employs many skilled laborers at good wages, and one dealer in New York, that might Eastern high-bear of our manufacturers, will take all they can produce, for use in that educated and wealthy East that appreciates it, and other dealers compete for its sale. The designs copyrighted by the Eastern manufacturers are numbered by thousands, but the designs from St. Louis are almost unknown. Yet there is no good reason for this. Improvement in the design and workmanship of furniture made in St. Louis, would as certainly drive foreign work, no better, out of this market, in a still higher grade of goods, as it has done in the grade of goods now made here.

I have seen many steamboats from Cincinnati land at our wharf, loaded with almost nothing but chairs, but not since we began in earnest to make chairs here. The class of furniture demanded in St. Louis to-day is very different from that demanded five years ago, and it is better in design, better in material, better in workmanship. Jewelry that five years ago was staple in all our establishments is now third class, or relegated to the cheap jewelry shop. China and glass ware are now common stock that were then unknown here. Dress goods are now kept in stock and sold daily, by all of our establishments, such as, until the centennial exhibition, some of our dealers even had never seen or known. Remember the example of the Boston chromo-lithographer, and then consider how the designer, the chemist, the machinist and the skilled laborers of the country have been enriched by the stimulus thus given to their various lines of industry, by this demand for better goods. Yet no more material is used in the production, while the demand for a more artistic result, has added many fold to the value of the product by loading it with skilled labor. The necessities of life meanwhile grow cheaper in proportion, for they are products of machinery and cheap labor.

Let St. Louis manufacturers take this to heart, if they would make St. Louis a market to which buyers will come, and see to it that the quality of the manufactures meets the demand for better design and workmanship. We have everything at hand to make this a great centre for the furniture trade. Clay also is at hand of the finest quality, waiting the magic touch of the skilled workman, to turn it into pottery and porcelain that will draw the buyers of the country here. A fine quality of glass is being made here that needs only the manipulation of the skillful artisan, to carry ten times the value it now carries. Our iron industries languish, competing in their cheap pro-

duct with the cheap product of other similar concerns, which we send away from home for the ornamental iron work necessary for building and decorative purposes.

It is said by the manufacturers that we can not obtain these designers and the workmen skilled enough to work out such designs when given them. Let our artisans and mechanics take this to heart. Let them remember that the time is at hand when a higher knowledge and greater skill will be necessary to obtain more than common laborers pay. Let them go to the art training schools, such as we have here, let them study, and study hard and diligently, the best examples put before them, and the process of their production, and practice themselves in the uses of the art principles and physical processes involved. It will pay. Let our manufacturers join in the work and help sustain such schools now open here, and found and maintain others as the demand increases, and it will pay.

We are all proud of our public schools. Yet some thoughtful friends of the schools feel that the neglect of classical studies in colleges, and the seeking of special training in special schools, so marked at present, and the complaints frequently heard that our public schools are arranged too much for the pedagogic and not enough for the scholar, that they do not meet the pressing wants of the pupils are based upon the same feeling that our colleges and schools have wandered from the path indicated by the wants and spirit of the time, into the realms of philosophical theory? Is it true, as some complain, that while our public school scholars may leave the schools with brains whose potential powers are strong, they really know but little, and have almost as much to unlearn as to learn. I can not pay too high a compliment to those who direct and teach in our schools, for their work is done well. But can it be they are not working in the best way to meet the present needs of the pupils? Do they, as has been said, devote too much time to studies supposed to be necessary to a symmetrical and perfect development of the mind as though a kind of hot house fruit, and not enough to that which is directly related to the requirements of the daily life of the young men and women of the time in their actual struggle for support? Could changes be made with profit, that would help the sons and daughters of our laboring classes, to make better laborers, by more direct training for such lives, and not by the circuitous route of general mind culture?

Are not art training schools fast becoming a necessity to our minds? will as no paternal government will establish them, and compel attendance in them. Let our merchants and manufacturers and capitalists establish and maintain them, and let our laborers at-

tend them, and a partial solution of the labor question in our midst will have been found; for new industries will arise, old ones will develop and grow, and it will pay the merchants and manufacturers in the stream of well earned wealth that will flow to our city, and will pay the laborer in the proud independence and dignity which attends comfortable living and competence earned by skilled labor directed by knowledge and taste.

OUR LIBRARY CLUB

The ladies of our town have organized a Library Club, and it has proved so pleasant that I thought I would tell you of it. It may offer a suggestion to those who live far from the great city, deprived of books and amusements, and you may if you choose go and do likewise.

Enjoyment in country town life depends much on the sociability and culture of the people living there. The fact that the reading of good books is a means of culture is an assured fact. There is in this town a dead library, which is worse than none, for it benefits nobody. Several weeks ago, I suggested through the columns of our country paper that the ladies should organize a Library Club, which should be one for the cultivation of social as well as intellectual qualities. I met with but slight encouragement when I first mentioned the matter. Each one hoped it would be a success, but predicted failure. Now, it is a well known fact that there is nothing that makes a woman more determined to accomplish what she wishes, than to tell her that she cannot do it. It had the usual effect on me, and I am glad to say that I have won the day. The most that I hoped for was that we could have fifteen members, but now when just a month old, our club numbers twenty-one, and has a very good prospect for an additional number. There are always some who want to wait until a plan is an established success, before they are willing to be identified with it.

We have made a very good beginning, for our library membership is placed within the reach of all, by our mode of paying for a life membership. On joining, we pay one dollar into the treasury, and thereafter monthly dues of twenty-five cents until the amount is five dollars. After that time there will be a yearly assessment of never more than one dollar made against each member, for the purpose of keeping up the library. In the future, I suppose we shall occasionally give entertainments for the benefit of this fund. We have five officers, President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian. The latter is the important office of the club. The library is kept at a private house, so that there is a

surety that the books will be cared for, and once a week at an appointed hour, we return and take out a book. We were fortunate enough in receiving a donation of nearly forty dollars, and that with the money paid in for entrance fees, combined with the liberality of the book store that received our order, give us nearly eighty dollars worth of books. They number nearly fifty and comprise the best works of all the best writers, and several volumes of travels. Our books were selected by a committee who had lists of six books from each member to take from. In this way we were almost certain of suiting the taste of each member. One book from each list was first selected, and then a second one. We have bought books to read and have not selected such as are so weighty that they never leave the book shelf.

We have rules and regulations as all clubs have. We allow visitors in town the privilege of the library for twenty-five cents a month. I stated before that there was a two-fold object in our club, a social as well as intellectual feature. There is much difference in the social qualities of towns and this one certainly occupies a low grade as far as sociability is concerned. Strangers are forcibly impressed with this fact, and my two years residence here has but strengthened the first impression. The effect of the organization of the club has already been felt. While perfecting arrangements, we met once a week at the house of one of the members. Our regular meetings are every two weeks. We propose also to have sociables in the evenings to which all our friends will be invited.

The usual objection that is made to a club composed of ladies is that gossip is inevitable. I see no reason why we should fall into the habit. We will try Dr. Holland's cure for gossip culture, and to this end we will read good books and talk of them. Then we have our children, our chickens, our housekeeping and no end of topics that are interesting to us all, and would aid in the good work of culture. The plan suggested has all the elements of success and is worthy of all our best efforts. I shall be happy if this article aids any of the dwellers of country towns to make their life more pleasant and profitable.

RUSIE Mc. K. FISHER,
Farmington, Mo.

THE VERSIFICATION CLASS

Reference is made to this institution in one of the Alumni of this month, and as its management may not be known to all, Mr. Morgan has kindly acceded to a request for some account of it, and contributed the following: [Ed.]

The class to which you refer began, as nearly as I can remember, in 1873. It has been called each year by a different name, so that the name has had no descriptive quality. Having found that for young ladies who did not continue their studies at the Normal or at the University, there was no provision for keeping alive their interest in books, I agreed to give two hours a week to any of the graduates who choose to do such work as I should suggest. The original scheme has since been extended so as to include such pupils of the graduating class as have any leisure which they are willing to thus employ. We have considered with the different classes: (1). American literature; (2). Extended reading in English literature; (3). Further readings in Shakespeare; (4). Some knowledge of the greatest foreign poets; (5). Courses of voluntary study and reading.

In this way the advanced class provides for the needs of such girls as still require direction, and who are sufficiently in earnest to set aside a portion of their leisure.

I have recently formed a voluntary class among the boys of the Graduating Class, and use the time for discussing with them numerous subjects upon which future knowledge promises to be valuable.

H. H. Wright.

In a recent paper we happened upon the following report from which we take the liberty of inserting extracts, both because it shows the work engaged in by a school mate and will doubtless contain interesting statements for all caring for, or contemplating similar undertakings for personal improvement and entertainment. (Ed.)

REPORT OF SECRETARY OF WOMAN'S CLUB AND LIBRARY ASSOCIATION FOR YEAR ENDING MARCH 2nd, 1881.

Since it is my duty as your Secretary and recorder of events to make a truthful and honest report of the status of the Woman's Club and Library Association it gives me great pleasure to be able to say that its affairs, intellectually, socially and financially, have not since its formation and introduction to the public been in a more sound and satisfactory condition than at this present time. * * * The year just closed has been one of encouragement and prosperity and there has been a quite healthful growth which, while it has been unobtrusive has been none the less genuine.

During the year the meetings have been held regularly, the greater number having a large attendance of members and visitors, who have enjoyed the excellent literary entertainments provided by the committees in charge. These entertainments have been of a varied and instructive nature, embracing interesting biographies of the poets, Burns, Moore, Bryant

and Shakespeare, with valuable selections from their writings. Two original poems have been given—one upon Thomas Moore; the other entitled Out of the Depths. These papers, one upon The Eighth Congress for Women in Boston; another upon Homehold Decorations in its relation to Home Culture, and the third upon Journeys Through Scilly, Malta and Tunis, appropriately illustrated by photographs, costumes, marbles, etc., have helped to fill the time and thoughts of those in attendance with valuable suggestions and noble aspirations, that have doubtless lightened the round of daily labor and narrowed details of every day life, and excluded, perhaps, some pettier aims and temptations to indulge in selfish ambitions.

A club for mutual improvement, honestly managed and conscientiously attended, with narrow trivial influences carefully excluded, and personal feelings set aside, each member working for the greatest benefit of a common interest, must be a power for good in the lives of its members, and exert a reflex influence upon society. The most practical literary work of the club has been done since last May in the weekly meetings of the study class, where the interesting study of English literature has been pursued by a few of the members who in spite of home cares and other duties have found time enough to give two or three hours a week to their own self improvement.

I regret that a larger number of our ladies cannot arrange to avail themselves of the opportunity to cultivate their own literary tastes and qualify themselves to better direct and encourage a proper course of reading in their families. The membership of the association has increased in a gratifying degree, ten members having been added since our last anniversary meeting, among them one of our recent High School graduates, whose good example I would forcibly cite to the large number of other young ladies whose leisure could be pleasantly employed in widening their own culture, and advancing the interests of an institution which must be considered a public benefactor; the one around which all reads and classes should rally with their generous support; one which is a conservator of public morals, and a business enterprise that will always pay compound interest on the original investment. Two dollars a year, four cents a week cannot be better invested than for good wholesome reading. There should be to-day five hundred library tickets scattered through the city, one or more in every intelligent family. If "a book is a trusty friend," fortunate he who has hundreds of true friends to whom he can turn in hours of loneliness, vexation or sadness. * * *

We hardly dreamed among the discouragements of the first few months, that in six years we should

possess such a valuable and well selected library, and such a beautiful library room, which is not only a delight and comfort to ourselves but a surprise to strangers who visit our city and find their way within its library walls. If books, paintings, statuary and curiosities from foreign lands are evidences of a seeking after culture and a higher plane of living, then to the eyes of strangers there must be a promise of better things in Cairo than the reputation of our much abused city would warrant. It might seem a creditable thing that from a library of less than two thousand volumes, 1338 were drawn and read during the past year, and that while of course the greater number of these were fiction, yet always remembering that the fiction is of the best sort as far as may be, yet many were histories, biographies and travels, while translations from Homer, Plato and other classical writers have not been neglected. * * *

About one hundred new volumes have been added to the library since our last annual meeting, by purchase and presentation—not a very large number, but the books are all standard, and are all paid for, and the discreet and careful action of our book committee has not loaded us with debt or left us with an empty exchequer. The year just closed has been one of the closest harmony and good feeling among the members of the Board and Association, and all will unite with me in testifying our appreciation of the untiring efforts of our President, and the acceptable labors of our indefatigable librarians to make our work at once pleasant and successful. From the accounts of our faithful treasurer, who, for three years, has served the association so unwearyingly and acceptably, I find the receipts of the past year to have been \$392.93. The expenditures have been \$287.38, leaving a balance of \$105.55 in the treasury, which, with a part of the annual dues received since the report of the treasurer, makes a comfortable sum at—now on hand, with a clear conscience and no debts and an unwavering determination never to make any. With such a record cannot we go forward, trusting in our own strong interest to sustain, and expecting the association and help of a generous public to assist an enterprise from which it will derive more and more benefit as the years go on, and its opportunities increase?—*Cairo Bulletin.*

Mrs H. H. CANDEE,
Sec'y W. U. and L. A.

Mr. WALTER WILSON makes a most damaging assertion—"He never saw a lady that wasn't afraid of cows!" and though the owner of so bewitching a blond minx is naturally supposed privileged to say almost anything, still this should be related. We are desperately afraid of cows ourselves, and remember with paling cheeks a frantic effort to milk

one through the back once, when that most mammal office devolved upon our shoulders, but genius has its idiosyncracies, and this probably was ours. But our sex is a brave one after all, and some one is invited to come forward and prove the fact. In return for this malicious statement, we print, without permission the following very pretty brute dog story, which Mr. Wilson tells. By the way, maybe he is afraid of dogs because he spoke with baited breath of a very large white one that had followed him the night before. He didn't say it was as large as a cow, but he looked it.

The dog story is as follows:

An uncle owned one of those noble, faithful Newfoundlanders, that once known possesses a warmer place in our hearts than many so-called friends.

This dog had been trained to return to the house for anything forgotten, his own sagacity being his only guide in obtaining it. One day he was sent for an ax, but after a long interval, returned without it. He was whipped and sent back, but did not again make his appearance. When the uncle went to the house he found the ax embedded in a log, where it had been left by the last chopper, and the handle gnawed and scratched from one end to the other by the faithful animal's efforts to extricate it.

There should be a heaven for dogs, if only to atone for this poor fellow's wounded feelings.

MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

A GREAT deal has lately been said about "Minority Representation." What is meant by this term is best illustrated by an example. Suppose Missouri to have 300,000 voters, and to be entitled to thirteen representatives in Congress, or in the electoral college. Suppose further that there are only two political parties, each having about 150,000 adherents and that the majority of the one amounts to only a few hundred or even thousands. Manifestly it is not right that it should elect all the representatives whether elected in a body, as in the case of electors, or by districts, as in the case of congressional representatives, and that the other party of virtually equal numbers should go entirely unrepresented. The question is how to secure that other minority party a representation proportionate to its numbers as near as may be.

A plan has been proposed of connecting every three or four districts (where the representation is to be by district) and allow each voter as many votes as there are districts, which votes he may cast as he chooses, for one man if he so desire. Numerous other methods have been proposed, which are very unorthodox in the count, others very troublesome to the

voter. This one seems the easiest of all in practice, and to accomplish the result as effectually as it ever will be. Thus the minority by concentrating their votes on a few candidates may elect them.

But we desire to offer the suggestion that all the districts of a State should be thus connected, at least until the districts reach twelve or thirteen in number. In the case of three districts only the minority party even if it be two thirds as large as the other, could hardly concentrate on one or more candidate out of the three and elect him. It is true, it *should* elect two out of the three, but if the number of districts be larger, it could obtain a fairer representation than one out of three. Again, if the parties be very nearly equal, and the minority should concentrate on two candidates out of three, it could elect them, and thus the majority be kept without due representation.

In fact, the representation would be a misrepresentation, be it without due representation. By increasing the number of districts, the chances of a fair representation of either party are increased. Thus in the case of Missouri mentioned above, one party could elect seven to the other's six candidates, or eight to the other's five, either of which would be preferable to the overwhelming misrepresentation of two to one where the parties are nearly equal.

The adoption of some such plan as that proposed will, of course, almost imperatively require that the voter should write on his ballot the names of those he wished to vote for, i. e., to concentrate his votes upon, and in so far also has a step in the right direction, i. e., to make the voter write his ballot, or at least know whom he voted for. It is really a question whether any body should be allowed to exercise the privilege of voting whom cannot write his ballot.

If these few thoughts should lead others to consider a matter that they have not thought of before, the object of this article will be accomplished.

CLASS HISTORY '85

CORONA.

As class '85, obstinately refuses to be captured and crystallized into a history, the despatching efforts are given up, and the few further results obtained are asserted below, with regret that they are meagre.

Sarah J. Herstead is, we think, the Mrs Sarah De Haven, who resides at the Park of Fraute, Manchester.

Susie M. Clifton is now Mrs Hugh Fergus, and lives at 2310 Pine street. Mrs Fergus' life is a very happy one, and she naturally attributes it to her having the best husband in the world.

Sarah R. Handy is at present Head Assistant of the

Douglas School, a year and a half of the term since she began teaching having been spent at the Douglas Branch Preparatory. The place of First Assistant was given her after only two years and a half in teaching, and that of Head Assistant as soon as the position was created. Her advancement is readily accounted for by her faithful work, and her superior views on the subject of teaching.

Kate Moore resides on Washington Ave. between 29th and 32d, and declares that her life has been too uneventful to be chronicled, but a pleasant subject for her. "I always regarded Kate as one of the shining lights of our class. She seemed to stand apart, strong in her own individuality. Her character was truly noble, and the home circle, brought with the richest opportunities for doing good, has been made constantly bright by her presence."

Edna M. Wilson awhile after graduating went East, where she was married to Angus Cameron, a student, and former classmate at the Franklin. They are now living in this City. Mr. Cameron's office is on 4th and Pine N. W. cor.

Lizzie McCutcheon is now Mrs R. Schrough.

Lizzie M. Griffin was married to Mr. John M. Grimes, and has three boys. Her home is at 104 Mont grocery street.

ALUMNITES

—Herbert Wright of '76, is practicing law.

Asah Smoler of '78 intends to stay down here in her old home in McKinney city.

Charles W. Dodge of '77 was married to Kate Wood, Feb. 22nd, to Miss Mary Roberts.

Mrs. Rachel Lehman Green, of '78 has a husband.

—Wanda Ross is living on North Grand avenue near the Water Tower, and is teaching in Cole's Grammar.

Mrs. C. J. Hogan has been paying a visit in the city.

Mrs Watkins has been very ill.

—Miss Libus Stewart, of '80, has been teaching in Ulathe, Kansas, all the past winter. Her success has been great and she is called the best teacher in the county. The winter term is now closed and she has been engaged for the spring term.

—Our city had a delightful professional visit this month from Miss Letitia Fritch, and the opportunity to hear her sing was eagerly seized by her many interested friends. Miss Fritch's voice is beautiful, and show, especially in the middle register, the result

of constant study. That she has not conquered all the technical difficulties on the higher range yet, is simply to state that she is still very young, is on the threshold of her career, and knows no such word as fail. Her manner is as hearty and delightful as if every individual member of the audience were a personal friend, and you feel immediately as if you had been shaken by the hand before she begins her role, so entirely free from affectation in her whole appearance, as she stands before you.

—Married, Tuesday, March 15th, 1881, by Rev. C. L. Goodell, Mr. J. A. Parker to Miss Louise O. Buid, of '75.

—We must make a correction as to the number of Mrs. Blatner's children, as that lady declares it is in quality not quantity that she excels, and the number is one not two.

—We must state for our own credit's sake, that if at any time, items appear in the *Alumnae* column that can in any way hurt the feelings of any person, its appearance was owing to a complete misunderstanding on the part of the editorial corps. This paper is not a vehicle for the perpetrating of any little spite or innuendoes, and we have actually prided ourselves on the careful weeding that has kept it so, even at the expense of what is called spiciness. The harmless by-play of fun-loving graduates are well enough, and anything disagreeable which has slipped in has been always through our antislavery faith that the human nature of our High School graduates was of a finer grain than that of the outside world.

—Mrs. Susie McK. Fisher and family have moved from Farmington, Mo., owing to a scarcity of available houses in that place, and are boarding temporarily in De Lassas, the railroad station for Farmington. Mr. Fisher is editor of the *Farmington Times*, and as his wife, and also as a literary worker, Mrs. Fisher is entitled to a membership in the Missouri Press Association, which is to hold a convention at Jefferson City in May. For this important occasion, she has been assigned the preparation of an essay, subject "Woman in Journalism."

Our penetration was not at fault, this little woman is little, she and her classmate, Minnie Triplet, being together only equal to about one hundred and thirty pounds.

—Charles Dickson of '74 is the City Dispensary physician.

—Wm. S. Mitchell '74, is in the United States Engineer's office on Fourth and Market. He is expecting to leave the city soon on an engineering expedition.

—Geo. Kohn of '75, is in the St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern Railroad office.

—Eugene McBeth of '75, is a clerk in Mreus Wolf's office.

—At last accounts, Joseph H. Gausse of '74, was dangerously ill with consumption.

—Bessie Meyers of '79, is quite a belle in Bellevue.

—An enthusiastic gentleman declares that Miss Carrie E. Warner of '79, is the prettiest girl in town.

—Louis Hauck of '77, is going to Europe to finish his medical studies.

—Charlie Tansig of '75, is practicing law on Fifth and Olive.

—Charles Wead '75, is a post master somewhere in Vermont.

Geo. Enziger of '76, is a fine musician and teacher in this city. It is suggested that an effort be made to secure his services for the coming June meeting.

—Jacob Harken is a practicing lawyer.

—Benjamin Savitz is a leading member of the Graphic Club.

—Mrs. Julia Bett-Parsons, of '69, will start in a few weeks for Colorado, where she will spend a year and perhaps a longer time.

—Will Baker of '74, will visit the city about April 15th. His classmates are intending to give a class reunion at that time in honor of his coming, which it is hoped all '74ers in the city will make an extra effort to attend. It would be pleasant if members living away from the city would always let us know when they contemplate a visit of any length, as every class would enjoy welcoming long absent fellow graduates in this way.

—We have received a short note from Anna McInt, a number of '74, who left in the third year. She is married to Mr. C. L. Webster, and has two children. Her address is Fredonia, N. Y. News from those who dropped out before graduating day, is always welcome and often asked for.

—Miss Addie Pierce of '76, a resident of Banker Hill, is at present in Lake City, Colorado.

—Henry Sachleben, Class '74, was married some two months ago.

—Wm. Fiske of '74 has returned to the city, and is practicing law at 506 Olive street.

—For the benefit of enquiring friends we state again that Miss Minnie Mulford's address is, Concord, Cloud Co., Kansas.

—Miss Anna Richardson left the convent nearly a year ago, and was lately married to Mr. O'Neil, of Shorb & Bolands.

—Mrs. Flora F. Smith, '74, is delighted with her new home in California. The climate and country are most desirable, and her husband is well satisfied with the business prospects.

—Miss Ella Corzans, whose beautiful voice added so much to the pleasure of the last Alumni meeting is a member of the choir of Dr. Boyd's church.

—Miss Vanda Cohen, of '76, has been teaching for awhile in the Laredo. Would that she could be persuaded to send us an account of that "Cohen & O'Reilly menagerie."

—David C. Ball, class '75, is one of the "travelled" men of the High School. He has seen the greater part of the U. S., but seems to prefer St. Louis, as he has settled down under the protecting care of a firm of cotton factors in this city.

—Miss Minnie Russell, class '79, so well known for her elocutionary abilities has just returned from an extended tour through Missouri. During which she repeated the successes previously gained.

—In February last, Clarence Hodge, class '77, was married to Miss Roberts, of Kirkwood. An example of good taste which will no doubt be followed extensively.

—Eugene Marshall denies the truth of a certain very peculiar statement in a recent Mirror. He is a great admirer of the tender sex in general, but has not yet found his bright particular star.

—Mrs. Marvin and family are going to move this month to Friedrichsburg.

—Quite a galaxy of graduates were congregated at the open one evening this month. Miss Alice Taylor, '74, Frank Hicks, '72, Ernest Cole, '71, Ad. Tansig, '76, Mrs. Emma Kohn Frank, '76, Mrs. Sophie Obermyer Kohn and others, and the informant says they all looked so sweet, especially Alice and Emma.

—Miss Nettie Hall, a member for awhile of '78, is to be married to Mr. John A. Harrison, a young lawyer of the city, immediately after Lent.

—Mrs. LaBe E. Gosport, is keeping house in Little Rock, Arkansas.

—Miss Alice Taylor, '74, is at home learning housekeeping, so art that is at last looking up. Her mother declares she is equal to the preparing of a good dinner.

ALUMNIES FOR '78

—Miss Jennie Goodell is living in Beardstown, Ill., in which place she taught school for a year.

—Miss Fannie Carr has removed to 2635 Pine street.

—Miss Laura Chamberlain, who has just returned from a visit to Chicago, is still living at Ferguson station. She taught for some time in the Normal, filling Mrs. Saxton's place very efficiently.

—Miss Bessie Davis is again living at Cheltenham. She has visited Leavenworth several times lately, and when at home devotes most of her time to painting.

—Mrs. Abbie Giny Garnett, who married January 20th, is intending to move out to Colorado in a short time. Her husband has already gone out to arrange matters, and expresses himself delighted. Mrs. Garnett was in the city for a short time ago, visiting her mother.

—Miss Mattie Hill has been living with the family of Mr. Scambler, formerly of Florissant, since she graduated.

—Miss Alice Kohn is married and living in Cheltenham.

—The friends of Mrs. Rachel Green, sympathize that she is living so far out of the city that they do not know where to find her.

—Mrs. Watson, (Sallie Moor,) still charms all listeners, with her voice. She sings in the choir at St. Georges.

—The Valedictorian for '78, is cultivating law very faithfully. He is taking lessons of Prof. Phillips. Miss Ada Frank is likewise continuing her musical education under the same eminent teacher.

—The present address of Leila Sarcher is 3610 Cook avenue, but she is expecting to return in May to her old home in Tower Grove.

—Mrs E. R. Hoyt, (Merry) delle Thompson, is living at 3038 Thomas street, and divides her time between home, busy-work and music. She is still the leader where any fun is to be gotten.

—Misses Brock, Steinberg, Ward and Stulzer are all married, but their present names and addresses are unknown.

—H. W. Bartcher has lately graduated from the St. Louis Medical College and we suppose is ready to give to his former classmates the benefit of his skill.

—S. L. Binger is about to leave the city for his health. He is going to Colorado.

—Frank Brown can no longer be called "Little Frank." He graces Fairview with his society.

—Nettie Stein, now Mrs. Weil, is living at 2210 Chestnut. She was a member of '78, though not a graduate. Mrs. Swingley, formerly Kate Under, is keeping house on Clay avenue near Sheridan. She also was a member who did not graduate.

ALUMNITIES FOR '79

—The following items for '79, were gathered at a meeting of the St. Louis High School Literary. Some amount of the society itself would be acceptable.

—Miss Mary Hime is teaching in the Ashland School near the Fair Grounds and enjoys it very much.

—Miss Sarah E. Allen has been obliged to leave the Normal on account of ill health.

—M. Lowenstein, Seely Mudd, Geo. Wilson, Miss McMillan, Miss Fannie Norris and Miss Bouton of '80, are still studying hard at the University, and doubtless still continue to win laurels as they did in the old school.

—Miss Mattie Hoke is attending the Art school at the University. Her drawings at the Elliot long ago were very beautiful, and she is no doubt very successful in her present study.

—Miss Matilda Hoebe and Miss Nowakowska are teaching German in Carondelet.

—Miss Lillie Brown is also attending the art school at the University.

—Miss Jennie Wand has been sick since she graduated, and has been spending her time with relatives in Iowa.

—Moses Haise has been studying at the St. Louis Medical College and we believe graduated at the close of the last term. If so, being a High school boy, he of course came off with honors.

—Miss Clara Stubblefield, who left for New Jersey before the close of the last term, has returned. She occasionally attends Mr. Morgan's Versification class with the Misses Sprinkle, Herman, Stien and others.

EDITOR MIRROR:

Understanding that the representative of your paper was not present at the last meeting of the Executive Committee, I take the liberty of sending you a short draft of the business transacted at the meeting, which was remarkable for several reasons:

1. The numbers in attendance.
2. The number of new members who should have been by some one introduced to the older members.
3. The fact that a new idea was actually suggested and acted upon.
4. The absence of the Recording Secretary, the first time such a thing has happened in two years.
5. The amount of talking that was done by the members of the committees.
6. Not a *half* and a *single* word or even *seconded* a *motion*.

Respectfully,

SCRIBE

The monthly address to the Executive Committee by Mr. Bryan, was held at the Library Rooms on Friday the 4th instant.

The attendance was good—there were thirteen present out of a total of forty-four.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Bryan, who explained and regretted the absence of the secretary. Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

Mr. Bryan acting as treasurer, made a report of the condition of the society financially and expressed his congratulations.

He then thanked the committee for the good attendance in a neat speech of some ten minutes length.

Regular or new business now being in order, Mr. Bryan said: "The matter I had in mind in calling the present meeting, was a plan I had thought of by which the Executive Committee is to be employed so as to get more work done by its members, and to this end I have thought that the committee might be divided into sub-committees, so that each member might have some field of work." He then proceeded to explain this factoring by which five committees are to be organized as follows: On Statistics, on Membership, on Personal capacity or the various abilities of members. On ways and means and on a lecture course. The duties of these committees are not, yet defined, but the plan was thought to be a good one so it was, on motion of Mr. Rassieur, adopted and the committees are to be appointed without waiting for defined powers or duties. Mr. Rassieur moved that seven be appointed on each committee. Mr. Huff amended by making the number three instead of seven.

The amendment was ignominiously defeated by a vote of one aye to an indefinite number of nays.

The motion was carried by the same vote reversed.

Mr. Rassieur moved that a committee of one be appointed to define the powers and duties of those committees: carried. Mr. Hicks moved that this committee consist of the President: carried.

Mr. Bryan wanted to be endorsed for the action he took at the last meeting, for acting as door-keeper. He was endorsed, and indefinite leave given him to act in the same capacity in the future.

There being no further business the meeting adjourned.

The second business meeting was called Friday, March, 18th. The principal business of the hour, was the reception of the report of Mr. Bryan, appointed at the previous meeting to draft rules to govern the new sub-committees.

With some few amendments the rules were adopted as read by the President, with the addition of a

suggestion made by Mr. Hall, to the effect that the President be, ex officio, a member of each of the separate committees.

These rules set forth clearly what will be the new duties of each, and will be found below.

The change was provided for, namely, that the meetings of this body be held hereafter, regularly twice a year, on the 2d Fridays in May and December, except in cases where called meetings, are at the request of members, found necessary.

This discussion took up much of the time, and but one other subject was broached, which as it was laid over until the next meeting, will be given no account of then.

GENERAL REGULATIONS GOVERNING REGULAR STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE EX. COM.

I.

Each committee shall meet at least once in each month. The time and place to be determined by the Chairman, or at previous meeting of the Committee.

II.

Each committee shall be notified of the call of the full council thereof, or of any two meetings thereof, three days in advance by written notice to be given of each meeting, in which notice time and place of meeting must be stated.

III.

The members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, and their action shall be considered the action of the Committee, provided due notice of the meeting of the Committee shall have been given.

IV.

Reports from committees shall be due at each of the regular and standing meetings of the Executive Committee.

V.

No argument or extended extended debate, nor any pettish talk, involving the Society's interests, shall be indulged upon the Association grounds, subsequently sanctioned by the Executive Committee.

VI.

A record of the action of the Committees shall be kept in a book provided for that purpose.

VII.

All statistical information obtained by committees shall be recorded in a book provided for that purpose.

COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS.

It shall be the duty of this Committee to acquaint themselves with the financial condition of the Association, and in conjunction with the Treasurer to devise ways and means of securing a prompt and full collection of dues; to estimate the probable expenditures of the year, and make provision for meeting the same; to provide for the accumulation of a fund for use of the Association, in order to enable the same to defray such extraordinary expenses as may be necessary to fully carry out the purposes of its organization.

COMMITTEE ON STATISTICS.

It shall be the duty of this Committee to collect statistics with reference to graduates and former members of the High School, irrespective of their actual connection with the Alumni Association, the items of information sought, to be confined to the following heads: 1st. Name—married and single; 2d. Address, business and residence; 3d. Occupation; 4th. Outline of career to date.

COMMITTEE ON MEMBERSHIP.

It shall be the duty of this Committee to make out a complete list of persons eligible for membership, whether active or honorary, who are not members of the Alumni Association; to put themselves in communication with such persons by letter or otherwise, with a view to securing their active cooperation in the affairs of the Association; to present for their consideration the objects and aims of the Association, together with the obligations and privileges of membership.

COMMITTEE ON ENTERTAINMENT CAPACITY.

It shall be the duty of this Committee to acquaint themselves, as far possible, with the capacity of members, whether literary, musical, dramatic or artistic, with a view to determining their skill and ability for the purposes of the Association in any of these directions.

COMMITTEE ON LECTURES.

It shall be the duty of this Committee to consider the advisability and punctuality of inaugurating a course of lectures for the benefit of the members of the Association; to suggest the names of persons whether residents of St. Louis or otherwise, whom it would be well to invite to deliver lectures and to arrange for such lectures the time and place of enacting, it being understood that no action in any way compromising the Society shall be taken prior to the presentation and adoption of the report by the Executive Committee.

That we have this month to record two business meetings of the Executive Committee, is surely a sign of growing interest, and that at the first there were present thirteen, and at the second nineteen members, makes us feel as if an anniversary holiday should be appointed; for the ring is broken up at last, and under the new order of things there is no predicting what the Association may not now accomplish. The names of the new or long absent members who were present at the two meetings are as follows: D. C. Hall, J. H. C. Stevenson, A. Cook, Mrs. Carrie W. Fitzmaurice, Miss Fannie I. Sherrick, Miss Mary G. Day, A. B. Chapman, Miss Laura Hinchman, Miss Kate Arner, Miss S. T. Martin, Miss Annie L. Logan, L. Russier, C. O. Bishop and Mrs. Wiederholdt.

and in the same time, so immediate an impression. Even in the whole the eye passes slowly to and fro, and finds everywhere an almost microscopic care and perfection. The very first minute one feels bound to the edifice with cords which seem to be made of ivory and steel.

Here again the effect comes from the mystery of color, for all the flat surfaces are filled with masses of the most brilliant hues, except the lower compartment, which has sculptured reliefs. But why trouble you with a description which must remain a dead letter to you, inasmuch as I have a horror of a description of a work of art which is intended for the eye. But so much I wish to bring before your mind's vision, the whole facade is one immense picture thrown open to sunlight; its frame is of most beautifully carved and diversely ribbed stone work. This frame is divided into compartments by smaller Gothic frames running crosswise and lengthwise; in those compartments the gallery of pictures is placed above and below. Architecture, therefore, furnishes the setting, sculpture and painting, each in its own manner, furnish the contents; all the plastic arts thus unite to celebrate their triumph in a common supreme unity. The harmony of the three acts fills you of itself. You can hardly bring yourself to take into the detailed treatment of the various subjects there represented. The church is dedicated to the Virgin; so these frames contain mainly her history, written in brilliant coloring for the eye and not for the mind. Let this be a description of it the further off inquired.

When I have looked myself nearly blind in the glare of this fiery Italian summer sun I enter the cathedral. As before said, there is a festival and religious service. Now to the three arts of vision the fourth one, that of hearing, is added which sets all of those fixed plastic forms into vibration—music. Shall I not say that the same tenderness to color, to rich and changeful variety of melody is observable in this art too? *Chœur, Basso*—the Body of our Lord? How the theme was wrought into a radiant warbling chain of melodious hues linking together sorrow, joy, despair, and heavenly ecstasy?

An inner chapel of the cathedral is thrown open. There is the heart of the edifice and of the life which built it again, uttered in color. Above is a pyramid of faces by Fra Angelico. Never has heavenly serenity found such supreme expression. The countenances of the old prophets there live anew in them, and they look smiling into you forever. Below this celestial group is the other side of the universe, as well with its agonies and convulsions,—painted by Luca Signorelli with a bold demonic energy as if he were there himself. This is the prophecy of Michael Angelo and his "Last Judgment." Look and pass,—*passa for a passa*—for we are in the other world with old Dante. So near the earth, heaven and hell together and in one! But glance upward once more; that pyramid of seraphic faces looking down upon you will draw you out and up to itself, color is now beatified. Thus one looks till his senses get stunned.

From the cathedral I pass to the tower walls not far off, in order to catch a breath of the cool breeze and to take

a refreshing look on the country now lying along in the rays of the setting sun. Behind another edifice, with every variety of outline, color, and perspective. Here is the true background to the Cathedral and left to the eye, enthralled and all that it can do. The eye looks back into the deep blue distance to find no other human crowed with village. Behind lies the moon and the landscape, which also furnishes a variety of most magnificent details, it is to be expected to find. Here is the chief which nature opens for her making over shadowy hues and smoky heights. Art repeats the moon, not a mist more into the one glowing surface like the facade and under the faces of the saints inside the cathedral. It is indeed the prime of nature held aloft in the most sublime and changing the world into a furnace of shining substance.

But is it not time to go to my bed and leave the museum to the eyes insatiable as it were with color. Yes, more over it is dark or growing so. Nature has opened her gallery, nothing more can be seen and seen. You want is this? I come to the public square, in which a vast multitude is assembled, behind a great constellation of color, now set off by night—in works. These signs are of every hue, variety, and comparison, from the most brilliant to the most representing building, objects, some figures of human action. This is an immense mass of light and has tensified into light. I am now in a hall and from a column of an eternity stretched over a vast landscape, the walls of infernal red light. The

THE FIRST NIGHT OF A GREAT PLAY.

The importance of the new play attached the great event before it was seen, and the Vendôme Theatre, which so far as they concern a play, which created great excitement, even before. Here it has, with its appearance. The adherent of the old school, the dramatic, prepared for a vigorous attack upon the play, in the opinion of all, and the management of the Theatre Française prepared for an equally vigorous defence by a strong clique, or rather of paid applauders. But Victor Hugo would have no feigned, no paid applause, and the success of any play in Paris without a clique was an impossibility, the poet invited young men, poets, painters, sculptors, musicians, and the aristocracy of France, to be present to contribute their share to the success of the play.

These young men, who had some unusually defined *Hypocrite*, numbered nearly two hundred, and had asked permission to take their places in the theatre box for the public, that they might divide their side with and intelligent heads in the most scientific manner. The theatre, which during the rehearsals had seen very lukewarm towards the poet, and did not care to shield this volunteer clique from the jeers of the Parisian public, had closed the small subterranean through which the oblique generally passed, and had sent the young men to the main entrance. These battalions of Romanticism, who would

* Recollections of an Eye-Witness.

not for the world have come too late, came much too early, and at one o'clock in the afternoon the countless pedestrians in the Rue Richelieu beheld before the portal of the Theatre Francaise, in the heart of Paris and in broad light of day, a crowd of wondrous fellows, wild and foreign of aspect, with long beards, long unkempt hair, in the most absurd costumes of all times and all climes — in sailor jackets, the Spanish cloak thrown over their shoulders, in waists of the *Hugobonnet* — the hallowed Legion of Romantisme. The good bourgeois stood transfixed before these barbers, and a shudder passed through them at the sight. The portal remained closed; the *Hugobonnet* blocked the streets by their numbers, which was perfectly indifferent to them; they were laughed at, they were insulted, they did not mind even that, but one thing did worry them: the Classicists threw mud at them, and they were not indifferent to that. But if they had returned like for like, there would have been trouble, and the police would have had a welcome excuse for adjourning the performance "for the present." The Classicists would thereby have attained their end, and this triumph the valiant young men would not allow them. So they determined to remain steadfast, and return the open insult with the silence of contempt.

At last, at three o'clock the doors were opened, the barbarians entered, and the portal of the classic theatre closed behind them. Their organization was soon completed. Half past three. Performance to begin at seven.

What was to be done? They chatted, they sang, and when they were tired of both, they be thought themselves of some other method of killing time. Fortuitously the meal which is taken at Paris between five and seven o'clock was still before them. With remarkable foresight these young men had concealed in the pockets of their strange garments various kinds of sausage, ham, bread, cheese, and other enticements. So all dined: the suits became tables; handkerchiefs were transformed into napkins, and as there was nothing in particular to do, they dined slowly, very slowly — in fact, so slowly, that the public on entering the theatre still found the *Hugobonnet* engaged in this most useful and necessary employment. At the sight of this personal restlessness, the aristocratic occupants of the boxes thought they were dreaming. At the same time the color of garb which emanated from numerous and various sausages offended their delicate noses not a little. In short, the excitement was tremendous when Victor Hugo entered the theatre: the royal commission ran about as if mad; the offends laughed in their sleeves. He was told of what had happened. He passed on the stage. Mlle. Mars approached him: "You have a new set of friends," she hissed, "I have played before wonderful people, but I must thank you for supporting before such an audience." All the other actors, the management — everybody was shocked.

Victor Hugo looked through the curtain. The house shone in resplendent ballets; silk and satin, flowers and precious stones met the eye, and in the midst of all this

in the *portiere*, two dark masses, the *Hugobonnet* shaking their mighty manes.

The signal was given, the fatal three knocks upon the boards, and the curtain rose slowly. The first two acts passed off smoothly, the famous portrait scene in the third act was next in order, the very scene which had been made ridiculous in the parody. With an heroic resolve Joanny who personated *Ruy Blas*, took up the task. He related the deeds of the original *Sidra*, he spoke at length of the merits of this man, stepped before the second picture, and led the *King* to the third and fourth headless of the impenitents of the *King* on the stage and the public before him. At the sixth picture a general grumbling arose all over the house. One picture more and the play would have been lost. The famous sentence, "*T'en passes et des vieillards*," prevented the catastrophe, and the succeeding speech of the *Duch* before his own portrait brought forth tremendous applause. This scene safely carried, the success of the play was assured, for the concluding acts were very powerful and strengthened the impression made in the third.

The consequences of the Classicists had miserably failed, and all through the fact and presence of mind of an actor. The Parisian public, which knows nothing more than just these qualities, forgot all about the shameful occurrences of the early part of the evening. Mlle. Mars, who had given vent to her displeasure in no measured terms, after being called before the curtain and overwhelmed with bouquets, was perfectly convinced that Victor Hugo was a great poet. It was the old story of *that example*, which is of as great moment in literature as in politics. The following evening the two parties came into open conflict, however, and for several weeks a fierce warfare was waged by both parties. Romanticists and Classicists alternately triumphed. All Paris was either *pro* or *con*, but "Her man" had survived the first performance under most trying circumstances and was a permanent success.

P. L.

It is a gratifying fact that the taste for short stories and character sketches is becoming more and more cultivated, and that the number of writers in that field is daily on the increase. America is following the example of France in this direction, and a list of names which includes George W. Cable, H. E. Scudder, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, H. H. Boyesen, Joel Chandler Harris, and others both in and out of the Atlantic, is certainly a very respectable showing.

A perfect art or method is wanted in every kind of intellectual exercise, that where there is matter there may be constructive power to render it effective. — *Edna May*.

The August Mirror will contain an article on the Concord Summer School of Philosophy by one of its most prominent lecturers.

The Mirror.

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AN INTRODUCTORY WORD.

In stepping upon the public stage and making its usual bow to a kindly public, *The Mirror* but follows the example of thousands of predecessors in the same field. It recognizes the fact that it must first of all state clearly its intentions, and prove to the satisfaction of the public that these, if faithfully carried out, will really be worth something in the end. The initial number is a fair sample of what the general character of the paper will be; and while with each succeeding number improvements will be added, this particular character will ever remain dominant. It will contain each month a *Miscellany* of department, for which the services of a thoroughly competent critic have been engaged, who has been a regular and valued contributor to the leading musical reviews of the country. An *Art Column* will be added, which will be in charge of one thoroughly conversant with the subject, and will, like the rest of the paper, be equipped with each succeeding issue. The *Dramatic* occurrences will be impartially noted and criticised by one who is perfectly familiar with the stage and the drama and brings to his task the results of a long experience and an extensive acquaintance with theatrical people and theatrical history.

Aside from these regular features of the paper, *The Mirror* will contain at least two articles of a general nature, by writers of acknowledged standing in the literary world, and in this respect it can safely promise some exceedingly valuable work. Short, crisp editorials, on matters of general interest, or of special interest to St. Louisans, and occasional correspondence by practical writers will give variety to the contents; the general aim being to combine the greatest amount of matter in short space, consistent with an easy, flowing style.

The Mirror will not be the organ of one school of ideas or seek to advance the interests of one "set" at the expense of the larger public. It will at all times seek to be impartial in its judgments, and will draw from original sources in all cases. It does not seek to displace any publication of a similar nature now before the public;

it rather pretends to be a society organ, like the *Spectator*, not a magazine, like the *Weekend*. It believes that there is a place vacant for it and that it will seek to fill. If it is regarded as a welcome monthly visitor in the homes of an intelligent community, its mission will be fulfilled.

While the masses still all the rage in St. Louis, and the houses of the wealthy bear the influences of this French art, it may be interesting to know that the counter-current has already strongly set in. The class of large collections of *Chippendale* and heavy gold-blended furniture, the houses of the wealthy in New York mark a sudden return to the severe but elegant simplicity of an earlier age. In short, the difference between true and false art is beginning to be understood.

The want of a clear, energetic direction in musical matters — one who, like Thomas, understands not only music but people — has been more painfully felt every day. Now the leader of every theatre or beer garden orchestra seems himself fitted to superintend the production of anything from a quadrille to an opera or oratorio. Just as soon as these gentlemen, and others of the same inclinations, most of whom would be invaluable as an orchestra, would play and act together, and put aside their jealousies, just so soon will we approach a better condition of affairs. As it is now, a director would only find a number of musical opinions and a public implicated which to regard as the best is the worst. There is no talent enough here — the production of "L'Africain" as proof of what can be done if this material is utilized. A good director with a permanent well-skilled chorus and an efficient orchestra, would change things wonderfully. Where can we find him?

There are, perhaps, few people more unlike than Beecher and Ingersoll, though their ideas very often closely resemble each other. Beecher's delivery is artistic in every sense; his style is easy and flowing, leading gradually to a climax, which powerfully calls forth applause; and when once obtained, he holds the attention of the audience to the last remark. He is the orator for a cultured audience. Ingersoll is a composition of many apparently contradictory qualities. Good-natured, shrewd, and brilliant, he fits his lecture to his audience, and is not above many of the tricks of the orator. Ingersoll descends to the level of his audience; Beecher raises the audience to his level.

FINE ARTS.

The opening of the Crow Museum, for as such it will be known, although christened St. Louis School of Fine Arts, marks the beginning of a new era in the art history of St. Louis. The city has now the much-needed museum in which must gather the individual works of art which are to form the great public gallery. Hitherto our artistic reputation has rested solely upon the excellence of our private collections and upon occasional loan exhibitions. That great portion of the public which interested itself in art matters, but did not have access to the magnificent galleries of our wealthy citizens, was deprived from all opportunity of obtaining that education of the eye and that cultivation of the artistic spirit which can only come from the continued study of nature or of the highest works of art.

The Loan Exhibition which followed the opening of the Museum gave the public an opportunity of seeing some very fine works. The greater part consisted of pictures loaned by private collectors, among whom Mr. Dismann's and Mr. Harrison's were most prominent, the rest being made up of works by local artists and some few numbers, the property of the school.

Outside of the event just mentioned there was little activity in art circles, one attempted and one "combination" sale alone relieving the monotony. The Johnson collection from Boston was to be sold at auction, but with one exception all art lovers of the leading cities fell upon it, and in two days had succeeded in taking a sale impossible. The average of the collection was not above mediocrity, and the genuineness of some of the pictures not above question. In their zeal for saving the public from this imposition the critics went too far, however, and many a picture left the city with that collection which would have been a truly valuable addition to our treasures.

The artists' sale of pictures which took place at Thomsen's gallery early last month included, for the most part, works by local artists, together with a few by Harvey Young, A. F. Broder, Henry Lewis, and W. H. Howe. Harvey Young is a disciple of one branch of the modern French school of landscape, and is characterized by the same possibilities of color and handling of detail which distinguish it. Henry Lewis and W. H. Howe show the influence of the German school, both in subject and treatment. A. F. Broder's work is essentially American, and his choice of subjects is often good, but in his attempts at business, in least in the examples presented, he only succeeds in giving a weak and unconvincing touch to his pictures. Henry Chase presented his favorite marine pictures, with here and there a landscape by way of variety. His work showed the same good handling and characterized his previous efforts. Of the other artists, Mosker, Schmitz, and Marple were best represented. Mosker has lately been attempting to treat subjects differing in time and character from his usual swamp-scenes, and as a

consequence, occasionally handles a Northern scene with a swamp-landscape. Louis Schmitz has done "school" than any local artist, and presented some of his best work. Marple's pictures possess more true feeling than those of any of his colleagues, and he succeeds admirably in reproducing the prevailing spirit of a tropical landscape, although his drawing is often faulty. Tony, Gmber, and Haney were fairly represented, but their work was not quite up to their usual standard. J. M. Bousley and Miss Bryant gave fair promise for the future, and Mr. Mosnier's poor champagne-painting found many admirers.

MUSIC.

The approaching close of the theatrical season made itself felt in musical circles also. There was, of course, no dearth of concerts of various kinds, but with a few exceptions they scarcely merited notice on an artistic score. The most important events were, however, at Memorial Hall, in the Crow Museum and the new comic operas of "Billie Taylor" and "L'Afro." Miss Emma Crane, who has been before the public for a number of years, was the chief attracting influence in the first. Her voice has gained in finish and her compositions in every sense artistic. The balance of the programme was carried out in a very creditable manner, by the Philharmonic Quintette Club, although Mr. D. F. Colville did not appear twice good advantage as he has on several other occasions.

"Billie Taylor," the new "Pinafoe," as it has been called, is indeed in every respect nothing more than a very tame imitation of its famous predecessor. The libretto has very little to recommend it, being for the most part both "Pinafoe" or "Piqués de Valence." There are really but two or three lines in the entire opera; the instrumentation is treated and continued, nothing marked, nothing sharp and apparent in short, the whole seems to lack backbone. Notwithstanding all this, however, it has had considerable success both in the East and here, a success mainly attributable to two or three characters: *Capt. Pinafoe*, *Cher*, and the unfortunate villain, and *Ben Bernand*, the *Dick Denslow* of this opera. The Stuart and Gray Opera Company gave the first presentation in this city and brought out the dramatic possibilities in an excellent manner. Miss Helen Stuart raised the insignificant part of a *Christine* to a leading place. Mr. George Gardner, as *Capt. Pinafoe*, seemed to be in his element. Mr. Ed. Cunniff, as *Cher*, while often descending to the verge of vulgarity, still gave a very consistent rendering. *Ben Bernand* himself, as personated by Mr. Glover, was a sad *Belsh*, indeed. Mr. Glover's voice is that of an animal, and his acting was not above the average. In fact, while there was abundant dramatic talent in the company, the musical rendition of the opera was only mechanical and so devoid of individuality that it requires no notice.

"L'Afro," a new comic opera, by W. C. McCreery and Wm. R. . . . both of this city, was brought out

for the first time at the Olympia, May 16. It differs in almost every respect from "Billie Taylor." It seemed incidentally as familiar to every reader of the daily papers, and they have the great merit of freshness of subject. The *Idiot* is a clever work, but it possesses the same fault that "Billie Taylor" has. The scenes are put together but there is no dramatic movement. This might be remedied by a few touches here and there and something really shadable obtained, no such thing which, it is understood, is in progress now. The opera itself deserves only the highest praise. It is as far above "Billie Taylor" in musical value as the better light French operas are above "Pamela." The music charming and effective, the instrumentation clear and well marked, and non-influences of other operas very faint. Most certainly superior voice represented by the best advantage, and her acting was good. She displayed a *récompense* that did her great credit.

Mrs. Phil. Branson (tenor), as Capt. De Brac, seconded Miss Carpenter in a very able manner. His voice is full and clear, and peculiarly adapted to parts of this kind. Mrs. Pauline Schuler's alto voice was heard for the first time on the stage in "L'Atropé." Though not possessed of the *récompense* which Miss Carpenter can lay claim to, she has something pleasing and lovable in her voice, which entitles her to even more than all technical excellence. Mr. Pauline's voice was marked by unexpected strength and with the exception of two or three points he sustained his part well throughout. Mr. Ed. Dierckx, as the *félicite* sang with precision and correctness, but he is evidently not at ease in a concert-room. The dramatic rendering of "L'Atropé" was its weakest feature. Mr. Branson and Miss Carpenter did well, but Mr. Saville, as *Sergeant Tapp*, was the only one who was complete master of the situation. Taking it as it was, however, and making allowances for all faults, "L'Atropé" was more than a creditable performance; it was an enjoyable one, and a proof of what personal enthusiasm and good directing like Mr. A. G. Robyn's can do.

NEWS AND NOTES

Miss Flora Pike left for New York a short time ago, to pursue her musical studies there. There are rumors that Manager Norton will bring her out next season in opera, but nothing definite seems to be known.

The opening phase at the Merchants' Exchange reception fitting, the Turnerfest was a much composed expressly for the occasion by Mr. Otto Hollman, of St. Louis.

Mr. Ernest R. Krieger gave an organ recital at Trinity Church June 9th, the programme including such works as Chopin's Nocturne in E flat, Handel's Pastoral Symphony, Raff's March from Lenore Symphony, as well as three shorter compositions of his own, of which a nocturne in F was most striking.

La Mascotte, the musical comedy, in the company of "Olympic" will be produced in the next concert dates under the direction of Mr. Eugene Brichard.

Miss Branson, in a tour of local interest, Miss Lyndette left for Europe a few days ago for the purpose of attending the musical congress in London.

The artists and the non-artists who played "L'Atropé" at the Olympia had several conversations in the shape of a lawn party on the evening of June 17th, at which nearly all participants in the opera were present. It was given at the residence of Miss Alice Weston, a young lady well known in musical circles of the city.

THE DRAMA.

The past theatrical season has been marked with a number of interesting and important facts, the experienced observer in St. Louis and in a fashion has shown a remarkable evolution in our regard to local theatrical patronage. Without pausing for a lengthy discussion of the cause, wherein to make with a considerable benefit and interest in some business time it is safe to say that while the St. Louis public will not so enthusiastically endorse *prima* and *seconda* performance and of motion, they will give hearty intelligent support to anything that is good and in accord with the demands of the times.

Managements are appreciative these facts, and the vigorous manner in which the three leading theatres have been handled of late has resulted in all of them having healthily credit footings to show. The audiences have been large and of a notable character, and this in the face of discriminate and intelligent wrestling-out of the first feature, which has swept out hundreds of patrons on the "extraneous" plan. It is not long since that the average between two houses, the only one in existence, was a remarkably poor one, and an aggregate loss.

The Olympia always strong and vigorous in management, and the arena with the best seats and the best stock companies, the Opera House being sadly behind in everything. Relieved from the headbanging process Manager Norton has, with a brilliant knowledge of theatrical captrancy, made the Opera House one of the notable temples of art in America, and in its new shape it will acknowledge few rivals. Manager Pope's bold and plucky experiment was recognized as a foregone failure by many who pretended to know the temper of St. Louis people. He had heavy odds to overcome, but he has carried him self through with the tact and skill of a Napoleon. For an entire season the infinite labor and disadvantages of establishing a new place of amusement in an ultra-conservative community caused him to look him squarely in the face. It has simply been a matter of good management. People would far rather stay at home than stagnate in the four walls of a theatre when there is absolutely nothing to engage their attention, and managers, nowadays, must work hard to give their good entertainment.

It was pleasant and amazing to see, for several successive seasons, all three houses continuously crowded. It surprised many, but seemed to point out the explanation, when, for compromise's sake, the old style of management was resorted back to. Lax, indifferent old-school methods have given place to new ones, and vigor and enterprise have spurred the public up to an interest in these matters. With the Washington Avenue Theatre, the new People's Theatre, and a promise of winter attractions at the Pickwick, it seems as though St. Louis would have six leading theatres in full play, instead of the old-time two, when our theatre did good business, and the other dragged out a miserable existence.

To say that the legitimate has suffered is supremely ridiculous, although this will be the same so long as theatres refuse progress. The superb success of McCullough, of Keene, of Sheridan, of Mary Anderson, of Jefferson's delightful performance of "The Rivals," the magnificent achievements of Nelson and Mestreska, put to shame the very slender public support accorded the legitimate in the expiring day of old-time management, when signs like F. L. Davenport or Augusta Dargen could scarcely attract a corporal's guard.

During the period of evolution the stage is undergoing another very important step has been made. There was a flooding of the legitimate stage with the class usually known as variety performers, who were introduced in various vaudevilles, burlesques and extravaganza — mere muskies for the introduction of "specialties" as appropriate to the regular stage. Many of these, successful for a time, have come sadly to grief and returned to their legitimate sphere; more will follow. The innovation of transplanting New York successes in the original casts and scenery has also been a surprising and interesting feature, which will be a permanency. Indeed, stage prospects are excellent, when taken in conjunction with the lessons and results of the season just closing. Many shrewd observers predict a return to the stock companies and a reestablishment of schools, but this is a matter for future consideration and development. It would be in many respects a desirable return to one of the commendable features of the old system.

A very interesting feature of the past season in St. Louis was the several *debuts* which took place, some of them promising good results. The Memphis lady, Miss Dixon, had every advantage of fine leading support in Manager Norton and a good company, but she can never aspire to metropolitan honors in the higher walks of the drama, although she showed ability to make a good leading lady for a provincial circuit. Miss Julia Hunt, an excellent little comedienne, with some charming serious qualities, made a fair artistic success in a play called "Floralind." She has attracted considerable managerial attention, and her light, long hidden under a bushel, will be made to "shine before men" next season, when her play will be ready.

Rochelle, an ambitious and talented lady, closed the season at Pope's, and, although not a *debutante* in a strict

sense of the word, her appearance at that theatre was by far the most important effort she had made. She appeared in a most exacting line of characters — *Evadne*, *Julia*, *Lulu*, and the *Countess* in "Love." She carried herself through with wonderful credit, showing a magnificent presence and a remarkable ease and grace in movement and gesture, displaying less of the novice in these respects than any lady who has been on the stage for so brief a period. Her tone in the quieter portions of the dialogue is strong and impressive, and is only lacking where it reaches the higher requisites of resonant passion. She has a brilliant prospect before her.

The minstrel shows have been elaborated of late, and some novel features introduced. All old bag business in St. Louis. Pantomime has retrograded, and can hardly stand another season unless it is spruced up. It is strange that there is so little novelty in a field offering such boundless possibilities and one so popular with the public. Opera bouffe, or rather comic opera of the Andran and Lecocq species, will in future be sandwiched into grand opera seasons, this being a result of the success of the Acme Company in "Olivette," the troupe being almost entirely composed of *artistes* previously devoted to the higher representations of opera.

DRAMATIC NOTES

Ernest Albert, scenic artist at Pope's Theatre, has gone to Brooklyn to be married there to a prominent society lady. He will return towards the end of July and prepare for next season.

Scribner's Monthly, or *The Century*, as it will soon be called, will in a forthcoming number have a finely illustrated sketch of Salvini, with an essay by him on his three leading parts of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*.

W. K. Hays, known to the stage by the name of Harby, has written a highly-wrought sensational drama — "Wit to Win" — which he intends to bring out in this city next season.

The regular theatrical season — an unusually lengthy one this time — closed at the Olympic, Harrigan and Hart being the final attractions.

The different summer theatres, which are now stranding institutions in St. Louis, are all in full blast. The Pickwick opened up a short time ago with the Roman Students. The Park Theatre, near Lafayette Park, is also ready to receive public patronage, and opens with the double attraction of Miles and Ballenborg's English Opera Company and the Roman Students. Ulrich's Cave, the most popular of these resorts, has produced the better class of light operas for several weeks past and began the summer season in a most auspicious manner. Under the management of Mr. Collins, who is to be Mr. F. B. Warde's manager next season, it promises to be not only a financial, but an artistic success.

of missalike feet lurching down stairs as the foot-loom inserts his key in the lock of the front door.

Giving the word "novel" its widest significance, "The New Nobility," by John W. Forney and Wm. M. Baker, and "A Fair Barbarian," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, may be included within the meaning of the term. Both of these are tainted with a madness which has lately made great ravages among American writers of fiction. This madness is the European or trans-Atlantic fever—the intense desire to paint American figures upon a European background, or else to give some European tints to the soundness of American life. This fever first appeared in the unique writings of Henry James, Jr., since his success many lesser lights have become inoculated.

Of the two novels in question, the more important is "The New Nobility," important because underlying it is a purpose almost too apparent—a purpose having in view the assertion of certain social, moral, and political theories. In fact, the novel is simply a theory expressed in the form of fiction. The method is simple enough: An American, a self-made man, marries an American girl of the working class. Both have the qualities essential to success; he makes the money, she helps him to save it. He is a civil engineer by profession, grows eminent in his calling, acquires a European reputation and immense wealth. The main scenes of the story are laid in Paris during the great Exposition, with occasional divergences made to suit the furtherance of the underlying purpose. The theory to be illustrated is, that the only true nobility is that of merit, and that the only true form of government is that of the American republic. The chief characters in the novel are the self-made American and his husband-made wife, their son and daughter; an English nobleman of high rank, his son and daughter; an American artist resident in Paris, and his daughter, who is a beauty and a genius. There is a Hindu of immense learning, a despised and a gentle heart, who kindly embraces Christianity; a Chinese mandarin, and a wealthy Turk, who is veneered with the gloss of nineteenth-century diplomacy and culture, but who is at heart rotten and sensual.

Communism in France, Socialism in Germany, and Nihilism in Russia are treated alike and intelligently, and the moral pointed is a profitable one to study. The only grave fault to be found with the book is the somewhat rampant glorification of the material Turk; but this will be pardoned when it is remembered that the author has been a prominent editor and politician, and for some years breathed the inflated atmosphere of the American Senate.

"A Fair Barbarian" is the republished work of a woman who, since its first publication, has won for herself a warm and honored spot in the hearts of novel-readers both English and American. The story treats of an American girl who visits a spinster aunt in a fossilized English town, where the fashions are local, the society formal, tea-drinking, and gossipy, where the beauties are clerical and spinster, and where the girls are eagerly ready

to give themselves in marriage after the orthodox English fashion.

Into this idyllic scene comes a social bombshell in the shape of a "frank and free young Yankee maiden," a girl whose father is a Nevada mining king and who allows his daughter untold sums of spending-money. The American carries on a system of social piracy of which she is secretly unconscious. She starts up the curate, darts with the most eligible beauty in the place, and finally assists the best of her English girl friends to marry the man of her choice in spite of an opposing dragon in the shape of a stern grandmother. The solution of the fable is in the shape of a handsome American youth who claims the fair barbarian for his bride. The story ends with entire satisfaction to all and somewhat to the relief of the English community in which the scenes took place. The whole tone of the story is striking and popular, the situation at times is almost absurd, but it is handled with a delicacy and finesse quite as complete in its way as the heavier and more enduring work shown in "That Lass o' Lowrie's."

SUNDAY MORNING IN TOWER GROVE.

On early Sunday morn, when the restless inhabitants of the great city are still quietly taking a snooze, until they are compelled to rise by the troublesome rays of the sun, I take a quiet walk through the rental suburbs. The grass is still wet with the dew, and the scent of the fresh morning mists like a tonic upon the weary workday listener. With these signs of the joyousness of nature, a Sunday spirit takes possession of me, and I proceed on my way with all the pleasure of a child on its first journey. Every flower, every blade of grass seems to smile and bid good morning to me. In the distance rises one of the four great gates of Tower Grove Park, and the bronze dragons look not there, nay, even lying, in the pearly half light of early morning. Only a few moments are required to bring me to the spot, and as I saunter through the neatly trimmed walks, espay a favorite flower here, or brush off the dew that has dropped on my clothes from some shrub, I wonder that so few among the busy throng of my fellow-men find time to spend a few hours a week in a spot like this.

Seated under the kind, protecting shade of some fatherly oak, I look with a sort of lingering pity at the column of smoke in the distance, so remote do I feel for the time from all that pertains to the sooty, bustling, excited city. What a place to muse and meditate, to recover faith in man, to forget the petty trials and small disputes of the week, and be brought, if only for an hour,

Only few steps distant are the statues of two men who have held greater sway over the intellect and the heart of man than almost any others that this fruitful world has produced. We may want many things, but no one with any feeling for the beautiful in nature or art can complain when he has the privilege of looking at two works like these.

Here is the school in which nature and art combine to give the willing pupil scenes of the most beautiful lessons. But only an unconditional surrender to the charms of the place will disclose its secrets.

As I thus carelessly allow my thoughts to go on untried, quiet first, and unconsciously trace dear names in the grassy field, the sun has risen higher in the heavens and makes the time for return. This last lingering look at the beautiful spot, now all aglow in sunshine and flowers, and I bid it goodbye until another Sunday shall again give me a few hours of its company.

AMERICA IN COMPETITION.

For a long time past the unprejudiced, unselfish, unbigoted Briton has been pointing to the deterioration of the race in America in his self unconcern of the great fact that "mother country" is merely one of three unimproving places that are popular because they fit the tongue partly. The truth is that the American is a distinctive type, not so much a cosmopolitan as many presume, although his origin is so diffuse and general. Whether of German, Irish, French, Scotch, English, or Italian parentage, the children of the second or third generation retain none of the national peculiarities of their ancestors beyond their name, and by common education, climate, influence, and the enlightening social customs, become the typical American—as distinct in their intelligence, liberality, personality and other attributes, as a nation under heaven. While not yet eluding an enormous, full-blown, high-colored type as the Englishman or Saxon, it is not safe to say that the latter are models of physical excellence. The American, like the hardy French and Irish race—perhaps the most hardy and longest-enduring upon earth—is a man not above the average, but carries but little phlegm or bile, and while he may command nervous temperament, finds the severest test of climate all over the world, the Englishman loves his native flesh, and to a large proportion sickness and dies even under the salubrious skies of the United States.

Yet we have ever been accused of vanity and immoderate boasting by our countrymen and never has charge been more justly sustained. It is indeed time for Americans to have something more than the name, and for them to claim the name as well. Omitting the enormous list of discovery and improvements in science, machinery, etc., wherein America specially leads the world, it will be as well to refer to some of the virtues of a finer nature in which the stars and stripes have been sown to the fore in the last decade. Thus, while *Punch's* prediction, when the Columbian sold the British cricketing question of a century ago, that Jonathan would reach them to make men-of-war has been since ever fulfilled in the millions. Some other affairs have occurred which will bear mention. The Columbia has displaced *Ascham* and the English student Savers was drowned by the peremptory demand a lot of American professional base ball players went to England, and in a number of games

of cricket in all parts of the United Kingdom and not a single defeat recorded against them. The sporting triumphs of the ship-stealers and the American crews at the Centennial, the monthly leading hand on billiardists have taken on chess-players, our horses were demonstrated in Ireland, Foyell and Tangle certainly are very difficult opponents to overcome, and but a few days since important victories were scored in England by American athletes over the pick of England. To get what has been claimed for America? Truly little or nothing. Yet in one special line, wood engraving and engraving American periodicals, such as *Harper's* and *Saturday*, are doing a English publication from the field. Our engravers have been, and earnestly predict that America will be the future home of

To observe the fine success of Miss Emily, Emily McCullough, Barker, Florence, and numerous other American artists in the art of engraving of pictures. Such is the best example of the kind of art, it is not the training in this country. Mr. John Wood, the leading landscape painter in the United States, John S. Clark, who ranks as a comedian with T. L. Paul, Balfour, and their companions. Kate Balfour, the best looking lady in the London stage, is an American and has had very better popularity in America, and it is not the American manner to develop the genius and talent of living. These are but few matters, and the picture might be a volume with more to say. At all events it is about time for Yankee Doodle to be a little more complete, comprehensive, and more to be in England. Matters will soon change.

Miss Flora Pike has closed a successful play season with John A. Stevens' *Forever*, continuing the summer season. Miss Pike is a native actress, Englishman, and has made the most of her talents.

The Roman students in the Park Theatre are a decided success.

The Pickwick Theatre, now managed by the late Mr. June 18th at its first appearance of Miss Fanny C. Steele, the dramatic soprano. Her voice is a rich mezzo-soprano, with a sweet and pure tone. She sang clearly and sweetly, and received several ovations. Prof. Anton Smetana, the composer of the *Grand* several excellent and beautiful compositions. Mr. W. Lawrence, the famous and successful pianist, which were warmly appreciated. The evening play, the *Pickwick*, all through July.

Of the St. Louis managers, John W. Norton will play the summer between New York, New England, and Newport. Miss A. Spalding, of the country and now, St. Louis, N. Y. Miss Pope will devote her summer to the world in the most noble and W. C. Mitchell will remain for the summer of the People.

The *High School* owes an apology to those of its subscribers who have been untroubled to look for their regular monthly quota of *High School* news in the columns of its predecessor. The inevitable complications attendant upon a new enterprise, the arrangements for printing the paper, the acquisition of writers of merit for its columns—these and other matters have delayed the appearance of what is essentially a new journal. It is hoped that the delay has not proved detrimental to the paper, and that the graduates, pupils, and teachers of the *High School* will accord their own, the same generous support which they have extended to its predecessor in the past.

Ernest Cole, well known as a great cartoonist, having acquired considerable reputation both at Cornell and abroad, has been studying music for some time. He made his *debut* on the concert stage a few weeks ago.

Miss Hattie Packard left for Europe some weeks ago, and was in London when last heard from. She intends to combine instruction with amusement, and will devote considerable time to art.

John E. McKenna '75, has acquired quite a musical reputation, and is favorably known as the composer of several clever little songs, for which Mr. C. H. Hooper furnished the words.

Miss Lillian Stewart paid a flying visit to the city lately, made her appearance at the Alumni reception, and ~~was~~ ^{was} school.

George Blum, '77, is engaged in commercial pursuits in Melbourne, Australia, with Maxwell Bros., and occasionally sends tidings from that distant clime.

Hunter P. Smith has gone on the stage, and roams over the country with the Theo. Keim combination.

Mr. Denton J. Sander has resigned his position at the High School, and will devote himself to literary labors for the next few months.

Among the numerous aspirants to theatrical fame among High School graduates, Miss Minnie Russell, Mrs. Mary Sullivan, and Mrs. Watson have achieved the most apparent success.

And C. H. Stevenson, 77, has been buying the foundations for a good literary reputation, and has lately contributed to several literary papers. He is one of the lucky few appointed by the Crittenden as notaries public.

The Concord Summer School of Philosophy and Literature will be open July 14, and continue for five weeks. The fees for all the courses will be \$18.00, and board can be obtained at from 80 to \$12 per week. The H. C. C. lectures include such names as President Porter, Dr. Dodge, Mrs. Howe, and others equally well known. Mr. H. J. Sander will give five lectures on Greek life and literature, embracing the results of a prolonged stay in Greece. Quite a number of High School teachers and graduates are expected to attend.

THE HIGH SCHOOL AND ITS FIRST PRINCIPALS

It was in the winter of 1862, when St. Louis was a good provincial city, and when the halcyon days of steamboat traffic and steamboat racing still made their poor lights about the place. It was at that time that the School Board itself, on an infant institution, determined to establish a High School. The population of St. Louis had just begun to perceive that infusion of Yankee blood which has been such a prominent factor in the progress of the city. This influence then, as now, tended itself felt in the enlargement of the public schools, and was chiefly instrumental in the establishment of the High School

Temporarily housed in the old Benton School on Sixth, between St. Charles and Leavitt Streets, the school depended in the first 18 months of February 1968, on after-school education since seventy odd pupils were found prior to the school's admission. It was placed under the charge of Jeremiah H. Lacey, A.M., associated with the public schools and formerly known as a successful and popular teacher. The use of studies did not embrace the wide range of new materials, but was limited for the first few years to history, arithmetic, grammar, and composition, with algebra, geometry, and science added later. The curriculum, suitably and judiciously chosen, was in Latin, French, German, languages, Greek, and Hebrew were later added to the list and since then frequent adjustments in the course of study have resulted in a curriculum that nearly all teachers and members of the community favored.

For the first time in its history, the school had an African American teacher, the first of whom was Moses S. H. Bushnell, born in E. Keene, N.H. in 1831. Bushnell, who had been a member of the American Missionary Association since 1854, was assigned to the school in 1874. Mr. Bushnell was the first teacher of those of his line, and the founder of the High School as a new entity. He was a person of energy in whatever way was required to bring about the change to elevate the standard of the school, and the institution. His efforts were rewarded by the school's continued cooperation of his assistants and students in the school, and the community, and the fact that the school was

Mr. Greene stands Mr. James T. Kane, now the only white man with a membership in the S. E. T. C. While the others have gone this way or that, Mr. Kane, in the other circle, was from first to last and keeps back his self in our midst in the prime of life and good health and energy. He received his education in the common school, industrial instruction and advanced in that direction, but Mr. Kane resigned as a pupil. Mr. Kane was appointed to succeed him and then he proceeded to that station and held for nearly a year. Then he healthily accepted him to retain the position and he resumed only as mathematical department. This has favored early Mr. Kane continued to teach until 1859. In that year he laid aside for the old science and entered upon a business career in which he has since a permanent success and acquired many friends through his well-known politeness and sterling ability nature.

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POEMS OF A PRINCESS.

The little songs which are below given represent the earliest literary efforts of the Princess Dolgorouki, favorite of the late Czar of Russia. The personal history of this famous lady has become so well known through the numerous correspondences and letters from Russia that it would be superfluous to add anything on that subject. Whatever opinions may be held, it is certain that whoever knows anything of Russian life and Russian social conditions will be less disposed to judge harshly of one who now pays doubly for whatever false steps she may have taken.

While yet a mere girl she was placed under the tutelage of an English gentleman, who is favorably known as an interesting and masterly art critic, linguist, and *biographeur*. This gentleman is now a resident of St. Louis, and a correspondent of several English and American literary journals. The Princess was an apt pupil, and more than repaid the efforts made in her behalf. Her teacher anticipated a rich development from one of such intellectual promise (rather, however, picturing the classic head of her matured womanhood, illumined with the serene halo of literary glory, than that of the meretricious brilliancy of court idolatry). Acting upon this conviction he preserved many of the little essays of her girlhood.

Those here presented were written at the age of four-

teen, and translated by her tutor from the original manuscript for *The Mirror*, where they are now published for the first time. Her poetry savors sweetly of a kindly sense of humanity, and though showing occasional gradations of style, it is seldom that we find anything more thoughtful, richly poetic, and tuneful than her song.

To us, with the buoyant spirit of this free and happy country, the following, from the pen of one so young as the Princess, will appear strangely tinged with a cynical sort of pessimism. But to those who have recently read much of Russian life, the tone of thought will seem not strange, but perfectly consonant to the system. The Russian literary heart of the present day seems always alternating fitfully between the pangs of hope deferred and the cheer of the sure coming light--to a new Messiah, the soul emancipating light of intellectual freedom. The following little songs are of course only a vague, instinctive foreshadowing of those feelings, but even as such they are characteristic:--

YOUNG LOVE'S RECALL.

Oh, could we see our young days o'er,
Sweet lady, life of me,
How gladly we'd play o'er once more
Our games of childish glee
Again we'd love, not knowing why,
Like little birds in spring,
When parting made our young hearts sigh,
And meeting joy would bring.

Again so gay, in winsome way,
From thy sweet lips I'd borrow
Sweet kisses o'er, in store to-day,
To pay again to-morrow.

Again, when village school was done,
We'd bound with joyous cheer,
A hunting thro' the wild woods ran,
And you should be my deer.
While o'er so gaily in the chase,
I'd seek thee everywhere,
Rejoice to track thee hiding-place
And find thee chuckling there.

Again, our hearts should cheerful glow--
Win blessings from above--
While giving to the poor and low
The gifts of Mother's love.
Still o'er again I'd gladly bring
A jewel bright and clever,
For the fair hand this little ring,
To bind our hearts forever.

Again so gay, in winsome way
From thy sweet lips I'd borrow
Sweet kisses o'er, in store to-day,
To pay again to-morrow.

THE FAIRY BIRD.

A pretty song-bird I bought for my love,
In the beautiful Isle of Canary,
Where, far o'er the seas, it learned for me
The name of my beautiful Mary
Are: it had the air of my Mary's choice,
Cheerily, glowingly, and merrily,
Making two loving hearts rejoice--
I believe that bird was a fairy.

But a wild-bird came to an old shade tree
That o'erhung the cot of my Mary,
With mingled lay bewitching sweet,
My Mary's song-bird, like a fairy.
And it came o'er again, with other birds,
Making all the night wondrous and airy.
Its beautiful notes, now turn'd to sweet words,
To wheeple away my poor Mary.

Then my Mary drooped, like a rose in decay,
Turned to Heaven, by that bird of Canaan,
That I brought o'er the sea, to sing for me
The name of my beautiful Mary:
Singing pretty and good make angels like thee,
Comes away to thy kind, sang the Fairy;
Sweet winsome bird, for thee she left me,
To live with the angels, my Mary.

THE FAIR OF THE FAIR AND FAIR.

She shone in a blaze of beauty rare,
Deck'd o'er with jewels rare;
She pass'd me by, with scornful air,
Old playmate, I thought mine.

Aye? so my once loved pretty maid
Was sold to a proud knave
Allur'd by dross of the pumpe —
To be a splendid slave.

Now we'er we greet with kisses sweet,
Oft parting to kiss more,
Nor frequent meet, but to repeat
The same sweet kisses o'er.

She modest blushes now no more,
All gone her sweet young grace,
While artfully is painted o'er
Her once red rosy face.

Her soft blue eye, once mildly bright,
Now shines with lustre glare;
Frowns on me with a scolding light,
Or an embolden'd stare.

But soon her tempter, run'd, poor,
As fate our maid assail,
While he came bringing to my door
She, brokenhearted, frail.

Her death brought sweet relief to me,
With joy I saw her grave,
For thence she rose a spirit free,
No more a splendid slave.

THE CITY OF THE SEA AND ITS ART.

I have just witnessed that grand illumination of nature known as Venice by moonlight. During a lengthy walk along the quay in the evening I watched it, and still from my window I can see the colors playing through the sky, in the air, and over the waters. Of course it is impossible to give you a picture of this scene in words, for language is not and never has been the true utterance of Venice; painting claims that honor. Still I may help you to imagine little fragments of its glory.

The moon rises over the lagoons, beaming through a moist atmosphere, this spreads over everything a silvery bluish tint which at once captures the eye with its mys-

tery. There are clouds in the heavens varying from the thinnest fleece to dense folds. With these clouds Luna begins to play, coquettishly hiding her face beneath them, one after another, as they fly past her; sometimes the thin flock secretly serves her laugh, at other times she is quite concealed. But mark! with each change of the veil, the color of the entire scene changes. The blue becomes deeper, verging into dark, often tinged with a faint green. Thus sea and city are wrapped in an atmosphere of dim, weird colors, always slightly shifting. Palaces, domes, spires, as well as the sparkle of the waves, take part in this play of tints, seen through them, every object turns to a dream. Look at San Giorgio, with her island yonder across the waters, it is fairyland, and the huge church dully rises up into the skies by enchantment, capping itself amid the clouds with its lofty dome. Thus Luna continues to play hide-and-seek in the heavens above and in the sea beneath till she drops under the horizon, with a faint new tinge of blue and green always following her motions. A celestial kaleidoscope perpetually shifting, yet without rude changes of flashy colors, it is the strangest sight in Venice and gives the prime suggestion in regard to her art and character.

Under such a light tints the gondolas whose movement you can see, but at a little distance from it you can hear naught of its propelling power. At most a dull thud of the oar and a slight splash of the water reach the ear; silent, somber, mysterious, it moves along over the dim surface like a spectre. The gondola is painted black, and its box is covered with erape, in the daytime I cannot look upon one without thinking of a coffin. It is a melancholy vehicle, in spite of all the poets which has been lavished upon it; to me it seems to be in eternal mourning for the lost glory of Venice. But under the light of this moon it becomes a ghost — a dark watersprite.

The mood which such a scene excites in the stranger cannot be called cheerful, yet it is not unpleasant. He has too much wonder at the spectacle, and wonder does not admit of gloominess to any great extent. It is a picture which nature offers, and which the artist has but to copy faithfully in order to produce his mood in the beholder. I do not think that I have ever seen nature so much like a painted picture and so full of moods; usually one must be in harmony with her in order to feel what she subtly suggests, but here she forces her spirit upon you and attunes you overpoweringly to her own key-note. In all the shops on the Place of St. Mark are to be seen photographs of views of Venice by moonlight; they are good, but altogether too exaggerated, and of course the main thing, the senseless change and interplay of colors, is not and cannot be reproduced. But what a contrast between the old and the new — photography now instead of the living brush, the machine instead of the spirit breaking forth into many-sided utterances! This nature is still before the eye of Venice, but is no longer concentrated and intensified into word.

Passing to the human content of the picture, we note the Venetian woman, who can hardly be called beautiful now;

she is too dark in form, too peaked in face. But above all, her complexion seems to have little admiration of Venetian nature: it is sallow, often passing into a jaundiced yellow, which is not a color of beauty in the human face. Morbid they call it themselves, and attribute it to the moist climate. In general she has, with this morbid complexion, an air of decayed beauty, like her native envy. The garments of a high-born dame whom you see with her maid in the streets, have a very ancient look; possibly they are the inheritance of her wealthy ancestors. True the past is the only interesting part of Venice. To me it is a most melancholy city—a dead city—whose pallor has sunk into the cheeks of its fairest women. You can often see the blondest of the old Venetian painters on the streets, walking alongside of her raven-haired sister. Titian's golden locks are hardly to be seen anywhere except in his pictures. There never was such a head of hair as flows down the bosom of his Magdalen. He also paints dark hair, particularly in the Madonna. It may be an impious thought, but give me in her head the artist's golden Venus, in whom alone all his glories are vented. Titian is emphatically the most ideal, and, therefore, the greatest painter that Venice has produced. I cannot endure Titoretto, and am but partially reconciled to Paul Veronese. Titoretto has colored what seems to be almost an acre in the Doge's palace. I confess that I cannot bring myself to study on his immense paintings. But so much one clearly sees; he has lost the ideal concentration of the early Venetian school. One face by Titian is worth thousands by him, because Titian's is a type, and creative in itself. It is the old story of decline; Art is lost in a needless pursuit of Nature, in her infinite multiplicity; it becomes realistic, debased, dreadfully tedious. So I turn away from color; for what is color but a means of portraying that which is eternal? But Titian's Venus is his supreme work, nay, at bottom, his only work, for what are those other works of his—called by various names: Magdalen, Danae, Bella—but variations of the same fundamental ideal vision in the artist's soul? They are all one; his one work; Venice's supreme work of art, too. Therein the city of the sea culminates.

Still I confess to another Venetian love: Bellini's Madonna. When you stand before her face and gaze into it, you feel that it too is a true utterance, not an artificial thing. She is not the lady mother,—not a mother at all, I should say; her look is that of absolute virgin innocence, unconscious of maternity; she has not even that far-off presentiment of it which lurks in the glances of Raphael's Madonnas. A child herself, just beginning to unfold, you involuntarily ask, What is she doing with that infant in her arms? Still she lins it, and it is here; nay, the centre of all that she is to be. A coy, wondering look she has, wondering what it all means—such is the glance into that unconscious world of sweet virginal innocence which old Giovanni Bellini gives us. Think of him painting such a face at eighty years of age; the vision of eternal youth which the artist must not only have, but must live in as his own proper element. Bellini's Ma-

dalena, I must confess to you privately, has no additional claim upon my heart; she is the type of fair Titonaida, a young lady who once gave much trouble to my youthful imagination. When I first saw the best one of these Bellini faces some time ago in the Academy, I was stunned at the sight—the old man darted back through nearly a quarter of a century. Even now I seem to have renewed a former broken tie, looking upon that picture. So Venice has given me her jewel; it is the best present she has for me. I know, therefore, to-morrow I can off with my fond possession.

MIND AND BODY.

At present the old howl against athletic sports and exercises is being revived with considerable vigor and more venom. The efforts of such morbid writers as Wilkie Collins, who ponder to an impracticable taste in literature, should have but little effect when the thorough inconsistency and unnatural effect of such a character or caricature as "Geoffrey Hamlyn" is considered. "If he had not been a dyspeptic," said Jane Carlisle of her husband, "there is no telling what he would have done," and there are volumes in this little sentence. A famous writer says, "Give me plenty of out-door gruel, plenty of toasting, ball-playing, and pedestrianism, and the means of keeping my skin clean, and I have no fear of accomplishing all my labor."

A glance at a mercantile or banking establishment has lessons of its own. How any of the wan-eyed, chalk-faced, blue-lipped accountants any advantage, in his ability to accomplish work, over his broad-shouldered, bright-eyed, and ruddy-checked fellow at his elbow? Which of them has the clearest brain, the best ideas, the most unclouded mentality? In ten cases out of twelve the man who helps his mind by refreshing his body consistently. In the long run he will be the audacious, successful business man who will be a leader and director in the world of business, while the other goes plodding along to an early grave. The snobbish, and it might be said the untidy, interference with field sports should be cried down by every thinking person. Young America's brain will grow in consonance with the way its physique is maintained.

The handsome residence of Mr. J. G. Chapman, on Lucas Place, is to receive a commodious addition, 27x50 feet, to be used as an art gallery. Mr. Chapman, who is now in Europe, has one of the most valuable collections of paintings, decorative furniture, and elegant bric-a-brac in the West. He is constantly adding to his already costly and rich collection, and will bring with him on his return from Europe several fine paintings by the celebrated artists of the continent. The "Chapman Art Gallery" when completed, at a cost of \$10,000, will be the finest private art gallery in St. Louis, if not in the West.

Mr. Geo. Mills, art critic of the *St. Louis Democrat*, is spending his vacation in the city.

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Though directly prompted by an individual grievance, the assassin of the President represented simply the extreme outgrowth of the idea of stultism. While few men now believe in any conspiracy in connection with the sad event, Cokling and stultism are morally responsible for it.

St. Louis is making great boast of the excellent state of her finances and her holding to the world her monetary solidity, and yet our streets would disgrace a community of one-eighth part its importance. We have dispensed with several very much needed public adjuncts, under a false sense of economy; the city is miserably supplied with water, and there are a score of other matters which are rather drawbacks on our boasted metropolitanism. It is to be hoped that our progression is not of the order of the snail—backwards.

Mayor Ewing's position in regard to the gamblers has been severely commented upon. His honor expressly denied the Police Board to admit the reporters to their meetings, and this was a survey of his notion in good faith with the law. There is, however, a good deal of hypocrisy in regard to these prosecutions, and many are very righteous at present whose records in the future will not carry consistently with their present positions.

Did it ever occur to any one strolling leisurely through our parks, or passing by the beautiful gardens of some of our suburban residents, to inquire whether the recurrence of such pleasing sights exerted any effect upon the passer-by? Certain it is that the wilful destruction of flowers and shrubbery which was so prevalent a few years ago has almost ceased. Private gardens without fences, even outside of the so-called better portions of the city, are becoming more numerous, and the park police, on their part, have less to complain. Certainly a strong argument in favor of the moral influence of parks.

In the comparative obscurity to which they are condemned through best light and want of room, incident to an overcrowded building, the collection of pictures, statuary, and curiosities at Mercantile Library attracts but a small part of the attention it really deserves. It contains original paintings of great value, which would delight more than the members if suitably hung. For the sake of the intrepreses if for nothing else, it is to be hoped that the new library building will soon be more than a possibility.

The open-air concerts have been more popular this year than ever before, and the number of people who devote an hour or two in listening to the music at the Fair Grounds, at Tower Grove Park, or at the Thursday evening concerts given by the St. Louis Orchestra is exceedingly large. The music may not always be the very best, from a critical standpoint, but for the popular dissemination of musical taste nothing better could be devised.

The enterprise of the managers of our theatres has never known to the public many whose lights had hitherto been partially hidden under a bushel. The *debut*, which were such a prominent feature of last season, will probably not be so numerous this season, but there are one or two ladies in this city whom it would pay a manager to "bring out."

While people praise the cool weather and call it fine and delightful, it is true, nevertheless, that few are feeling perfectly well. Cool weather in this climate and at this season of the year is unseasonable, and is not at all beneficial.

Not long ago we came across an old work, "Caleb Williams," which was so realistic that "Monte Christo" could scarcely excel it in point of interest, and it was so far removed from the nature and tone of Stoddard and Fielding, that it proved a novelty. It is sometimes quite a relief to take up these old-time volumes, and this one can confidently be recommended to all lovers of good fiction.

The people who are generally most busy as a rule, manage to accomplish more than those upon whom an abundant leisure waits. Jay Gould is absent to publish translations of Theocritus, Goethe, and Schiller. When a railroad magnate finds time for such pursuits, and the President of the United States affiliates also as president of a literary society in Washington, we can truly say that this is a sign of the times.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SUMMER AMUSEMENTS.

St. Louis is well timbered with that peculiar German quality which favors *al fresco* entertainments, and is consequently entitled to the distinction of being the best town for summer amusements in the country; and there is no doubt that in the near future it will be a sort of subsidiary Mecca for the members of the light and comic operatic companies, while it is not altogether improbable that a series of grand operas will be presented in the open air in a few seasons. Indeed, this Teutonic love of out-of-door theatrics is peculiar, and many of the auditors who have patronized "the Cave" and other resorts, this summer, are of a class who very seldom grace the interior of a theatre during the fall and winter seasons. That the claim for St. Louis is well founded has been demonstrated during the passing summer, and a generalization of the season will not be uninteresting.

At Ehrig's Cave the audiences have been enormous in size and of the best material in quality. Nothing can be more pleasant than to sit in this cool retreat and enjoy the exquisite recitations of light music, as rendered by the Ford company, and to a very great extent society people find this attraction sufficiently good to compensate for any loss of a month's enjoyment at a sterile country place, with the accompaniments of mosquitoes, badly cooked meals, impulsive and gossiping hosts and neighbors, and other delightful accessories, which are more frequent than otherwise. *On de* the popular fallacy regarding the delights of country sojourns is in the main the result of very vivid imaginations, and people are appreciating this so well that it is no longer considered unfashionable to remain in the city during the heated term. In this respect, out-of-door amusements have become an absolute necessity, and people patronize them because they can not stay indoors on hot nights, and front-door-step *soirées* become monotonous.

Last season Messrs. Collins and Short had several months of unvarying ill-luck, and it seemed as though the weather clerk had them in view as a special mark upon which to vent his eccentric spite. The days might have been clear and pleasant, but almost every night up to the middle of July the storm-clouds would put in an appearance just before the curtain rose, and if it did not rain the financial catastrophe was the same, for people could not come. The last of the season brought good weather, and they made some money. Such a rainy summer could not occur but once in a decade, and Manager Collins shrewdly determined that people would come to the Cave if the weather was good and the attraction likewise. Opening this season with Miles' juveniles, and continuing it with Ford's excellent comic opera combination, the audiences have been measured by the full capacity of the garden, and not an evening has been unrecked with slim attendance, the weather being almost invariably fine. "Olivette," "Billie Taylor," and "La Mascotte" have been handsomely presented; and "Patience," Gilbert

& Sullivan's new operatic satire on the æsthetic mania, has just been brought out. The principals of the company have been capable and clever, the chorus unusually attractive, while the costuming—a very important feature now-a-days—was particularly rich and beautiful. The success was consistent and deserved.

The failure of the Packard Theatre is not an argument against summer theatrics; it was simply the result of ultra bad management. The house has all the elements of popularity, and will, in time, become a very popular place of amusement.

As for the Park Theatre, some drawbacks have resulted in the season being comparatively light one, the inability of the management being responsible for this. The Stella company opened with a splendid prospect, the garden being crowded at the initial performance of "Billie Taylor," with the Roman Students as an assistant attraction. But the shabbiness of the costumes was so glaring that a bad impression prevailed, and unfavorable comments on this very important feature resulted in a falling off in the attendance. "Olivette" was better in this particular, and business increased remarkably. "Patience" is now being given, and various novelties are in preparation. The principals of the company, with few exceptions, are good, the chorus attractive and the orchestra well conducted. The Park will, ultimately, make a great success if the management evinces a trifle more liberality. There is also a good opening in North St. Louis for a summer theatre, and the prospectors will reap a good benefit from such an enterprise.

It would be unfair to measure these entertainments by the same standard that is applied to the more ambitious combinations of the regular season, and people is a rule as satisfied with a smooth and intelligent performance.

Aside from these theatrical attractions, the Thursday evening concerts given by the St. Louis orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Louis Meyer, deserve more than casual mention. The music and programme are uniformly excellent, and as a merely nominal admission fee is charged, the audience should be much larger.

"LA MASCOITE" AND "PATIENCE."

Much credit is due to the management of Ehrig's Cave for the production of such musical novelties as "La Mascotte" and "Patience." With Ford's company these representations have been all the more creditable from the fact that none of the members had seen the productions before appearing in them, and were to a great extent called upon to originate their own stage business, and create their own conceptions of the characters. Miss Blanche Chapman has made a fine *soubrette* success of *Bettan* singing and acting most charmingly. The *Pippo* of Mr. W. H. Fitzgerald is also an excellent musical and histrionic effort. His duet with Miss Chapman in the *Mascotte's* love song—the theme of the opera—has made a popular hit which has not been excelled for many years. Mr. Charles Lang as the *Prince*, looked

the effeminate spout of royalty well, and with his finely cultivated and very sweet tenor, sang his music perfectly. A number in the first net which falls to him is an exquisite melody for a pure, flexible tenor. The French tenor reminds us of Mass, who was such a favorite here some years ago. Mr. George Denham, a splendid old-school comedian, made a decided hit as *King Lear*, and Mr. Hurley was clever as *Robert*. Miss Mary Stranbler, as the *Jeannette*, emphasized the very good opinion already formed of her talents, and the chorus was large and well trained, the costuming being especially rich and beautiful.

"Patience" is an opera on the topic of the current aesthetic craze in London, and which is fast spreading amongst certain society classes in this country. One of the male characters is a fragile, wax-eyed poet of the Oscar Wilde class; another, a rough-and-tumble poet who grasps things in substance and produces heroic effects. The music is very pretty, and the action more humorous and interesting than anything Mr. Gilbert has thus far written.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

Miss Letitia Fitch, who was for a long time soprano in the choir of Pilgrim Church, and was the *prima donna* of the Wilhelmy-Steinberg concert troupe, is studying in New York, preparatory to her appearance next season.

Miss Bertha Schumacher, better known to the general public by her stage name of Mlle. Rieu, is following Miss Fitch's example, and is hard at work. She has made New York her permanent home.

"*Deight's Journal of Music*," which for nearly thirty years, has been a welcome visitor in musical circles, suspends publication with the next number.

Miss Elton Pike has not closed a contract with Stevens' "Unknown" combination, as stated in the July *Mirror*. She is to play in Rice's Surprise Party. "Cinderella at School," and plays of that character.

The Pickwick Theatre, after many vicissitudes, may turn out all right in the end. It is proposed to form a stock company, with a capital stock of \$100,000, and Mr. Jennings, of New York, the owner of the theatre, declares he will be satisfied with \$25,000 in shares, although the actual building of the theatre cost him over \$70,000.

The "Win to Win" combination produced Mr. Hays' new play, that name at Pope's Theatre, July 26th, but it can scarcely be called a success. The play will suit the tastes of those who hanker after sensationalism of "The Streets of New York" style, although it is not equal to that play. The company gave a fair presentation, and made the most of it.

Mr. Chas. Krone, who will be remembered by old theatre-goers as one of the leading men of the old Opera House stock company, is travelling through the neighboring States.

Posters announcing the coming production of "The World," a very sensational drama which had a long run in New York, adorn all the bill-boards of the city. It is said that the play, for *audacious effects*, shall "beat the world."

The frescoing of the new Opera House is to be in blue and gold, and will, it is said, be superior to anything of the kind in the city.

The People's Theatre will decidedly not be a devotee of variety entertainments. The management, directed by the thorough business "lens of James A. Robertson, the attorney, have secured the best legitimate and comely companies in the profession. The theatre itself is to be decorated and embellished handsomely.

Mr. George McManis is superintending the improvements at the Grand Opera House.

Mr. George Denham, of Ford's Opera Company, a thoroughly self-made actor, who has climbed from the lowest rung of the ladder, will play at the Bijou Opera House, at Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway, New York, beginning in September.

Mr. Knott Albert's new drop-curtain for Pope's Theatre is to have a landscape centre, which will surpass in beauty and harmony of color, intrinsic excellence, and grandeur of design any curtain conception which has graced the interior of any theatre in St. Louis.

Miss Minnie Russell, of this city, well known as a successful elocutianist, has just returned from an extended tour through this State and the East. As an elocutianist she belongs to the natural school, and has made a success as such.

The management of the Park Theatre has not been the best, but some of the individual members of the company deserve great credit. Miss Doggan made a very good *Charlotte* in "Olivette," and Miss Clara Elliston, as *Charlotte*, combines with a charming face and figure a light, sweet voice, and that enviable quality known as *beauty*.

FIVE ARTS.

In the winter, when everybody else is busy, the artist is seen often, very often, at the clubs, the receptions, and the social gatherings of a metropolitan season. During the day, even he may be met occasionally on the public promenade, when you would look in vain for your other busy friends. The summer, and the early spring and fall are his easy seasons, and during the winter he generally confines himself to elaborating and finishing up the material gathered during the rest of the year. This, therefore, is the artist's busy season, and, conversely, the time when the public artistically inclined finds least to satisfy it.

Almost all local artists have been away from the city for some time, and few will return before the fall, when

the Art Hall of the Exposition will contain the partial results of summer sketching and study.

Only two new pictures of any note have been completed, and these only within the last two weeks.

Mr. Louis Schultze, whose peculiarities are by this time familiar to all moving in art circles, has just finished a picture which is probably one of the best he has ever painted. It is 30x18, and represents two hunters returning from their trip in the rain, empty-handed wet, and disconsolate. They are accompanied by a boy who is a most peculiar mixture of shrewdness and stupidity, which is characteristic of some of the lower classes. While the men huddle up under the circumstances, the boy seems anything but edified; and the dog that follows him with drooping tail, and a look, if possible more disgusted, is evidently in sympathy with the feelings of the boy. The foreground, the wet, yellow mud of the Illinois bottom, and the peculiar gray sky are handled with sure touch, and with more mood than this artist usually puts into his pictures. It is said that several hundred dollars have been offered for the picture by prominent collectors, and been refused, and that it will not be placed on public exhibition in this city at all, but will be sent to New York.

Mr. Armand Weleker, who, though quite a young man, has lately acquired more than a local reputation as artist of the *Horset*, has been quietly painting for the last three or four years. So far as is known, only two of his pictures have found their way into private collections. One is, if we mistake not, owned by Mr. Robert Lucas, and is a plain landscape *model*, with the usual brook and group of trees, and the Gasconade mountains in the distance. The other, a Wisconsin lake scene, represents a sail-boat anchored in an inlet of the lake, the time just after sunset, with the lake pure and unruffled, and the hills dimly outlined in the distance. Though this, like the Gasconade scene just mentioned, is handled with a broad brush, it is considerable of an improvement on the other. The latest picture is, however, far above both these mentioned. Wisconsin is again the subject, but this time it is a river instead of a lake. The handling of the whole is far superior to the others, and instead of using the broad brush, the artist has elaborated considerably. It is understood that the work will be placed on exhibition at an early date, when the public will have an opportunity of judging for itself.

ART NOTES.

The *Horset* is now illustrated by Mr. F. Weleker, father of Mr. Armand Weleker, who has hitherto been connected with it. The latter is travelling through the North and East.

The life of Jean F. Millet, which has been running through *Nirbhur's* for some time past, has just been published in book form.

Elbers' new novelette, "A Question" will be of interest to all interested in art, having been written for Alma Tiedeman's well-known picture.

Dr. Octave Pavy, a gentleman well known in art circles of this city, is naturalist to the new Houghton North Pole expedition which started in June. He received the appointment of United States surgeon on the sailing of the expedition.

The Blair monument question is still *in statu quo*.

LITERATURE.

THE LITERARY TENDENCY OF THE AGE.

There have always been two parties in literature and in art. At different times they have borne different names, but their distinguishing characteristics have been essentially the same at all times. Classicists and romanticists they were called in France, and these names are the most current at the present time. The Classicists, as their name indicates, regard the ancients as their models in all that pertains to art in its widest significance; the other party is the party of modern ideas, *pan-eclecticism*, and has usually been recruited from the ranks of young men of all countries. This is the party that gives birth to new ideas in literature and art; the party that claims cosmopolitanism and liberalism as its virtues; the party of genius and eccentricity. It found its representatives in the romantic school of Germany; and in France, Thophile Gautier was its apostle and Victor Hugo its prophet. They eagerly welcomed every new idea, however crude, provided only that it bore the stamp of genius and of originality. The idea, *l'idée*, was the one desirable thing, and the form was only a secondary consideration.

Fierce warfare was waged between this school and the classic, which adhered to Racine, Moliere, and the ancients, and the battles between the two armies of art and literature form the literary and artistic history of intellectual continental Europe until within the last ten or fifteen years.

Within that period some very peculiar developments have taken place. Tiring, gradually, of a quarrel whose outcome in the end was only "*chacun a son part*," the leading literary men of the day have become inoculated with the spirit of toleration, not one of the prevailing characteristics of this age. Former opponents began to examine each other's ideas, and the leaders of each faction were surprised to find how much they were able to learn from their former enemies. The result has been a gain to all parties. What was formerly a matter of fierce debate has been decided to be what it really is for practical purposes: a matter of taste. The two parties still exist and will continue to do so, but they are existing together and in peace. The classic party preserves the beauty of the past intact, and maintains a necessary conservatism; and it will be found that it gains its strength from those who are prone to take life easily. The other is *action* personified; and while the former represents a more ideal existence, this one is at the hour the necessary one.

It is one of the outgrowths of the present civilization, that the influences of these two intellectual currents have been distributed through that modern agent, the novel. Our entire modern literature hinges on this, although it is often severely apparent. Through the novel the general public now gets the bulk of its information, and it is a strange fact that form and matter, body and mind, the two elements are here united. Ideas of the most momentous character embodied in these modern volumes of fiction. Science, art, politics, literature, music, all have been treated in this form, and the man of ideas is satisfied. On the other hand, in this very literary form the novel, the adjunct of classicism, gains a triumph also. For the great and distinguishing characteristic of all ancient civilization, the beauty of form is here of paramount importance.

The lessons which the ancients furnish are of such immense value that no one can overestimate them. The one fault of the party arising upon this has been that they pursued that object with the antiquarian's spirit, and were lost in the past. It required the exertions and influence of men who had leanings in that direction, but had grown up under the influence of Romanticism, to bring the scale to balance. Otherwise the facts only had been obtained; their utilization had been wanting. This now remedied, the leaders of both movements, still representing the same general ideas, found that their ways, though different, ultimately met, and that the goal was the same.

If any two men were to be selected to represent these tendencies, as they have been modified by time and history and as they now are drifting, these men would be George Eliot, whose little novellet, "A question," has just been published—and M. Taine, the noted Frenchman.

Eliot represents the classic idea, modified into acceptability in present life. His little idyl, though scarcely more than a mere sketch, deserves more particular mention as being a type of the feeling represented, which has also been more or less happily portrayed in the immediate past by Bulwer, Kingsley, Landor, and others.

The idea of perfect equilibrium of mind and body which was the characteristic of Greek civilization, is the underlying theme of this little work. The relation of man to man, his feelings and passions, the contemplation of nature—all must be a harmonious and artistic development; all things in the world must be interesting; this is the moral. It is the Greek spirit preserved and brought near to us.

Eliot, provided with all modern facts and all antiquarian lore, regards these merely as tools to work with, and with the genuine poetic spirit breathes the creative breath upon the past, and makes it a living factor in our civilization.

Taine, on the other hand, inclining more strongly to the other school, is an admirer, but not an imitator, of the classics. Not a poet, he is placed in a more distant position, and represents the man of ideas. It is his mis-

sion to weigh the value of the intellectual movement in different countries, to give them direction, and as a representative of the modern man to say: This is not the ideal to strive for, but it is the mean by which you may approach it. M. Taine is the intellectual index which points out how the intermingling of ideas goes on, just as the intermingling of forces in the physical world takes place.

Both Eliot and Taine, widely different though they seem to be, are representatives of the present literary drift. When the man appears who combines in a new unknown degree these ideas, then the world will undergo another intellectual revolution. Then nineteenth-century civilization will have found its typical representative, a preceding epoch found theirs in Aristotle, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Humboldt.

In the transition state through which we are now passing, the question to be settled will come up with more persistency every day, and here in America will be the battleground, for in the war of grand ideas a grand country is an absolute necessity.

LITERARY SKETCHING.

There has arisen lately in the world of art a new school of artists who are pleased to call themselves impressionists. They claim that it is not necessary to artistic completeness in a picture that the work shall present itself as an undisturbed finished thing, but rather that something should be left to the imagination of the beholder. They are distinguished from an older school whose chief characteristic was an elaboration of finish, and a almost painful completeness. These impressionists claim as much artistic merit for their suggestive studies as the older school claimed for their more finished production. The chief requisite of the new men is artistic suggestiveness. Not alone in the art of painting has impressionism become the fashion. Literature also has its impressionists. The old style of heavy, three-volume novel is a thing of the past, and we are now regaled with literary bits in shape of sketches, impressions, studies, episodes and what not. The literary world is no longer excited to a solid mental rest, where the substantial found in the shape of many voluminous homages was the chief attraction, but the guests are called to a slender lunch where literary quail, in the shape of a brief character sketch, is served upon the toast of piquant and often paradoxical surroundings. There is a certain flavor of realism in the banquet which adds to the charm.

Most noted among the literary sketchers is Henry James, Jr., whose incompleteness of plot has become unfortunately classic to produce imitators. His "Daisy Miller" and "An International Episode" are well known among his earlier writings, while "Washington Square" is a brilliant example of his later achievements.

The next in order of celebrity and notoriety is W. D. Howells, and his latest incompleteness is "A Fearful Responsibility." The title of the sketch is well chosen, for it is truly a fearful responsibility to write as Mr. Howells has written. "A Fearful Responsibility" strikes as an in-

imitation of the happy style of Henry James, Jr. The imitation may be consciously or unconsciously done, but it is done nevertheless. It goes without saying that the scene is laid in Europe, and it may be equally taken for granted that the principal actors are Americans, with an occasional European by way of a trans-Atlantic sauce. A professor in an American college, and his wife, repair to Venice in the early years of the American war. The object of the professor's trip to Venice is two-fold — being an invalid and unable to serve his country in time of need, he seeks an honorable banishment by going abroad. It is also his purpose to write a history of Venice, a work which shall render him honored and beloved of a history-perusing posterity. While in Venice, the professor and his wife are visited by a young American girl whose love affairs give shape to the story, and finally force upon the professor what he regards as a fearful responsibility — namely, the dismissal of an Austrian officer who is a suitor for the young girl's hand. It seems that while on her way to Venice unaccompanied, the heroine attracts the attention of an Austrian officer. His devotion to her borders upon the chivalrous, it is spontaneous. She does not know his name, he does not know hers. Upon her arrival in Venice she longingly relates the incident to the professor and his wife. They are bewildered and ill at ease in consequence. They see at once a social dilemma, a clash between the social usages of Europe and America. They are uncertain whether the attentions of the Austrian officer are to be construed as a compliment or an insult. By the European code a young lady travelling alone is the legitimate object of insult; by the American code it is right and proper enough. The question arises, by which standard has the action of the Austrian officer been guided? Has he put himself upon the American plane, or is his gallantry on the European plan? The girl is perfectly innocent and unhesitating throughout. In course of time the Austrian opens a correspondence with the heroine, in a letter, which is a romantic mixture of lover-like ardor, honest intonation, and broken English. After the first letter came others equally ardent and earnest. The letters are shown by the heroine to the professor and his wife. The Austrian is evidently in love. The young lady is interested, but apparently not so deeply as she might be. She does not understand the Austrian style of love-making, and turns the whole matter over to the professor and his wife. They disapprove of the Austrian. They feel it their duty to discard him, yet there is a fearful responsibility resting upon them in the discharge of this difficult duty. Are they doing their whole duty to the heroine? The matter is finally settled by sending a letter of dismissal to the Austrian. But the professor is forever after haunted by the idea that perhaps his choice was not a wise one. It is always a delicate matter to interfere in love affairs; but when one is in a manner the guardian of a young woman, he must discharge his duty, even though that duty involves a fearful responsibility. The heroine goes to a *ball masquerade* at which she meets a mysterious blonde officer who may or who may not be the ardent

Austrian. The professor never completes his history of Venice; it is better that he does not. The literary impressionists are averse to finishing anything. Incompleteness is their strong point. The minor characters in the sketch are an ill-mannered English artist with a hyacinth and highly colored nose, and an American named Hoskins, who sculps and limps. He is the American consul at Venice. Hoskins of course falls in love with the heroine, but in an artistically inconsistent fashion. The heroine returns to America, and after some years marries a minister. The professor is made president of a college, but in the silent watch-dog of the night, and between moon-moon hours of meditation, he is haunted by the terrible thought that perhaps he may have made a mistake in the matter involving such a fearful responsibility. The reader is left in a highly artistic state of doubt and incompleteness as to what were the real sentiments of the heroine. The book is below Mr. Howell's best, and even as an imitation it cannot be considered work of high literary art. The situation is strained, and the slight effort is gained only after an undue expenditure of effort.

Another recent literary sketch, but of a very different type, is "Madame Delphine," by George W. Cable, a writer who has become well and favorably known by his contributions to *Saturday Review*. Like all of Cable's other writings, "Madame Delphine" treats of Creole life in Louisiana. In selecting this field Mr. Cable has shown great discretion. In the first place it is entirely new, and in consequence, interesting in proportion. The variety of incident afforded by this new field is immense. There is a clash between two systems of civilization and between two forms of social usage, where such is the case, variety can never be lacking.

Madame Delphine has been the mistress of a wealthy gentleman of New Orleans, and by him has two daughters. This daughter is gifted with the hazy beauty of the tropics. She is educated in France, and returns to Orleans the object of her mother's worshipping love. On the voyage from France the daughter sees a certain M. Lemaître, who is by reputation a fascinating pirate who afterwards reforms. The result is love at first sight. The pirate captain afterwards establishes himself in New Orleans as a banker, but under an assumed name. Madame Delphine becomes acquainted with the banker through the friendly intervention of the parish priest, who is to his people a true and faithful guide and a very refuge in time of affliction. Madame Delphine asks the banker to become the guardian of her daughter. The banker consents, and an interview is arranged by which guardianship and word are to be made known to each other. Then meeting is a mutual surprise and disclosure. In course of time they become lovers. Now comes a difficulty. The banker is a white man, and by the laws of Louisiana a white man may not marry a woman whose blood is not as pure as his own. Madame Delphine's daughter is tainted with a mixture of races. When Madame Delphine ponders the matter she is almost distracted. Her daughter's happiness is the one thing in the world dear to

her soul, to that she would subordinate all else on earth or in heaven. Just here is the climax and conflict of the sketch. How can she secure her daughter's highest happiness? There is but one way out of the difficulty, and that is by perjury her soul. She must forswear her relationship to her daughter, and hence it appears that she is the legitimate off-spring of white parents. This Madame Delphine does. Before proper witnesses she makes solemn oath that her daughter is not her daughter, and that she can, under the law, marry the man she loves. The oath is taken, the marriage is consummated. The scene between the mother and daughter at the time of the consummation is pathetic in the extreme, and is handled with a worthy and delicate fitness. The climax is the dying confession of Madame Delphine to the parish priest. He gives her absolution; the heart of the reader goes with the priest. A pale Tobe and the receding angel are brought to mind.

"Madame Delphine" is a work of art delicately and expertly handled. The points of the times well brought out. There is a liquid language in its expression that is true to the letter. The morality of the sketch is delicately touched upon and finely treated; the immorality is made almost pure by the pathos and purity which is made to surround it. It is after all the immorality, not so much of the individual, as such, as it is of an immoral institution, against which the individual has not the force to contend.

The "Lesson in Love" is a light, airy love sketch, brightly told and piquantly treated. It is somewhat after the style of Edgar Poe's, but there is also a similarity to "An Earnest Triller," in the conversational parts and in the situations. The "Lesson in Love" is one of the "Round Robin" series, and will do well to while away an idle afternoon at this season of the year.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

Edgar Poe is cultivating the same field of letters in which Henry James, Jr., has had such success. His latest, "A Gentleman of Letters," is a very clever society sketch, in the manner of "A Hopeless Case," his previous novel.

The New York *Nation* is now acting as weekly reader to the *Evening Post*, and the Philadelphia *American* now announces that it will appear semi-weekly, and that its contents will, as heretofore, consist of new and original articles, written expressly for its columns, and not printed from a daily paper." So says the *Literary World*.

Mr. Harry Campbell, late of the *Evening Chronicle*, now of the *Republican* is one of St. Louis' humorists. His most successful efforts have been character sketches of the "Heavenly Nine," whose characteristics he seems to have made a special study.

St. Louis authors are very quiet just now, nearly all of them being out of the city. They follow the example of the artists in employing the summer months for gathering material, and "working up" this material during the winter.

The latest issue of the *Public School Library Bulletin* forms a handsome pamphlet of over fifty pages. As a guide to members of the library it is invaluable, and is only equalled in this respect by the bulletins of the Boston Public Library.

The publishers of St. Louis as well as elsewhere are all busy getting ready for the fall season, which promises to be an unusually good one in certain lines.

Mr. John A. Jennings has for some time been an associate editor of the *Globe Democrat*, and, as a consequence of this, the dramatic department of the paper has been placed in other hands. As a descriptive writer and as a writer of short pathetic sketches his reputation is not confined to newspaper circles only.

Deoria, Ill., enjoys the possession of a flourishing public library, with Mr. F. J. Seldin, formerly secretary of the Public School Library of this city, at its head.

The *St. Louis Spirit* on the Fourth of July issued and placed an edition of 10,000 copies.

Rev. R. A. John, of Seattle, W. T., has been doing some very clever literary work. Contributions from his pen have appeared in the *Western Home*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and other papers.

A St. Louis society lady who is personally acquainted with him, describes Mr. George W. Cable, the author of "Grandissimes" and "Madame Delphine," as a gentleman of apparently thirty-five years of age, with dark eyes, a handsome black mustache, and a very pleasing smile.

ST. LOUIS IS NEW SUMMER RESORT.

Within a very short time, St. Louis has found within easy distance of her very heart one of the most beautiful and attractive summer-resorts in the United States. Creve Coeur Lake is beyond a doubt destined to become a rival in fame of those noted resorts adjacent to Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Baltimore, and New Orleans. It is the one thing needed to complete the metropolitan nature of the city, and so excellently does it answer its purpose that it is wonderful that it was not utilized long ago. Still, the lack of transportation was responsible in part for this, and the establishment of a railroad line to it has brought it many miles closer, in a figurative sense. Pleasure and pleasure parties are flocking to it in great numbers; boat clubs are building houses on its shores; regattas are being organized, and hotels and residences are being planned and prospecting for.

On August 21st, Mr. Daniel E. Carroll, well known as being for three years the successful manager of the Vexed Prophets' procession, will give a grand festival, including music, dancing, boat-racing, polo-jumping and athletics, goose and turk races, swimming matches, archery, and a variety of other sports, the same to be topped off with a magnificent display of fireworks in the centre of the lake. This display will be the finest ever seen in the West, and the entire event will be looked forward to with great interest by St. Louisans.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

(Graduates and others interested in the High School and its Alumni Association are requested to send in such items as may come to their notice before the twentieth of the month immediately preceding publication.)

CONTENTS OF FUTURE ISSUES.

High school graduates have lately taken prizes all over the country, others have made literary reputations, while still others are already famous in the musical world. To trace these up and to inform all interested about them will be one of the objects of this department. All graduates, teachers, pupils—in fact, every one interested in the High School—should send in such items as may come to their notice, and appropriate use will be made of them. The list of High School names is long, and each is interested in what the others are doing. With the coöperation of all the teachers assured, as well as the help of the more prominent alumni of this city, and with the prospective aid of those living at a distance, the attempt to make this department in every respect readable will not fail.

If this issue does not contain anything aside from personal notices, the illness of the editor of the department and the absence of many people from the city will account for it. Succeeding issues will contain not only interesting historical matter, but short articles on various topics of interest respecting the school, its Alumni Association, its teachers, and its graduates.

ALUMNITIES.

Ira M. Bond, of 1865, has for the last ten years been located in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and is by this time pretty well posted in regard to the history of that ancient city.

George J. Davis, '68, is married and has for several years been engaged in the lumber business at Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

The city editor of that lively sheet, the *Seaboard Democrat*, is Isaac M. Dennuth, class of 1866.

The first principal of the High School was J. D. Low, not Low, as the July *Mirror* had it.

Miss Minnie Strong is still in Leipzig, studying music under the best masters of that very musical city.

Mrs. Anna M. Laughlin, '77, has a little girl eight weeks old—of course a beauty.

Miss Emily Tjoni, of Tower Grove, who graduates this year, is spending the summer in Minnesota—Lake Minnetonka, to be more exact.

Hugo Schlenk, class '79, is permanently settled in the beautiful capital of Minnesota.

Mrs. Bremer, '60, left for Wisconsin a few days ago, and will not return until the early fall.

Mrs. Helen Brown, '62, followed the remains of her mother, Mrs. Joseph Perry, to Bell-Fontaine, last week.

Harry Knox, the stalwart secretary of the Alumni Association, — stalwart not in the political sense, for he is a red-hot Democrat, — has been fighting mosquitoes and growing older at Creve Coeur. He was not alone, however; Miss Emily Knox was of the party, as also several members of the Chautauque Literary Club.

A little boy has put in an appearance in the household of Mrs. Stone, '60, three weeks old. There is a possibility of his being called Alumnus, though he is now supposed to answer to the name of David William.

Of the twenty-six girls of the class of 1866, all but three or four are safely married.

Thomas L. Bond of 1866, is a flourishing lawyer of Salina, Kansas. He has quite a large family, and is possessed of prosperity.

Samuel S. Bailey, of the same class, is a good married man, and cashier of a bank in Springfield, Mass. Up to this date he has been regarded as a safe custodian of the funds.

Fred. H. Steele, class 1868, is married, a successful business man, and a proud citizen of the Centennial State, Canon City, Colorado, is his exact address.

Mrs. Frank Hackstaff and husband mourn the loss of a little daughter.

The editor of the *St. Louis Spirit* is a graduate of the High School, and thoroughly interested in its prosperity. This explains the popularity of his paper, which enjoys a circulation larger than any weekly in Missouri.

Miss Ada Van Beek left for St. Paul a few weeks ago. She will spend a number of months there, and then, possibly, take in the beauties of Wisconsin and eastern Dakota.

Felix Hnacke, class '77, is stationed with his ship near San Francisco Harbor, taking scientific observations.

Paul E. Page, who was with the class that graduated in '77, but did not graduate himself, has for a number of years been engaged with the Crystal City Glass Co.

Mr. Hammerstein, who is engaged with Secretary Wash, of the School Board, left for St. Paul. The "heated term" was too much for him.

Henry Taake is living in the rural neighborhood of Florissant.

Mr. Morgan, the principal of the High School, is spending the summer in the East, and will not return until the fall.

Mr. F. M. Crumley, librarian of the Public School Library, is summering in Northern Michigan.

Mr. F. E. Cook is a great man in the Legion of Honor, and a member of the Supreme Council of that organization.

Hunter Smith, who supports Thomas Keene during the coming theatrical season, spent a short time in the city, and then left for New York to make arrangements for the next season.

Dr. William Hamick, who had been so seriously ill in Vienna that one of his parents was compelled to go to Europe to be with him, is now out of danger. His name was connected with that of a young lady of this city whom he attended during a fatal illness. Although his exertions in her behalf, and his zeal of duty in sitting up night after night brought on his own sickness, yet all talk about a love affair is twaddle.

Mr. Louis Haimenstein, so well and favorably known in musical circles of this city, is a High Scholar. He is spending the summer in Ohio.

S. L. Bingers, class of '78, is engaged in a branch house of the Simmons Hardware Co. at Lake City, Colorado. On the 4th of July he joined a party which made the ascent of Uteompson Peak, the highest in America. He related the experiences of that trip in a correspondence to the *Globe-Democrat*, which appeared July 15th.

Miss Sever, '81, though not very fond of this dusty old city, still cannot explain why she remains here for all that.

There should not be any one, interested in the High School, but could be able to assist in the work of keeping this department up in the proper manner. Of course, its editor can give material enough each month, but the variety of information due is to a great extent upon the co-operation of all.

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN.

The vast extent of country, the conglomerate of all peoples and all languages, and the almost unparalleled migration of peoples from Europe to this country, raise the question to arise: "Is Europe to be Americanized, or are we getting European?"

The Americans are no nation; they are simply a collection of peoples; this is the defect of even the most intelligent Europeans. To be sure, the American, as represented by the Puritan, is becoming such a comparative security that he is looked upon and deemed as the backbone of the land. But to deny that there is here forming a nation whose characteristics will be something entirely without precedent in history, is a vain attempt. In order to see what elements will compose this typical American, it will be necessary to know the conditions of existence in this country.

The first and most marked influence, — the climate, exerts its power upon all. It is not only the man whose ancestry are inhabitants of the soil; no, even the immigrant is transformed into a new man in a few years. This is one factor affecting all, and the political institutions of the country, the freedom of speech, and the consequent continuous interchange of ideas are mili-

tary forces which come into play and help to stamp the mark of individuality upon the inhabitant of this country.

The vast distances and the immense resources of the country have accustomed all inhabitants to a largeness of view and a boldness of adventure, which makes the wildest vagaries of the imagination seem perfectly plausible. All these things are so many ingredients in the dough, out of which is being formed the future great American nation. The influence which the national peculiarities of immigrants exert upon the inhabitants, form the reflex action which changes and modifies that national character. The character of our institutions is such, that owing to the discussion and perfect publicity of all that is agitating the country, few institutions or customs of any kind can become enclimated unless the majority of the inhabitants seem to favor them.

The common language of the country is the link that binds together all these apparently discordant elements, until they can be formed into a uniform whole. There is now a transition from the American before the last great immigration boom to the future typical American, as influenced by this immigration and the forces mentioned. These elements are existing, and the type itself has found a few worthy representatives, none worthier, probably, than the late Bayard Taylor, who combined one of the best qualities of the American in him than any man the country has produced. Of good Pennsylvania Old Colony stock, he did not possess the conservative spirit of that class, but was a thoroughly go-ahead man. In addition to this, he had been considerably under the influence of German ideas, and had acquired some of their best characteristics. As a type of what the future typical American will be, Bayard Taylor stands pre-eminent. If we seek for a similar representative of the other, William Cullen Bryant will be worthy to be regarded as such, although there are many others. The two types are different, like two brothers, who, though bearing an immense mistake family resemblance, are radically different in character and habits.

Manager John W. Norton, will open the season at the Grand Opera-House, September 10th, supported by John McCullough's company, and his estimable and talented wife. In certain lines of juvenile and eccentric character, Mr. Norton is one of the best actors on the American stage, and his engagement will be a notable one.

The autumn number of the London *Temple* is the most artistic number ever issued by that paper. It is replete with watering-place and holiday sketches, handsomely colored. "The Tender Passion," from a painting by that renowned artist, J. C. Dollmann, is well reproduced. The frontispiece, "The Latest" — a symbol of the aesthetic craze, representing a young lady about completing her toilet in the latest aesthetic garb, is a fine illustration of that *Wilde* craze.